# LONDO READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

No. 100 .- VOL. 1V.

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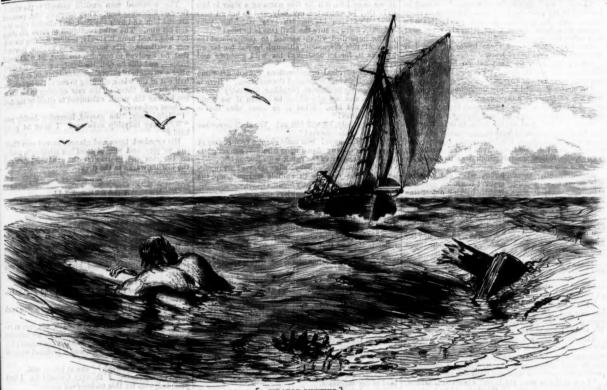
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FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 8, 1865.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



[A STRANGE MEETING.]

THE MAID OF MONA.

By LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER XXL

A STRANGE MEETING.

It gives me wonder, great as my content, To see you here before me! Othello.

The Countess of Rathsmere was driving furiously over the Irish Sea. She made no attempt to lie to, or to take a direct course towards Liverpool, but gave may to the exigencies of the gale, running before it. The scene occasioned by the storm was, of course, as terrific to her ladyship as to, Maxley, but her slop was newer and stronger than his, its sail was smaller, and a reef had been taken in it, so that she fill the marketing safe and a reef had been taken in it, so that she fill the marketing safe and a reef had been taken in it, so that she fill the marketing safe and a reef had been taken in it, so that she

sealer, and a reef had been taken in it, so that she ist comparatively safe, notwithstanding the fury with which she was driven onward by the tempest.

It being difficult and dangerous to change her course is such a gale, her ladyship continued to steer to the wath-west, the direction she had taken on leaving the island. This course was quite out of the way, but it was the safest one she could take, and it promised, nonrover, in case of the gale's continuance, to allow her plenty of sea-room, and this was a point it was very sential to consider.

mental to consider.

Thus the Jolly Herring sped on.

The counters conversed at intervals with her maid, the counters conversed at intervals with her maid, ecounting her by precept and example, and Clarkson cultinued to assist her mistress in steering, although made excited and frightened.

At length, after a severe blow, the gale culminated, an inlated, and the lone navigators thus acquired an opportunity, which they promptly improved, of changing the course of the sloop to the eastward, their proper direction.

Their perils were now past.

Coatmining to encourage and assist each other. Eay held to their new course quite cheerfully until soring, and the swell occasioned by the gale rapidly haid.

anning, and the swell occurred.

Light district the swell occurred to the state of the swell occurred to the s

The countess looked around, making a mental survey of the two courses she had followed, and estimating the time and the distance in question, no land being in sight, and then she answered:

"We are midway between Man and Wales."

"Are we still steering east, my lady?"

"Yes, but I shall gradually change our course to the south-east as we near England."

"Will your ladyship go to Liverpool?"

"Of course. The wind is opposed to our return to the island! We should have to best against it!"

"How long will the yovage last, my lady?"

"How long will the voyage last, my lady?"

"The best part of the day, without doubt. We are not much nearer Liverpool than we were when we

"The best part of the day, without doubt. We are not much nearer Liverpool than we were when we started!"

"Then Markington may overtake us. It is almost certain that he is in pursuit!"

"Well, let him seek us. We are getting along finely, and I dare hope that he is not in possession of a sloop faster than this one."

The advent of fine weather was very gratifying to the countess and her maid, after their late fatigues and perils. They marked the brightness and beauty of the meraing with hearts full of thanksgiving, and watched with much interest the birds sporting near them. The sloop itself seemed to bound joyously over the waves, as if conscious of the change that had taken place in the feelings of those in it.

Under this improved state of affairs, Clarkson speedily recovered her usual equanimity and self-confidence, and declared that she could manage the Jolly Herring alone, urging that her mistress ought to rest a few hours, and remiading her ladyship that there was a sort of bed in the cabin.

"There's nothing more to fear," she said. "I can steer the sloop easily, and your ladyship can sleep all the morning."

steer the stoop easily, and your ladyship can steep an the morning."

The countess replied that she was too excited to sleep, but observed that she would take turns with Clarkson at the helm, as it was quite right that they should busband their strength in that manner. She than relinquished the care of the sloop to her maid, and commenced scanning the surface of the sea, to see if any sails were in sight.

Her thoughts were of her daughter, of Captain Leslie,

Herthoughts were on her daughter, of Capital Lesies, and of Maxley.

"Do you see any signs of a ship, my lady?" inquired Clarkson, after several minutes of silence.

"None," was the response. "It occurred to me that we might see an Isle of Man packet, and so send

that we might see an Isle of Man packet, and so send a message to Captain Leslie, but we are not likely to meet any outward bound vessels hereabouts, for the prospectof a storm last evening probably prevented any ships in our ports from sailing. Some inward bound ships are, of course, in the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel, but we may sail all the forenoon without seeing one of them."

The lady and her maid continued to discuss their prospects several minutes, and the former them said:

"I wonder if there is anything to eat or drink aboard

"I wonder if there is anything to eat or drink aboard this vessel?"
"Probably not, my lady," answered Clarkson. "The fishers may have left some herrings in the cabin, or some coarse sea-bread, but nothing, I fear, that your ladyship will relish."
"Well, be that as it may, I will look about us a little by daylight. I may find some water, if nothing else. I am hungry and thirsty."
Her ladyship proceeded to the cabin, whence her voice was soon heard issuing in ejaculations of surprise and satisfaction. Clarkson became quie excited, and was getting uneasy with her curiosty, wondering what had befallen her mistress, when her ladyship returned to the deck carrying a large box.

wondering what had befallen her mistress, when her ladyship returned to the deck carrying a large box.

"How strange!" the countess ejaculated, as she placed the box on the deck near the helm. "These fishers must live like princes! Here are joilies and preserves, bottles of wine or water, bread and boxon, and almost everything we shall need during the voyage. How singular it is!"

This box of provisions was the same one Maxley had provided against his voyage with the countess, as the reader will remember. Many of the articles in it, such as the jellies and preserves, had been prepared by Mona herself, and she had even written upon the label of each jar, in delicate letters, the name of its contents.

"Fishers don't live in this style, my lady," said Clarkson, ofter she had examined the different articles. "These delicacies were provided by Markington for your la'tyshipe use, no doubt."

How so?

For mine? "For nine? How so?"
"Didn't your ladyship hear him moving about in his cottage, just before he called us, and didn't we wonder what he was doing? He doubtless brought these things here before he invited your ladyship to take a sail with him, in that pretended search for your ladyship's daughter."

sighed the countess. "I see—I see," sighed the countess. "He must be indebted to my poor child for such delicacies as these jellies. See the writing on these jars! Her own lingers may have traced these letters! How near they bring her to me!"

they bring her to me!"

Her ladyship regarded these traces of her lost daughter with eyes full of tears.

"Well, my lady, we need not go hungry," said Clarkson, with wistful eyes. "I'm glad this provision has been made for our voyage!"

The countess smiled at the observation of her maid, who was evidently in a ravenous condition, and proceeded to make a very good meal from Maxley's stores, despite her anxiety and sorrow. She then resumed her late post at the helm, in order that her faithful attendant might have an opportunity of eating breakfast. This done, Clarkson again relieved her mistress, and the sloop continued to dash swiftly on its way, the tediousness of which was lightened by various discussions.

At length, after several hours, when the counted was about to relieve her maid at the helm, notwith standing her objections, a singular-looking object was scen on the water at a considerable distance shead of them, among the white caps of the billows. "What can it be?" demanded her ladyship. "There is something very remarkable about it."

"What can it per 'upmanted about it."

"It is a wreck, my lady," responded Clarkson, "the hull of some small vessel, with a solitary man upon it. See! a signal of distress is flying."

They both strained their or bearands the wreck, and Clarkson soon added:

"She's ovidently sinking, or she would not be an early level with the water. The mast is gone, with all the rigging."

nearly level with the water. The mass all the rigging."

"Yes, and the man is making sestures to as! He has seen us! How wild and excited he is! He is some poor fellow who has fallen into a dire extremity. We must hasten to his rescue!"

The countess changed the course of the sloop several points, so as to bear down upon the stranger, who seemed to be overcome by this prospect of relief, for he sank down upon the wreck, in a crouching posture, with averted face, and remained motionless.

"I see only one man, my lady," observed Clarkson, after a long stare at him. "What should he be doing

after a long stare at him. "Walone on a vessel of that size?"

"The sea may have washed away his companions.
"True, my lady; but the thing looks suspicious
Perhaps the man is Markington!"

ladyship paled at this startling suggestion "Stranger things have happened," added Clarkson.
"Why does be turn his face away from us? A
minute ago he was all excitement, tossing his arms
and waving his signal, and now he's as still as a stone.

hat has come over him?"
At this instant, as the countess showed herself more fully on the bow of the sloop, the solitary man on the wreck was seen to shade his face with his hand

wreck was seen to shade his face with his hand, partially arising, and to stare fixedly at her.

An interval of breathless suspense followed, during which the sloop rapidly neared the wreck, and the countess and her maid regarded the man with their most earnest glances

Look at his height, his form, his dress, my lady,

"Look at his height, his form, me dress, my say, exclaimed Clarkson. "Surely—"

The man raised himself to his full height, facing the sloop, and a sharp cry of apprehension burst from the lips of Clarkson.

"It's him! it's Markington!" she exclaimed. "I

can see him distinctly!

"It is our cruel enemy," rejoined her ladyship, "He has recognized us, and is waiting to see what will be our course. He pursued us, as you suspected, but being in a rage, he did not use sufficient caution, and that is why he has carried away his mast and is sink-

ing!"
"Good enough for him!" declared Clarkson,

"Good enough for him?" declared Clarkson, emphatically. "He's justly punished for his wickedness, and we'll take good care not to go near him!"

She changed the course of the sloop again, bearing away from the wreek, and the movement at once threw the object of her animadversions into a frenzy of horror.

He raved and implored for help, dancing about excitedly, and again tossed his arms and waved his

This will not do," said the countess. not leave him to such a death, wicked as he is. There is no sail in sight, and we alone can save him!" "Save him, my lady?" echoed Clarkson, with a look that was balf fear and half repuguance. "Why should we save him?

" Because he will otherwise perish !"

"The villain! he is just where he's wanted! Hasn't he wronged your ladyship cruelly, and wouldn't he do it again? Suppose we take him aboard, what return will he make us?"

return will he make us?"

"A bad one, perhaps, if he can."

"He'll do something awful! He'll take us prisoners again, and carry us off to some desert island! If we save him, it'll be like warming a viper to bite us! Oh! be entreated, my lady, and do not go near him! I've seen his wolfish eyes watching your ladyship, and I'm sure the Evil One is in him!"

The imperilled villain seemed to comprehend the tener of this discussion, although he was too far off to hear it, for he continued his wild gestures and cries.

There personal considerations cannot deter me "There personal considerations cannot deter me from helping him," responded the countses.

"Here is a fellew-being in distress, perishing miserably before our eyes, and we should not be human if we could refuse to aid him. What is to come after that is nother matter!"

Oh, my lady, he will kill us! We shall never see

"Oh, my may, he was the change your course at "Hush, Clarkson! You must change your course at down upon him. We must go to once, so as to bear down upon him. We must go his rescue, and leave the result with heaven!" The maid obeyed, although she expressed her rep

nance to the measure in audible murmurs, and the man on the wreck instantly became quiet.

man on the wreck instantly became quiet.

This man was indeed Maxley.

He had recognized his sloop—seen his late captive—attracted their notice—been tempted to avert his fareflected that he could not long avoid recognition-revealed his thintity—clamoured against his proposabandonment by Clarkson—and finally found joy at relief in the fact that the countess was coming to have

"Yes, they're coming," he cried, with a strange and

"Yes, they're coming," he cried, while a hollow laugh.

As he continued to regard the approaching sleep and its occupants, he became every moment were and more jubilant. The haggard expression, written upon his face by terror, vanished. His gaze ceased to be a stare, and his eyes sparkled. His hands were no longer rigidly cleuched, and he even rubbed them gleefully together. He spit that he was raved.

"Yes, they will save as," he muttered. "Women are all anticule, and har hadwhip is no exception. She has seen my danger, and cannot possibly leave me to periah. How fortunately all this business has happened. My worst misfortune is proving the best of my successes."

best of my successes."

Assured that the countess had recognized him, and that the recognition did not deter her from rescuing him, he recalled his attention to his immediate perils. he wreck, so long barely sustaining him, was sure

to go down in a few minutes.

The rate which had assailed him were again gather-ing on the deck of the foundering hull, and eyeing

him menacingly.

The lady he had so cruelly wronged—and she alone—held the question of his life or death in her

keeping.
The sloop continued to near him.

The sloop continued to near him.

"I must receive her ladyship properly," he thought.

"There must be much sorrow for past sins, and
many promises for the future."

Having a lively sense of his perils, both from the
rats and from the uncertain tenure of his footing, he

ontinued to call for help as the sloop neared him, in the hope of hastening its progress.

Very soon—although the interval seemed an age to

Maxley—the Jolly Herring came within hailing dis-tance, and was carried swiftly past him, at the distance

tance, and was carried swiftly past him, at the distance of a few rods.

"Help! help!" he shouted, not feeling entirely sure of her ladyship's intentions respecting him, or else fearing that she did not-fully comprehend his perils. "Quick, my lady! Save me, for the love of heaven! The wreck is sinking, and liable to go down at any moment! Save me, or I am lost!"

The countess responded to this appeal by heaving to immediately to the leeward of him.

"Saved, saved!" he instantly added, dancing about in a sort of delirium of joy and relief. I live again! I live!"

His movements seemed to provoke the rats, for they

now made a dash at him.

ow made a dash at him.

With a shriek, he caught up his float and flung it verboard, as far as he could, and then threw himself into the water beside it, striking out for the sloop. He had scarcely left the wreck when it gave a final lurch and went down. Struggling clear of the vortex oc-casioned by its sinking, he tolled desperately to reach the sloop, having noticed fast several of the rate had escaped from the wreck and were following him. He soon perceived that the little craft fell to the leeward,

on account of its sail, much faster than his float, and his late apprehensions returned to him.

"A boat! a boat!" he shouted. "The wind is driving you away from me!" and the contess. "As to a boat, you know very well that we have none, you yourself having taken it away from us!"

She mised the helm, and endeavoured to stand up to the wind, but the aloop was blown away sideways, and the movement availed little.

"You must swim," she said; "swim faster!"

The wretched man excited himself to the said.

The wretched man excited himself to the utmest, the rats following him. They overtook him, swarmed around him and over the float, and climbed upon him and bit him. The wind continued to drive the sloop, but he gained upon it slowly, besides fighting his furbut he gained upon it slowly, besides fighting his fur-ous assailants. His progress was so slow, however, that he resolved to abandon the float, let what would happen, and this he did. He finally overtook the sloop, after a struggle of several minutes duration, and leaped half out of the water, clinging to one of the fore chains, with two or three of the rats clinging to his limb, but he was too much exhausted to climb to the deck without earsteance.

without assistance.

"Help! help!" he gasped, becoming deathly pale.

"Will your ladyship save me? I must let go my held!"

His agonised tones and glances moved even Clarkson to pity, and she assisted her mistress in beating off the rats and in drawing the exhausted man over the low bulwarks to the deck.

### CHAPTER XXIL

A NEW BLENDING OF PATES.

Love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss, Heighten'd, indeed, bayond all mortal pleasur But mingles pange and madness in the boul, Toung's "B

RELEASED of his terrible peril, Maxley closed his yes in a sort of stupor, occasioned by his exhausion, hille the countess bathed his face and hards with

They were strangely next!

Evil and been required with good, and guilt had received mercy from its sistim!

Very manurally, the countees was for a time much agriated by her enemy a presence.

There was no anger, nor represent, nor even an expression of repugnance to be seen en her ladyships face, as see these ministered to him; but instead a deep pity, a heart felt kindness, and a profound regret for the statement of the ministered as a profound regret for the statement of the ministered as a profound regret for the statement of the ministered as a profound regret for the statement of the ministered as a profound regret for the statement of the ministered as a profound regret for the statement of the statement

"You are very weak?" she at length said.
"Yes, my lady. I thought I should die. I that your ladyship for this undeserved mercy!"
"Do you feel, then, that I am not your enemy, ad that I bear you no ill-wil?"
"Oh, yes, yes!"

Your ladyship has acted most "Oh, yes, yes!

"Oh, yes, yes! Your ladyship has acted most nobly!"

"Then if you can do justice to my sentiment towards you, there must be some virtue loft in you, there is a some virtue loft in you, there is a some virtue loft in you have realized my freedom from all enmity toward you, and shall be truly rejoiced if you have become sensible of your past misconduct. You have been near death to-day, and the fact must have been to you an awakening!"

"Oh, yes—yes! I never know until to-day what it

"Oh, yes—yes! I never knew until to-day what it is to live—what it is to see the sunlight, the sky, the ocean, the great world around us! This peril has touched me!"

He spoke with feeling, and her ladyship conceived additional hopes of him. She felt that, if she could get beyond the walls this dark soul had thrown around itself—if she could win his confidence—if she could if she could win his confidence arouse his conscience, she would save him, she would learn all he knew concerning her daughter, as well as secure his services in seeking her, and she re-

sumed:

"I am glad to hear this assurance. The occasion seems to be one that I can improve to urge you become a new man. The world contains too many doers of evil. I am weary with its wretchedness and sin. In heaven's name, Mr. Markington, remained. doers of evil. I am weary with its wretchedness and sin. In heavan's name, Mr. Markington, remainber your former advantages, remember what you ought to have been, rumember the parents and friends who have gone to eternity before you, remainber your mother. Let my words be as her words to you, extresting you to pause, to change, to do right. Such hours as these are given for repentance. In the few years or months that remain to us of this life, why should you walk in this darkness? Why dwell in this solitude and bitterness? Why be your swn enemy, and the enemy of mankind? Why gran under the burden of hateful memories and sinkil desolations? Why continue in wrong-doing? In her earnestness, the counters had laid her had upon Maxley's arm, and bent so close to him that her balmy breath touched his features, while her feet

dways so lovely, acquired a radiance, under her holy is float, and he wind is

ntess. "As

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to the deck

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In the few his life, why

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n, she wou

The result to him was intoxication—madness! The furious passion of other days returned to him, fire a flood of molten lava, burning everything it en-

like a food of montent away arrange trusting himself to lect upon the face before him, and his countenance worked with his internal convulsions.

Thilling deliciously in every fibre of his being with his love, yet agonizing with despair, his soul sickened, and he writhed under this blending of joy and agony.

"I respond to these kind words, but I—I am insin," he gasped, with a ghastly smile. "Does the bite of a rat ever cause hydrophobia, and would the disease os soon follow the injury?"

The conness was shocked by the suggestion no less than by the convulsions of his features.

"Your serveus system is shocked," she said, arising. "Its ming you some wine."

"Let me bring you some wine."
She brought him a bottle from the box of provisions,
and be took a liberal draught from it, seen declaring

and he took a local straight a change has come over me," he observed, "assoon as I feel able. I will be frank, and trust myself further to your ladyship's

indees."

The countess expressed her pleasure at this assurace, continuing to talk kindly to him, and ere long harose to a sitting posture and holded around.

The sloep, in the meantime, had resumed its course, Carkon taking the helm.

are bound for Liverpool, I see?" remarked

"We are bound for Liverpool, I see?" remarked linky.

"Yes. Are you not willing to go there?"

"Oh, entirely, my lady," he answered. "My fate is in your ladyship's hands. I must go where you will. Meanwhile, as I am sold and wet, I will go to the shin, and change my clothes. I have a little but there, with some medicines in it. We fishers frequently get injured affoat; and I have always made its rule to be prepared for accidents. If your highlip will now excuse ma, I will attend to my wounds."

"But are you strong enough?——,"
"Oh, quite, my lady. I feel like myself again!"
With this he took his way aft, at a slow pace, and

mppeared in the cabin.
Once beyond the observation of her ladyship, he chiched at his heart, as if a wolf were tearing it, anda pallor like that of death overspread his features. Slipping a little bolt of the door, he sank into a rude

sat.

"How the old love comes over me!" he ejaculated, ha harely audible whisper. "It soizes me like a manes! My blood seems on fire! I can hardly kep ny arms from enfolding her, and my lips from devouring her with kisses! She shall never pass out d my power again—never, never!" lestared vacantly at the floor a moment lost in his villanous thoughts, and then he started up ab malls and expressed investigating his injuries.

ha vilanous thoughts, and then no started up any might, and commenced investigating his injuries.

"A cold and wretched situation this," he muttered, bring his limbs. "Those rats fought like tigers. Even they can be terrible in their despair!"

Even they can be terrible in their despair!"
He sgain laughed hoursely and strangely.
Here and there, in a score of places, his legs and
ama displayed the fury of his late assailants, and he
est ne time in washing his wounds with a mixture of
vater and brandy, both of which articles he chanced
to have in liberal quantities among his stores.
"Fortunstely I have some medicines aboard the
stog," he added, "Who would think that such bites
are so painful? I must cover them with a good
plaster to keep out the air."
He produced from under his bunk a small box,
divided into compartments, and containing a number

divided into compartments, and containing a number of philas, of various sizes, besides some rolls of dicking plaster, and set to work. It was qu'te a tak for him to dress his numerous wounds properly, but he persevered in it, and at length reached its confidence.

cision.

"I must have some dry clothes in place of these ust ones," he then thought. "It's lucky that I brught that trunk aboard the sloop before leaving the sland. It's contents will be of service."

The trunk had not been opened for years, and he to longer had a key to it, but he managed to break it to longer had a key to it, but he managed to break it of sea without much noise or difficulty, and then proceeded to take out of it a complete suit of clothes. The siyle of most of them showed that they belonged to a part generation, and it was evident at a glance that they was small for him; but they compared favourably with those he had discarded, being relics of his former and better days.

and better days.

Arraying himself in this suit, which looked rather ski and awkward upon him, Maxley glanced at his reflection in a little mirror hanging against a bulk-

"Markington has come to life again, sure enough," he ejaculated, "The very suit, I believe, worn by

me when her ladyship ordered me, as she might have ordered a dog, out of her presence, all those years

ordered a dog, our or man throughout," he then muttored. "This is a step towards my return to the
appearance and position of a gentleman. From this
hour I am done with fishing and poverty, and shall
use my talents to advantage. Let me show myself to
her ladyship in this improved condition."

Civiley some final touches to his new costume, he

Giving some final touches to his new costume, he sauntered leisurely to the deck, with an air of contentment that contrasted strongly with his late

terrors.

His appearence of course, at once attracted the notice of the countess and Clarkson.

As much as she feared him, the maid could not 8 ppress a smile, he looked so queer, so unlike himself, with his ill-fitting garments, and assumption of fine

with his ill-ntting gameter,

"I forgot to say, Mr. Markington," observed her
ladyship, who had too much feeling respecting him
to care for his grotesque garb, "that we have made
free with your box of provisions."

"Your ladyship has done quite right," he responded

"Your ladyship has done quite right," he responded with a bow.
"Here it is," she added. "I dare say you will be glad enough to have something to eat?"
"Exactly so, my lady."
He ate and drank heartily, conversing quietly with her ladyship. A thought tappeared to strike him about the time he was finishing his repast—a thought that brought a gleam to his eyes, and he said, as he closed

We have provisions enough left for supper, my

"We have provisions called them?"

Her kadyship bowed understandingly.

Bearing the box below, he again bolted the door, and the gleam in his eyes deepened.

"They are not very dainty," he muttered, as he remarked the havoc they had made in his stores.

"They're not likely to decline a supper. Here's half the wine gone already, and the rest will find a like favour, no doubt. Ah!"

He turned to his little case of medicines, and produced a two-ounce phial, that was nearly filled with a duced a two-ounce phial, that was nearly filled with a

He turned to his little case of medicines, and produced a two-ounce phial, that was nearly filled with a liquid of the same colour as the wine.

The expression of his visage grew triumphant and jubilant, as he held the phial beside one of the two bottles, and compared their contents.

"The thing can be done, and it shall be," he said to himself. "Little did I think, when I procured this stuff to moisten that jammed finger, that I should ever have such a pleasant use for it!"

He uncorked the bottle carefully, threw away enough of the wine to admit of the reception of the contents of the phial, and then mixed the liquids, recorking the bottle, and making it appear as if it had not been opened. The second bottle he hid under his bunk, where he replaced his case of medicines, and then he placed the drugged wine in the box of provisions.

A hard and remorseless look gathered on his face

A hard and remorseless look gathered on his face, as he turned towards the entrance of the cabin.

"I might tell her ladyship how deep the love of other days has become—and she would laugh at me. It would be easy for me to implore her acceptance of my suit, and she would scorn me. I might talk of reform, of being a man, of devoting my life to her service, and her face and heart would remain like stone under any and every such assurance. I might shut her up in a dungeon, and feed her on bread and water, and blot her very memory out from under the face of heaven, and she would still refuse my proffered hand. But there is a way to success in such a wooling," he added, while his face and eves glowed like a furnace. There there is a way to success in such a wooling," he added, while his face and eyes glowed like a furnace. There is a power that can defeat the strongest will, which can baffle the stoutest resistance, which can make plain and straight even such a crooked path as is now before me! Ha! ha! her ladyship shall see if I do not possess this power, and if I do not know how to use

With another hollow and strange chuckle, an ex-pression of feeling truly diabolical, he calmed his ruffled mien, and took his way to the deck.

### CHAPTER XXIIL

MAXLEY RESUMES BUSINESS.

MAXLEY RESUMES
Our innocence is not our shield:
They take offence who have not been offended;
They speak our ruin, too, who speak us fair.
Young's "Revenge"

As he had expected, he found the counters at the helm. Her maid was reclining near her, with her head pillowed against the taffrail. Two or three sails were visible on the horizon, several miles distant. The weather had become mild, the occan tranquil, and the whole scene around the voyagers a mirror of beauty. Her ladyship was pale with fatigue, but kope was still revealed in her eyes, her

sweet face shone with the hely love that filled her heart, and her lawless admirer was convulsed again, feeling that she had never before appeared so beautiful and bewitching to him.

"We are going along finely, my lady," he observed, in the blandest voice he could assume.

"Very nicely indeed," was the response; "only the wind is too light. I am afraid we shall be becalmed. How do you feel now?

How do you teet now?"
"Quite myself again, thank your ladyship. I
it pains me to see your ladyship tolling in t
manner! Permit me to take charge of the sloop!"

manner: Permit me to take charge of the sloop!"
She scanned his face closely,
"Do you offer your services in good faith?" she demanded. "Will you steer in the direction I tell you,
and in every way obey my wishes?"
"Most assuredly."

"Most assuredly."
"But is your strength sufficient?"
"Oh, entirely, unless the breeze freshens. Permit

Her ladyship scanned his features, so deathly pale, and his form, which still trembled, and said to herself that he was too weak from his late exposures to harm her, whatever might be his feelings towards her. She

accordingly relinquished the helm to him, and scated herself on the deck beside Clarkson.

"The fact is," added Maxley, "I may as well make myself useful, so long as I remain your ladyship's

You are not my guest, Mr. Markington !" returned

the counteds.

He looked at her quickly and searchingly, while a flush of uneasiness flitted across his face, as he de-

What then? Am I a prisoner?"

" Not at all."

"Not at all."

"What am I, then?"

"Merely a fellow-being thrown into my society," answered the countess, quietly. "Whatever causes of complaint I may have against you, and however much it may be my duty to bring you to justice, I do not propose to take any advantage or your misfortune. All I need say is, that the sloop will be large enough for both of us until we reach our destination, and we can then go our separate ways."

"Of course—certainly, my lady—it is very good of your ladyship to give me my freedom," stammered Maxley; "but why should we go separate ways until Mona is restored to us? Can I not be of service to your ladyship in looking for her?"

your ladyship in looking for her?"

"I suppose that is a question that can be answered by yourself better than by any one else!" The eyes of Maxley shone dreamily, like those of a person in a tranch, or of one making a deep calcula-

"Listen, my lady," he said. "I have the necessary knowledge to make me of use in this matter!"
"Granted—you have the knowledge!"
"And, secondly, I have the will and the wish to use that knowledge in your interest and in Mona's. What more is required?"

The countess scanned him long and earnestly, and then answered:

then answered:

"Nothing. The knowledge of my daughter's situation, and a heart to use that knowledge, is all that I can ask. But—"

"Your ladyship mistrusts me! That is the explanation of your abrupt flight from the island?"

"It was. You know best whether my fears and mistrusts were unfounded."

mistrusts were unfounded."

Her ladyship again regarded him earnestly, and again a flush crept over his face, as he said:

"They were not unfounded. Your ladyship suspected me with good reason. I was not acting in good faith, and should not have done my duty. But good nath, and solud not have come my duty. But since last night I have experienced a change—a change from hypocrisy to truth: a change from enmity to friendship!"

This frankness had a favourable effect upon the

"Your present wish, then, Mr. Markington, is to she asked.

"And you will be true and faithful in this service ?

"Entirely so, my lady. Since I have been aroused to the nature of my misdeeds, I have no higher wish and desire than to serve your ladyship in all those particulars in which I have heretofore offended."

particulars in which I have heretofore offended."

A long pause followed.

"Then you shall serve me," her ladyship finally declared. "You shall assist me in finding my daughter, and I will pay you handsomely for your trouble. As I am in reality running away with your sloop, my first step is to agree with you upon its price for the voyage to Liverpool."

the voyage to Liverpool."

"Oh, do snot mention it, my lady, I implore you," responded Maxley. "What is such a trifling service against that you have just rendered me, the preservation of my life? Your ladyship is entirely welcome to the sloop for this voyage or any other."

"Then this matter is settled, and nothing more

"Then this matter is settled, and nothing more needs to be arranged until we reach port."
Here silenge again fell upon the scene, and another lengthy pause succeeded.

If her ladyship had resolved upon any course of action beyond the voyage, she did not state it; and if Maxley had conceived any projects at variance with hers, or with the statements he had made, he did not say anything about them. say anything about them.

The wind continued to die away, and at length be-came a series of mere puffs, which did not keep the sail full, nor scarcely moved the sloop in the water. The surface of the sea gradually became calm, and even smooth in patches, the waves losing themselves in that long and undulating swell which characterizes the face of the deep in fine weather.

It was now an hour past noon.

"We shall not reach Liverpool by daylight at this rate," finally observed Maxley. "Perhaps I had better take out the reef."

The countess approved of this suggestion, and the task was soon accomplished. The sail was set to its full extent, but by this time the wind had died out altogether.
"How long will this last, Mr. Markington?" asked

her ladyship.
"Probably till about night," he replied. "At this season of the year the advent of night generally brings a breeze, if there is none, and increases it somewhat, a breeze, if there is none, and increas

if there is one already."

"Then if we are to lie here till night, Clarkson," said the countess, turning to her maid, I think you had better take a nap, either where you are or below. I have noticed how weary you are, and how heavily your eforts to prevent it!"

"I dare not sleep," was Clarkson's answer, in a whisper too low to reach Maxley's ears. "That man looks to me as much like a serpent as ever!"

"Never mind—he will not harm you," responded the countess, in the same tone. "Besides, if you have anythers you ought to sleep by day, so as to be ready

"Nover mind—he will not harm you," responded the countess, in the same tone. "Besides, if you have any fears, you ought to sleep by day, so as to be ready to watch by night, for it is by night that our evils are most likely to come upon us!"

This view of the case seemed to impress Clarkson, for she instantly declared that if the calm continued, if her mistress would watch over her, and if she could sleep, she would be very glad to take the proposed nap. After some further persuasions and observations, she accordingly brought up a mattress from the cabin. she accordingly brought up a mattress from the cabin, placed it mear the counters, and composed herself to

placed it mear the counters, and composed herself to sleep upon it.

In a few minutes she slept.

Maxley continued to sit at the helm, to be in readiness to avail himself of any stray breath of wind, and the counters remained in the position she had assumed near her servant. Both regarded the surface of the sea, the birds flying around them, the sails in the distance, and from time to time they addressed an observation to challength of the burge assume and fallen. vation to each other; but a strange vacancy had fallen

vation to each other; but a strange vacahoy nau namen upon the countenance of Maxley, and a singular fixed-ness could have been remarked in his gaze. "Two of those vessels appear to belong to the re-venue service," he finally said, indicating a scheoner and a barque lew down on the water. "I have seen and a barque lew down on the water. "I have seen them cruising lately off Man. I wonder what they are doing here, midway between the English coasts and the island."

Her ladyship did not know, and silence again rested

upon the sloop.

Several hours passed in the monotony inseparable from a calm, the silence being broken only by an occasional remark respecting one of the distant sails, a passing bird, a splash in the water, or some ordinary incident of this kind.

At length night approached, and the shadows of

At length night approached, and the shadows of twilight began to gather around the voyagers. Clarkson suddenly awakened with a start.

"Where are we, my lady?" she ejaculated. "What has happened?"

"Nothing, only night has come. You have slept saveral hours!" several hours

'Is it possible, my lady? It seems to be only a

w minutes. Where is—"
Her eyes answered the inquiry before it was uttered, they resting upon Maxley, who sat as quiet as a marble statue, his hand resting upon the helm, his eyes wandering unquietly but slily from object to object, and his features as placid and impenetrable as

object, and his restarted as passed those of a sphinx.

He had the air, on the whole, of one waiting for semething—for something terrible!

"Here comes a puff, my lady," he exclaimed, with well-simulated enthusiasm, as the sail filled. "As I told your ladyship, the wind will rise with the dark-

"Then we had better get our supper out of the way, and be ready for it," remarked the countess. "I feet quite hunger, after going without my dinner, Will you sup first, Mr. Maskington, while I manage the sloop?"

"I beg ten thousand pardons, my lady," answered axley, "but I will wait an hour or two. See! I have Maxley, "but I will wait an business to attend to, at last!

Another gust of wind swept along the face of the ocean, with a moaning sort of murmur, and the sloop began to move through the water.

"This is pleasant," said her ladyship, arising and moving towards the entrance of the cabin.

moving towards the entrance of the cabin.
"Yery pleasant!" rejoined Maxley, in a voice that
trembled strangely. "We near the end of our voyage!"
Clarkson followed her mistress, and they entered
the cabin, lighted Maxley's lantern, and were soon

the cabin, lighted Maxley's lantern, and were soon eating their supper, chatting in a low tone with each other, and exchanging confidential remarks about their fellow voyager and their prospects.
"I am glad, my lady," said the maid, "that the wind has come again, to carry us on to Liverpool. I don't wish to be in the company of that man a minute longer than is necessary. He may be all right now, as he pretends to be, but—I can't like him?"

The countess did not care to increase the impression

The countess did not care to increase the impression of her maid against Maxley, by stating her own mis givings, and so she turned the subject.

"How sice a cup of tea would be!" she said "This wine does not quench thirst, and as to the water we get-on shipboard, I can never bear it!"

"Nor I either, my lady. It is lucky that we have the control of the control of

"Nor I either, my lady. It is lucky that we have this wine, or I should not know what to do. Let me help your ladyship to some of it."
"If you please, Clarkson. Save the most of it for yourself, however, as I shall depend upon you to be up the most of the night, for I am very, very

"Then why not sleep, my lady?" asked Clarkson, as she poured her mistress out a glass of wine, having uncorked the bottle. "There isn't the slightest reason to forbid. I can watch over you while you sleep, and &c can steer the vessel!"

"Well, perhaps I will."
Her ladyship emptied her glass, and added:

"Keep the rest yourself, Clarkson. You will need it. I dare say Markington has more."

"Yes, my lady, there were at least two bottles in the box!" hen why not sleep, my lady?" asked Clarks

The maid drank liberally, having been rendered a little feverish by aleeping too hard, and she soon finished the bottle. The countess continued to con-

finished the bottle. The counters countries to be verse with her, as they finished their supper.

"I think I will take a nap," her ladyship then said. "You can wake me, if anything should hapsaid.

pen."
With this, her ladyship lay down in one of the bunks in the cabin, and Clarkson covered her with a shawl, and quieted her nerves by a few promises of watchfulness and care. So tired was the counters that she had no sooner given herself up to the thought of sleep, than a senud slumber stole over her, locking her senses in a silence and quietude that sedeep as death.

Poor, dear lady! how tired she must be!" sighed Clarkson, yawning. "Two whole days without sleep! But I myself ain't much better!"

She regarded the sleeping countess a moment, and then turned away, with a puzzled and wondering ex-pression, an indistinct sort of terror gathering on her features.

features.

"I do feel so queer," she resumed, seating herself at the little table. "The night seems to be all coming into the cabin—all thick—all black! How dim the light is! What is this pulling me down, down? My head goes 'round and 'round so funny! I must a took too much of the wine. I den't believe I shall be able to watch. I'd better tell her ladyship."

Sheares in a dull and feells seat of way and re-

She arose, in a dull and feeble sort of way, and re-

She arose, in a dull and recole sort of way, and returned towards her mistress.

"My lady—my lady!" she cried. "I do feel se strange! Wake up—wake up!"
The countess did not move, and Clarkson staggered feebly to her side, and shook her violently, with all the strength of a sudden wildness and desperation. Not a sign of life was proveked by these proceedings, and a look of horror, of terror beyond verbal transitions are not led (Clarkov); features in smartled (Clarkov); feat

igs, and a look of horror, of terror beyond verous pression, mantled Clarkson's features.

"There is semething awful here!" she gasped.

I—I will see. Oh, my lady! the light's gone! A reat noise—hark! I hear—"

Clutching at the empty air, groping like one in deep "I-I will see.

darkness, reeling at every step, she crossed the cabin to the door, then partially returned, and finally monned and groaned incoherently, sinking down like so much lifeless clay upon the floor of the cabin. A moment—a moment only—there was a slight struggling motion in Clarkson's helpless frame—and

then silence reigned in the cabin.
A horrible silence!

The flapping of the sail followed, and the sloop no longer rode steadily over the waves, but rose and plunged gently, headed to the wind.

Maxley had hove to, left the helm, and crept to the

White, deathly white, with a ghoulish stare in his eyes, utterly breathless, and with every faculty ab-sorbed in an eager and terrible expectancy, he stood sorbed in an eager and terrible expectancy, he stood in the little companion way, grim and rigid as a dead man, and stared upon the motionless figures in the cabin—upon the whole scene there presented.

His lips curved, his eyes sparkled.

"Awake, my lady!" he suddenly shouted, in a loud

All remained still and silent.

"Awake, sil!" he cried, in a voice of thunder.

Awake! awake!"

There was no response—no sign of conscious There was no response—no sign of consciousness from either the countess or her maid—no sound save the sharp echo of Maxley's call, followed by one of his hollow and strange laughs.

He had succeeded! He was triumphant!

(To be continued)

PAPAGO INDIANS.—These doughty warriors were all lue cloth coat with two rows of buttons down in t and the same number on the back; so that with front and the s front and the same number on the back; a tremendous shock of hair, which fell lo face and neck, it was difficult to tell, at a short distance, whether he was riding with his face or his back to the horse's head. Nor was the allusion quite tance, whether he was riding with his face or his back to the horse's head. Nor was the allusion quite dissipated by the appearance of his legs, which were quite bare, and fortunately so coloured by nature that they corresponded exactly with the skin of his horse. We suspected that this doughty old warrior had so fashioned sed equipped himself as a decoy for the enemy, whom he doubtless intended to deceive with the appearance of a retreat, when in reality he was making an advance.—A Tour through Arizona.

making an advance.—A Tour through Arizona.

An Old Eron Custom.—The "Consustudination" of 1560 thus describes the Monten. At that time it had much of the character of an initiation of new boys into the Eton mysteries. "The boys go ad monten, in the accustomed fashion, on some day fixed, at the discretion of the master, about the Conversion of St. Paul (January 25). The 'bill' is a place scarced in the religion of the Etonians, owing to the beauty of the country, the pleasantness of the green-sward, the coolness of its shade. They make it the revered seat of Apollo and the Muses. They celebrate it in their verses, call it 'Tempe,' prefer it to Helicon. Here the novices or freshmen, who have not yet learnt to stand up manfully and vigorously to bear the brunt of the Eton battle are first seasoned with salt, then are humourously described in verse bear the brunt of the Eton battle are first seasoned with salt, then are humourously described in verses which have as much salt wit and jest in them as can boys, each vying with the other in happy turns of ex-pression and facetiousness. Any one may give vest to whatever comes into his head, provided only it be in Latin, have no ungentlemanific expressions, not foul or sourrile words. Lastly, they make their cheek run down with salt tears; and then, when all is over, they are initiated into all the rights and privileges of -Etoniana, Ancient and Modern.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT MALTON.—Adult baptism in the river is being revived at Malton, and on tism in the river is being revived at Malton, and on Sunday, a young lady, named Birss, and three men were immersed. The novelty of the ceremony attracted crowds of all classes, the bridge, the railway viaduet, and the island, and every available point where a view could be had being crowded. The candidates for the rite met in the bridgehouss, from which the three men soon emerged, lightly clad, followed by the lady, in a robe of white. Mr. Wright, who officiated, found his task no easy one, owing to the considerable amount of flood water in the river. At length a suitable place was found, and Mr. Wright, was preparing to undertake the baptism of the young length a suitable place was found, and Mr. Wright, was preparing to undertake the baptism of the young lady, when a lad named Blackburn, who had perched on the ledge of the gasworks, was observed to fall headlong into the most dangerous part of the river, close by the main arch, through which a powerful current was running. A young man, named Killer, son of Mr. Killen, shoemaker, threw off his cost and leaped into the current, and succeedd in reaching the drowning lad just in time. Amid the plaudits of the crowd he brought him to land, though himself thoroughly exhausted by the strong current. The crowd then hurried back to "Jordan," where the baptismal proceeding had been arrested by the alarm. Betting on any subject whatever is sure to characterise a crowd in the sporting atmosphere of Malton, and offers to on any subject whatever is sure to characterise a crowa in the sporting atmosphere of Malton, and offers to back Killen against Wright were numerous. Mr. Wright himself seemed to have somewhat lost nerve, and was possibly rendered worse by the taunts and jibes of the roughs. At length all was ready, and Mr. Wright having walked a few yards into the river,

vas followed by the young lady, whose immersion was the signal for a loud cheer from the mob. The mee form was gone through with each of the men, see of whom looked particularly nervous, and was haghed at immensely. After the proceedings were completed, the newly-baptised persons were taken to the bridgehouse to resume their ordinary dress and partake of hot coffee.

## ANNIE OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### ANNIE.

"Come in, child. The mist is gathering, and the god fring wildly. There will be a heavy storm to-night," said old Captain Lockwood, as he looked at the sky, after securing his single boat, and hastened within to polish the glasses of the hoary light-house that stood upon a ragged spit of land, at once a beacon of slety and of warning.

"Yes, father dear! the wild spirits of the storm are stread to-night, and marshalling their hosts for histle. Many a brave ship will find an ocean grave, and many a wreck strew the shore, before another swm."sls."-pihed, dreamily.

"We must do our duty, child, and leave the rest to flow a re ever in his keeping;" and with another look at sky and ocean, clouds and foaming waters, is old man proceeded to his task.

From babyhoed, Annie Lockwood, or, as she was familiarly known, "Annie of the Lighthouse," had hen scutsomed to the ocean.

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From babyhoed, Annie Lockwood, or, as she was infiliarly known, "Annie of the Lighthouse," had been scentomed to the ocean.

Though born at a distance, she had, when a mere clid, been brought thither; and it had been to her the far and delight.

She had learned to love it in every mood—to study has never-open volume. From the time her father, cashed at sea, had obtained the appointment, and sored thither, she had known no other home. And that rough, though kind-bearted old seaman, had less almost her only instructor; for the curling tresses of only childhood were still upon her head when lar mother died.

a any chindroot were sint upon her head when ir mother died.

The, she had been sent to school, and had studied thome; but her education was without system. Inch that it was strange for such a young girl to how she was familiar with; much that she should have known, she had no tangible idea of. To a sanger, she was at once a wonder and mystery. Like the ocean, her soul was not easily fathomed. Without the softening and guiding influence of a nother—without associates of her own age and sex—webs visitors but rarely, except the rough fishermen to were storm-driven upon the inhospitable cost—it would have been strange if she had not grown up a by, sustive girl, unlearned in the fashions and managers of society.

with the waves creeping almost to her feet, and liking the sand where she was standing, Annie Lockwood stood for a long time after the departure of her

There was something in the sullen booming of the sit it broke against the rocks, and echoed within sit bellows; something in the wild scream of the seadid; something in the rolling and tossing of the six, wind-swept clouds—that attracted her more than sally this night.

Often as she had watched before upon the shelving own; often as she had sat in the high windows of the lighthome gazing out upon the warring elements, she had never felt as now.

The lamps trimmed with unusual care, and the fames July polished, Captain Lockwood called his nighter, and they sat down to their frugal meal, using as the circumstances suggested, of storm and There was something in the sullen booming of the

spiter, and they sat down to their frugal mess, hing as the circumstances stuggested, of storm and red. Then, after the lights had been again looked and the "big ha' Bible, once his father's pride," ad, and prayer offered by the old man, they prepared

"I will watch the lamps to-night, dear father," said

"I will watch the lamps to-night, dear namer, sand and, as she gave him her good-night kiss.
"Better sleep, daughter. The rest of the young is met; that of the old, fiful and broken."
"I cannot sleep. Hark! what sound was that?"
"I cannot sleep. Hark! what sound was that?"
"I cannot sleep. The property of a gun to their any though scarcely to be distinguished above the the state of the state."
"I will watch the young is said to be a sound to be a

"A ship in distress! God have mercy upon the muls of all on board!" said the old fighthouse-keeper,

"Amen, father. Can we do nothing to save them?"
"Mat could we do, child? Our little boat would
at live an instant;" and he hastened aloft, glass in
lad. Little, however, he saw. The tempest, and
at tars that gathered in his eyes and would not
be repressed almost blinded him. la repressed, almost blinded him.
On such a night, in such a locality, he had battled with the winds and the waves; had felt his stout

vessel go to pieces under his feet; had been thrown, bruised and broken, ashore among the sharp rocks; and memory was far too busy with the past for him to calmly look upon the present.

Without another word, he handed the glass to his daughter, and bowed his head upon the stone sill of the

narrow window

"It is a large ship, father. Part of her masts, much of her rigging, is gone. Great heaven! she is—" "On the inner ledge? the 'Wreckers' Harvest'?"

"Yes: alas! yes."
"Then God indeed have mercy upon them!"

But father

" Hush, child."

Leaving the old man bowed down in his prayerful everie, Annie Lockwood stole softly from his side, reverie, Annie Lockwood stole softly from his side, and, descending the winding-stairs, wrapped herself hastily in hood and shawl, and started out upon the wind and wave swept rocks. Whither she was going what her purpose, she had not paused to consider. She only falt that human lives were being swallowed up in the mad vortex of the sea, or human forms ground to power among the remorseless rocks upon the shore.

Pattlier with the furious role on heat the silent

up in the mad vortex of the sea, or human forms ground to power among the remorseless rocks upon the shore.

Battling with the furious gale as best she might, Annie crept toward the beach. The whirling, needle-like spray almost blinded her; the howling of the wind and the shricking of the waters almost deafened her; the slippery rocks gave her but insecure footing; still she qualled not; still gave not up the hope that she might do something; forgetful that she wastas powerless as a dry leaf swept before an autumnal blast—a thistle-down whirled upon the hurricane's breath.

Above even the wind and waters she could now and then hear the crashing of spars and bulkwarks, and terrible shrieks of strong men as they were dragged down to death; the grinding of the massive keel upon the rocks; the tearing and flapping of the sails as they were stripped in ribbons from the bolt-ropes; and the rattling of the cable-chain as it flew with lightning speed through the hawser-hole.

Completely paralyzed by the horrid din, impotent to save even one struggling wretch from eternity, the young girl at length clasped her hands over, her ears to shut out every sound, and fied with swift footsteps back to the light-house. Creeping to her father's side, she told in whispers what she had seen, what heard; and together they passed the night, waiting, watching, praying for the dawn, yet shrinking from the sights they knew its coming would reveal.

Morning came at last, smilling like a sleeper after a troubled dream. The sun rose gloriously, fringing the crests of the high-leaping waves and violet and golden spray. The storm, sudden in its rising, and sudden in its subsiding had broken at midnight, leaving the marks of its fury shewn for miles along the shore. Here a shattered plank, there a broken spar;

ing the marks of its fury shewn for miles along the shore. Here a shattered plank, there a broken spar; here a tangled web of cordage, there a sheet of copper twisted and battered; here fragments of sails, there a crimson thread of a once bright flag, clinging to the rocks,—might be seen, silent tokens of the power of the

tempest.

Before the sun rose, the old light-house keeper and his daughter were out upon the beach seeking for aught of life that remained. The waters still broke and boiled angrily over the rocky reef known as the "Wrecker's Harvest;" but, of the brave ship that had

Wrecker's Harvest;" but, of the brave ship that had struck there the previous evening, not a token remained to tell from whence she came; nor of the freight of souls addenly landed in eternity.

Along the share, with anxious eyes, paced father and daughter. A sea-chest was lifted above the power of the waves here, and a drowned, bruised, bloated form tenderly placed in safety untill it could be properly prepared for burial. To search for the living, if indeed aught of life remained, was their first duty; to bury the dead next. But, alas! their search proved vain. The gallan: vessel and all therein appeared to vain. The gallan: vessel and all therein appeared to have been doomed. Not a single one was left to tell

Back to the lighthouse the old man departed for the requisite implements to bury the dead, leaving Annie to still continue her search.

Climbing a high rock, she strained her eyes once more

Climbing a high rock, she strained hereyes once more over the ocean. Like a white-winged gull, she saw something floating far away.

Could it be aught of humanity?

Many a one had lashed himself to a spar, and at last floated ashore in safety, or been picked up, by some passing vessel. Quick as a sunbeam piercing the darkness of a prison-house, the thought flashed through the brain of the girl. Equally as quick it was acted upon

was acted upon.
"Father! father!"

The hollow rocks, the heaving sea, the screaming sea-birds, and the whistling winds, alone replied. Deep in the recesses of the strongly-built beacon, the old man was searching for tools that had long been strangers to his hand.

From the day that he buried his wife, they had been unused, forgotten.

"Father! father!"

There was no time for delay.

Every moment served to convince her that a human being was floating at the mercy of the wind and the waves. Every moment satisfied her that it was drifting seaward, and would soon be beyond her power "Father! dear father!"

"Father! dear father!"
Still no reply, and with swift footsteps she ran to
the little cove where their boat was lying, unfastened
it, leaped in, and pushed from the shore. To one unaccustomed to boating, this would have been a dangerous undertaking; but Annie Lockwood was no gerous undertaking; tyro upon the waters.

First, she strove to use the oars; but, finding her arm too feeble for the task, she loosened the little sail. With the foam rippling over the leeward side, and the

With the foam rippling over the lesward side, and the slender mast bending like a whip, the boat dashed on, with Annie standing—a firm though frail pilot—in the stern, and directing its course.

In despair, the old man, as he again reached the sands, saw her boat tossed like a feather among the breakers of the "Wreckers' Harvest."

In despair, he shouted to her to come back; but she heeded him not. Heart, soul, brain—all were wrapped in the venture she had undertaken; and, waving her hand to him, she still continued her way—out, out into the ocean. out out into the ocean.

Surmise soon became certainty. There was a human rm lashed to a spar.
Was there yet life remaining? Was it man or

woman?
Out upon the creamy crests floated long, black, curltangled hair. The face was white as marble. Girl or
youth, it was strangely beautiful.
Oh! if the eyes would only open! Oh! if the
bloodless lips would only part, and breathe a single

word!

The eyes, black as starless midnight, did open; the lips did part; and a thrill of joy shot through the heart of the brave girl as she trimmed her sail, drew more taut the sheets, and sent her frail boat bounding through the new sun-gilled waves.

Up with the helm! Ease off the sheets!

By the side of the broken topmast, gently rocking as a nautilus on the waveless bosom of a tropical ocean, law the little heat.

s haulities on the waveless bosom of a tropical ocean, lay the little boat.

With nimble, nervous fingers, Annie Lockwood undid the thrice-knotted cords, and strove to raise the limp form—boy or woman she had not time to

Too great the weight, however, for one as frail as

Too great the weight, however, for one as frail as she; and from her benumbed fingers it slipped down, down into the fathomless depths of the ocean!

A great cry of despair burst from her lips. Tears, hot and blinding, fell upon her burning cheeks from her blue eyes. She sank into the bottom of the boat with a groan, though with her eyes still fixed upon the spot where the form for which she had ventured so much had disappeared.

Bubbles break the surface, and a dark web of tangled lair floates among the spray. A pale face flashes ghost-like above the brine.

Al! well she knows, that almost ocean-born girl, that, if it sinks again, it will never rise to human ken; that sea-flowers will blossom around the white bones, and sea spiders weave the black curls into loathsome nests.

Nests. With a silent prayer, with a mighty effort, she twined her fingers in the long hair, and sustained the weight with one hand until she could draw the end of the sheet under the arms with the other.

Then, fastening it to the boat, she rested until her almost exhausted breath returned. Rested, although her fingers were busy smoothing away the dripping curls from the uptarned face. But the touch, gentle as it was, thrilled her as she had never been before. Some strange, subtile magnetism told her that it was not one of her own sex, that it was one gifted with manhood, that she had perilled her life for; had saved from a watery grave.

manhood, that she had perilled her life for; had saved from a watery grave.

But there was no time for fanciful emotion. What if the blood, boiling from her heart, deluged brow, cheek, and neck? What if modesty was startled by her handling of that scantily robbed form? He must be saved, and she must be the saviour. And here her

be saved, and she must be the saviour. And here her sea knowledge was her best friend.

Her single strength was not sufficient to lift the youth into the boat, and, unfastening the jib-halliards, she easily hoisted him from the water.

One single look, to satisfy herself that he was not dead—only benumbed. One look into those large, black eyes, and she threw her shawl over him, and turned away to guide her boat again to her rude lighthouse home.

### . CHAPTER IL HAMILTON.

"WILL he live, father dear? oh, tell me! will he live?" were the first words that burst from the lips of the girl, as her boat touched the shore, and her parent

lifted the youth in his arms, and carried him indoors.
"Please God, he will," was the reply. "All things are possible with him. But we must use human means. Prepare a bed; and that quickly, child."

"There is none but mine, was the trembling, con-

fused reply.

"Yes: yours it must be for the present," he continued, without noticing, in his exertions to restore life, the effort that the speech had caused her.

In a little, but daintily though inexpensively funished, scrupulously clean room, Ferdinand Hamilton first opened his eyes from insensibility. Another short hour spent in the chilling water, and all efforts to restore him would have been in vain.

Perchance too, had he fallen into other hands, death would have stamped its icy signet upon his fresh, young brow.

fresh, young brow.

But the old lighthouse-keeper was not inexperienced.
On the deck of his vessel, in his solitary home, he had learned many restoratives—learned how to bring back the fleeting life to the water deluged heart.

the fleeting life to the water danger unvariantally however, though immediate danger was past, Hamilton lay in semi-stupor. He knew that he was safe; realized that kind hands were tending him; vas more thankful for repose after having fought for ours hand to hand with the mad waves. Little more,

however, he knew; little he cared for.

He felt the touch of Annie's hand as she smoothed the hair from his brow, and bathed it with cool water. He heard the soft tones of her voice, and they soothed

He looked into the face of the old seaman, and,

He looked into the face of the old seaman, and, feeling that it could be relied upon, once more closed his eyes, and slept long and sweetly.

In a few days young Hamilton was able to leave his room—even to accompany his kind host and hostess to their short wanderings, and tell of the vessel that had been to him almost a coffin, and left its "bones" scattered along the beach for miles. Returning from study in a foreign land, be had taken passage in the Neptune—as stout a ship, and commanded by as brave and skilful a captain, as any upon the waters.

upon the waters.

on the waters.
Until the night of the wreck, all had gone smoothly.
hat had caused the disaster he was not seaman

Until the night of the wices, as a layer of the first had caused the disaster he was not seaman enough to determine.

All that he could tell was, that, when the ship struck, he had, with the assistance of the first-mate, lashed himself to a broken spar-had found himself in the water-had fleated through the long, long night,

hopeless and despairing.
"You should thank God fervently for your life," remarked the old man, when he had finished his brief story. "Think of his merciful kindness in saving

"Did all the others, then, perish?" asked Hamilton, with a shudder that he could not repress.

"Yes—all. There are the graves of all that came

ashore

And Captain Lockwood pointed to a row that ros shove the sands like a furrow thrown from a plough.
"Are you not thankful that you were spared?"

"Thankful? Yes. It was my destiny to be saved.

My time had not yet come," he added.

Young as he was, Ferdinand Hamilton had already learned the sceptical delusions inculcated by German university life.

What the pious old sea-captair called by its correct name, "God," he termed "c' ance" or "destiny."
What was to be would be. Certain effects would be produced by certain causes

A ruling Providence was almost ignored in his plan of the creation and government of the world. Wisely, however, he kept his infidel arguments to himself.

Like a viper he would have been spurned from the

hearthstone that had given him shelter and life. But he had learned other things to which he

gave his mind full play.

Perfectly familiar with the wild stories and mysterious legends of Germany, and gifted with a reten memory and fine conversational powers, it was y for him to enchain the affections of Annie Lock-d, and make her for the time forgetful of all else.

More than many another, she was susceptible to their

Her peculiar mental organization and lonely life had rendered her so; and, unconsciously, she was drinking in draughts of distorted fletion that were as Unas

flowers to her young, loving heart.

To question of the young man's home and parentage had never occurred to the simple mind of the ex-sea-

He felt that his own heart was pure, and he judged

no test that as own near was pure, and ne judged all others accordingly. In a casual conversation, Hamilton had told him that he was an orphan—rich, and under the quasi guardianship of an uncle who resided in one of the great manufacturing towns, which he had failed to mention, or the old man had forgotten.

This was all he knew, and with this spare infor-

ation he was content.
With his daughter, too, the case was much the

She was learning the first lesson of love. trusting heart was awakening from its life-time lethargy, and her soul was feeding, dove-like, upon the manna of affection.

the manna of affection.

With Ferdinand Hamilton seated by her side on the steps of the gray old lighthouse; with him rocking with her in the little boat; with his voice ringing in her ears, and his black, lustrous eyes bent upon her as they wandered in the starlight, she was more than happy, without as yet having analyzed the cause.

But the time came when she fully understood and felt it. Long had the rescued one lingered without apparent cause. For weeks his health had been fully restored. Meany a time he speke of coing, but

apparent cause. For weeks his health had been fully restored. Many a time he spoke of going, but went not

"It will be lonely here without you," the good old man would say whenever the subject was broached; and Annie, though she spoke not, attested the truth of the words with her eyes.

The hour came when he could linger no longer.

An answer to a letter he had written came, de-manding his immediate return, and chiding him for

maning in a manufacture of the control of the contr

some snawer that would be satisfactory.

"Well, my boy," said Captain Lockwood, when he heard the news, "I suppose you must go. We could not expect to keep you always with us. Somehow, you appear more like one of my own than a stranger. Maybe it is because my little Annie saved you. I can't rightly tell how it is, but it seems queer that you should leave us after having lived with us so long. For my part it won't come so hard; but Annie will miss you sadly, sadly. Won't you, danghter?"

Annie war and adarptier?"

Annie Tortunately for her blushes, the girl had disappeared before the conclusion of the speech. She had heard that Hamilton was certainly to leave on the morrow. That was enough—all she could bear. A morrow. morrow. That was enough—all she could bear, a great grief had suddenly taken possession of her heart. She had awoke from a pleasant dream to a seem had awoke from a pleasant dree . She had learned what love is!

reality. She had learned what love is!

Out into the night like a guilty thing she fled—out from the companionship of her kind, to held communion with the waves, boiling, surging like her own heart and brain. Oh! that the dark ocean had swallowed both him and her!

In the mad disquietude of the hour, she had wandered far, and seated herself upon a shelving rock beneath which the tide sobbed fitfully, and she heard

"Annie, what is the matter with you?" asked Hamilton, as he stood by her side, and laid his hand

upon her damp hair.
Still she answered not, and he continued:

"Do you not know that I am to leave you to-mor-

"Yes," she uttered, scarcely daring to trust her voice, and shrinking from the sound of it, it was so strained, hollow, and unnatural.

"Annie, I must once more thank you for saving my life. It would have been a brave, noble act for a man to have ventured thus single handed in a frail boat out upon the wild waves. How much more so for a frail, delicate girl like you!"

"I had no fear. I trusted in God," she replied simply and truthfully, but without looking up. She dared not trust herself within the influence of his eyes. At another time the baneful scepticism of his edu-

cation would have broken out in words. Now he felt that it would not do to trifle with her belief, and, after Now he felt

a pause, continued:
"Though you did not fear, Annie, it was nobly
done. Very few would have ventured their lives for

-did not think But I did not know who it was I only felt that a human being was in danger, and that I might save him. That was all," she answered, with I might save him. innocent naïveté.

"I cannot allow you to rob yourself of the glory of the deed. A second Grace Darling, you have earned and shall receive the praise. When I am home again, 'Annie of the Lighthouse' shall be a favourite tosst; shall be known far and wide. All the young gallants will envy me your acquaintance, and the dashing belies turn pale with jealousy when your name is mentioned."

How cold, cruel, selfish! how almost like a repros

How cold, cruci, seinsh: now agnost like a reprosent the words fell upon the ears of that shy, sensitive girl, whose heart was longing for a single word of love! In vain she struggled to keep back her tears.

"What, Annie! crying?" he said, drawing nearer, and seating himself by her side. "I dared not flatter myself that you would feel thus deeply at my absence."

"Why should I not? You have been very kind

Still these tears?"

"Still these teams?"
"When you are among your gay companions, when
with the beautiful ones in your city home, you will
have no time to think of the poor, uncducated girl
whose father tends the lonely lighthouse."

whose father tends the lonely lighthouse."

"Poor little one! how sadly you mistake me!
Forget you? Never! I am sorry that you judge me thus, Annie. Even if you had not saved my life, I could never forget your face; for I never have seen, never shall see, one more strikingly beautiful."

"Do you think I have forgotten the oft-repeated copy in my first writing-book?" she asked looking him full in the face for the first time with a sad

And what was that, Miss Propriety?"

"And what was that, alless Propriety?"

"Beware of Flatterers."

"Annie, I do not flatter you when I tell you that you are beautiful. Has your glass never told you the truth of my words? Have you never been told this

"No one has ever talked to me as you have. Re member that I am but a young girl, and have see few, save the rude fishermen that sometimes visit m father. My home has been you lonely lighthous, and these ragged rocks; my companion, playmate almost, the waters."

almost, the waters."

"Then no one has ever loved you before?"

"Loved me!" and she started as if about to fly from him; but his strong arm withheld her, and drawing her still nearer, he whispered:

"Need I tell you in words—they are powerless—how well I love you? Annie, dearest, from the hom I first saw you flitting like an angel around my bedside—first saw your blue eyes bent in pity upon mefirst heard your voice rising in prayer in my behalf—you have been to me the one only loved object in life."

"But," she replied a wild joy flooding her soil, "your strange, Germanic ideas of all I have learned to hold sacred?"

In the fruition of her wildest hopes a doubt forced its way, and she trembled for his answer. "From them, darling, you shall convert me. You

"From them, darling, you shall convert ma. Your low will teach me a more perfect and a holier one. As you saved my body, so shall you save my soul?"

Could she, woman that she was, resist such pleading from the lips she long had idolized? Girlhod had passed away from her in that hour. "She loved, and was a woman!" All the pest was blotted out, and a bright future was dawning for her. Like mist before the warm sunshine, all her doubts and fees were dispelled. For them, at least, the burial of Eros was a fable of falsehood. The god of love was a living, breathing reality.

a living, breathing reality.

The stars were twinking in the midnight sky when they returned to the lighthouse. Seated upon the steps they found the old captain waiting their

coming.
"Is it so, daughter? Hamilton, am I to call you a

Not so blind had he been as not to foresee the end. With a warm, loving embrace,—father as he was, was robbed of his kiss that night, for that of her lover was religering on her lips,—Annie flew pat, and hid herself in the privacy of her own little chamber; that chamber where she nursed her future bushand

back to life. "Yes," answered Hamilton. "With your permisU but The

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sion, Annie has promised to be my wife."

"She is yours, my boy. Be kind and true to her:
she is a good girl. God bless you both!" and the

one is a good girl. God bless you both!" and the frank-hearted seaman warmly wrung his hand.

On the morrow came the parting such as "wrings young hearts." A fishing-vessel bore the young man away, but while the lighthouse, was visible he saw a fair hand waving love to him from its little window.

#### CHAPTER IIL KATE ARLINGTON

Five years pass quickly-almost like a dream when

Firs years pass quickly—almost like a dream were look back to them.

The old lighthouse-keeper had long been deal; the structure itself been deserted, and fallen into decay; his fair daughter gone none knew whither.

For a little time after the departure of her lover, she heard from him regularly. Then his letters were less frequent, and less fervant. At length they ceased entirely. It was the eld story of woman's trust and

man's torgetfulness.

More than fulfilling the promise of his youth, Ferdinand Hamilton had grown into a splendid man, so far as outward beauty was concerned. The youth of nincteen had blossomed into the man of four-and twenty, as well in mind as in body. Without a pet among those of his age, he stood at the bar. Careful religious mothers looked coldly upon him, on account of his sneers at all they considered hely: but bloom-

ing daughters smiled, and avaricious fathers welcomed him to their homes; he was a rising man, and rich. Not without a heart-pang had be given up the pure gid of the lighthouse; but she stood in the way of his dranesment, and had to be sacrificed. Anything, apbody, would have shared the same fate. But once does the day of his parting from her had he revisited he well-remembered spot. Three years subsequently while pleasuring in a yacht, he had landed there. The stone beacon was deserted: and he wandered into the little grave-yard, saw there the name of "Annie Leckwood" pon a rude headstone, and was satisfied. Death had removed her from his path. It was her dettiny, he said; and from that day she was forgotten. Acting upon the same principle, or rather want of principle, that had governed his life, he married. To scure the influence of a father, he courted and won mattless girl—one worthy of a better fate than being girl—one worthy of a better fate than being

score me innuence of a samer, no courted and won marties girl—one worthy of a better fate than being fettered to a cold-hearted fatalist. Death, however, son released her. For once the King of Terrors was

son released her. For once the King, or Terrors was Sarcely two years after his heartless marriage, Ferdinal Hamilton found himself a widower, with a brightest, curly-browed boy to call him father. Few, if any, were the tears he shed for the angol God had called from her earth-wandering. His purpose had been accomplished.

Over the grave of his wife—victim rather—he eased the monumental marble to rise in sculptured bast, ; he put on a suit of sable; he cozened the world into the belief that he mourned long and deeply; ad many a fair one waited but the asking to fill the lise of her who had gone.

But there was one string of his heart thrilling that had never before even trembled. The father lived in his hop—the very exact counterpart of himself. The mag glorious black eyes, the same curling ebon hair, its ame noble brow and form, that would mature in many beauty.

the same noble brow and form, that would mature in maly beauty. For that tiny waif, flung like a pebble from the unknown upon the shores of time, he felt for the first ties the power of love.

Had the child resembled its mother—had it been the image of any but himself, this would not have been facase; but, as it was, his egotistical, self-worshipping kerr was satisfied, and his loy nature melted into topical warmth.

One night, early in the spring-time, he was aroused by the cries of the nurse who watched over his little on. The child was dying, she said; and in an intuits he was dressed, and kneeling by the side of its kiry-like crib.

siny-like crib.

Gasping for breath, with its midnight eyes uptened in agony, with its tiny hands clutching the
oresing, lay the little sufferer.

Dector," hoarsely questioned the agonized father
of the medical man who had hastily been summoned,

--\*doctor, what is the matter? Is there any

"Yes," was the cheerful-voiced reply, though the ise said to certify the truth of the words. "Yes: Ilimit I can save him."

How strange, even to his own ears, sounded the ame of heaven! How strange, that he, who had so lag ignored all of Divinity, should call upon it in

lng ignored all of Divinity, should can appear its bour of danger!

Unconsciously the words had fallen from his lips;
bit beaven heard, and in its great goodness pitied.

The child was saved, but careful nursing and seashing were recommended to fully restore its

A rising watering-place was named, and thither limition was advised to go. It was fashionable—for resort of great men and prosperous polititions: it sided his purposes, and he resolved to go.

On his arrival he found himself, much to his sur-

on in arrival ne found nimsen, blues of prick, near the old lighthouse.

For days he paid no attention to anything except lawlare of his child. Avoiding the gay groups, be wandered with him in his arms around the well-

a wanered with him in his arms around the well-memberd spots.

Il memory, re-awakened, brought the past before his, he creshed it down, and gave no sign, save that, the standing by the tomb-stone where he had once sood before, his lips might have been heard to utter, with something that sounded like a sigh, "Poor lants!"

800n, however, his presence became known, and

Such a model husband; one who mourned his lost Such a model husband; one who mourned his lost view deeply; one who was so constant in his at-tendance upon his child; the elegant, accomplished, the Ferdinand Hamilton—could not be spared. Something was due to the living, they said; and the balls hunted him down.

"You will try your blandishments in vain upon Yt. Hamilton, my pretty Kate," said one dashing balls to sancher. "His heart is buried in the grave of his wife."

And the petted beauty flung back her curls, and whispered in a mysterious manner:

"Remember, les murailles ont des oreilles."

"Then you intend to make the trial?"

"Then you uneon to make the trial?"

"Certainly. Ferd, Hamilton is too great a prize to be allowed to slip easily through one's fingers."

And she kissed the tips of her slender, rosy ones as so some distant lover.

"Don't be too confident, Kate?"

"Don't be too confident, Kate?"

"That means, I suppose, that where you have failed, it would be useless for me to aspire."

And she laughed a saucy, mocking laugh as she flirted coquettishly away.

Innocent of the plans against his freedom—for, what Kate Arlington had expressed in words, many another had nursed in secret—Ferdinand Hamilton entered the assembly-room that night for the first time, the cynosure of all eyes.

"Mr. Hamilton!"

" Miss Arlington !"

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Hamilton. We almost despaired of winning you from your beautiful

boy."
"Had I known how much loveliness awaited my

"Had I known how much loveliness awaited my coming, I should have hesitated much longer before trusting myself," he replied, gallantly bending towards the arch coquette.

With a triumphant smile, she took his proffered arm, and walked through the large, brilliantly-lighted rooms, replying to the flashes of his wit by equally trenchant repartee.

"A well-matched pair, by Jupiter!" said Guy Rogers to a commde, as they swept past.

"Yes; both equally beautiful, and—"
"Heartless!"

"Heartless!"
But Hamilton and Kate Arlington neither heard
by they draw out. Each were nor cared for the remarks they drow out. Each were

But Hamilton and Kate Arlington neither heard nor cared for the remarks they drew out. Each were acting a part.

During the entire evening he was by her side—waltzed when she waltzed—sang when she sang; and when tired of the rooms, they sought the fresh air, and looked out upon the sieeping sea, radiant now in its moonlit glory, they were still unseparated.

Only once or twice had they met; and, of his brilliant companion, Hamilton knew but little. In fact, she was a new-comer in the set he visited. Report said she was an orban,—rich and the ward of a grim old lawyer with whom she resided, and had lately returned from abroad. That she was perfectly conversant with German and French literature, he soon ascertained; that she was rarely beautiful, he soon ascertained; that she was rarely beautiful, he soon perceived; but there was something about her that puzzled him; something that almost made him shrink when she turned her blue eyes fully upon him. She reminded him of some one he had seen in the longago. Even the tones of her voice appeared sweetly natural to him; and despite himself, Hamilton forgot his acting, and became strangely interested.

Day after day he lingered by her side; day after day—though he would have soouted the idea if told of it—he found himself more and more extangled in the net thrown by her beauty and brightness, until he could not dony, even to himself, that Kate Arlington was the one idolized object of his entire life. So terribly in carnest he at length became to win her, that his child was neglected, almost forgotten; and even the gossips acknowledged that he was the possessor of a heart, and was at last in love.

Playing with his bright-eyed boy, he one evening found her near where the waves lashed the rocks

heart, and was at last in love.

Playing with his bright-eyed boy, he one evening found her near where the waves lashed the rocks around the ruins of the old lighthouse. Far too well for his own ease did Hamilton remember the spot. It was there he had won the love of Annie Lockwood, was there he had won the love of Annie Lockwood, and plighted his vows to her,—Annie of the Lighthouse. And now he had sought Kate for the express purpose of asking her, also, to be his wife. Was it destiny that had caused them to meet there? His very heart qualled as the thought flashed through his brain; and for a moment he was silent.

"Ah, Mr. Hamilton!" she said, flashing her large blue eyes fully upon him, and looking up with a welcoming smile, "I am glad you have wandered hither."

"It is the part of a gallant knight to seek his lady-love," he replied meaningly. Take in the child, nurse. The mist is rising from the sea, coldly."

"I would rather you had come as a minstrel," ahe answered, as she kissed the boy, and resigned it to the waiting attendant.

"Why so, Miss Arlington?

"To sing me the story of this gray old ruin. It has a history, I am informed; and you, I believe, sir, have been here before."

"Yes—yes: I—I—"he stammered.

"Have been? That is confession enough. Of course, you, who so love the legends of the Fatherland, have not let this escape you. Tell it me please."

please."
"Some other time," he replied hoarsely, the ghost of a buried love rising up before him—the skeleton of broken vows arising in his path.

"But why not to-night? See! the moon is iding behind a cloud. Hark! the sea is meaning as if for a coming storm. It is the very night for a ghostly

love-story."
"There is no ghost in the matter," he replied, with "There is no ghost in the matter," ne repued, with a forced laugh. Some other time you shall hear the simple tale. Pray come in with me now. It is growing very chilly." And he raised her shawl from the rocks, and wrapped it tenderly about her.

"I am not cold. Mr. Hamilton, it is unkind in you

to refuse me.

"I am not cold. Mr. Hamilton, it is unkind in you to refuse me."

"It is a simple story," he said, forced to repeat what his very soul shrank from. "An old man and his daughter dwelt near this spot."

"In the lighthouse?"

"Yes. During a terrible storm, a ship struck on the rock; you can see the breakers around it now. The girl, a young Amazon I presume, put out in a boat, and saved the life of a yeuth. She learned to lovehim, and I believe there were some childish vows. between them before they separated, he to go into-life suitable to his birth, and she—"

"To be forgotten?"

"To be forgotten?"

"To be forgotten?"

"It might have been so. It is a foolish story at best, Come, shall we not go in, and join the dancers?"

"No; rather let us explore the mystery of the ruin. But tell me, as we go—what was her name? Did you tell me? Tell me what became of the poor, deserted girl?"

"I believe she is dead. I think—I have heard so."

deserted girl?"

"I believe she is dead. I think—I have heard so."
"Died of a broken heart."

"Pshaw, Miss Arlington! you are making a very serious thing out of a very light matter."

"Are broken vows, blasted hopes, a crushed heart, and an early grave, matters of such trivial importance?"

"Are broken vows, blasted hopes, a crushed heart, and an early grave, matters of such trivial importance?"

"The theme is a dismal one," he replied, evasively. "Come, let us go in."

"No; to the ruin. I would that I land known that young girl. You have forgotion to tell me her name."

"For the simple reason that—hark!"

Even hardened as he was, Hamilton could not lower himself by premeditated falsehood; and, turning the conversation, he talked rapidly and brilliantly, as she, that wilful one, still directed their steps towards the ruined beacon.

To tell of his love, Hamilton had sought Kate Arlington. Could he do so now? With the very rocks under his feet upon which he had won the heart of Annie Lookwood; with her tombstone-gleaming ghastly white at but a little distance; with the sea thundering in his ears as in those long-past days—could he banish memory, and dull the stings of conscience? It was indeed a difficult task; but he nerved himself to its execution. Still she coquetted with him, still turned the conversation to the light-house, and its deserted mistress, until Hamilton, out of all patience, determined to dash, lawyer-like, inmedias res into the subject.

"Miss Arlington," he began, "why will you triflowith me in this manner?"

"Your fine womanly instinct, your gentle heart, must have told you what I would say."

"You give me credit for more penetration than I possess, Mr. Hamilton."

"On! how coldly, grandly beautiful she looked, standing there on the mossy steps of the old ruin, with the faint star-beams nestling like silver threads in her almost golden hair; lighting up her blue eyes and playing fitfully upon her flushed cheek.

Beautiful exceedingly; but statuesque and cold as marble.

"Miss Arlington! Kate! you knew that I love you weather the suits."

marble.

"Miss Arlington! Kate! you know that I love you — madly love you!"

"Love me?"

"Yes! beyond all else of earth, almost of heaven."

It was the hour of all others the girl had longed for, and yet she neither trembled or turned pale, as she rep!led:

"I'm flattered by your preference, Mr. Hamilton, but this place—the sad story you just told me is still ringing in my ears. You are a believer in fatality, so am L. A young girl was wooed on this very spot, deserted, troken-hearted, dead! Oh, why did you not choose another time, and another place to tell me of your love?" your love?"

your love?"
Grinding his teeth in his anger, cursing his ill-luck, and her more than sarcastic coolness, Hamilton had great difficulty in restraining himself. But he did so, and was about to plead further, when shricks, long, loud, and repeated, rang upon the air.

"Go!" commanded Kate, laying her hand upon his arm, as if to enforce her words. "Go! Something dreadful has happened to your child. It is the voice of the nurse. Go—go!"

All the affection Hamilton had ever had for his child staymed is his heart in an instant.

returned to his heart in an instant.

Without a word of adieu, he dashed down the beach in the direction of the hotel. From others (for the acreams of the woman had drawn the gay gueste from

ry kind as when you will ted girl

my life, rer have itiful. repeated looking th a sad

you that you the re. Re.

ave seen visit my hthouse, playmate ut to fly

er, and, the hour my bed-on meobject in her soul,

bt forced olier one soul!" Girlhood the leved Like mist and fears burial of

night sky ated upon iting their call you a as he was,

flew past, re busband ne to her: t" and the and. s " wrings

ream when dead; the into decay;

f her lover, they ces 's trust and

his youth, lendid man, he youth of f four-and-thout a peer r. Careful, on account but bloomthe house), rather than from the nurse, he had learned

the house), study that this more the nurse, he had learned the terrible story; and reeling like a drunken man, he grouned in agony of soul.

On her way home, the woman had stopped to chat with some friends. Wrapping up the child to protect it from the night air, she laid it in a boat that had been drawn upon the sand. The tide rose while they were rambling about; and the boat was kitted by the waves, and had drifted seaward. This was all he could according to the this was enough. From a ascertain; but this was enough. From a danger he had been saved; but who would save his child?

The fishermen were all absent, and none of that fashionable crowd would have dared to have launched a boat in that boiling sea, even if they had thought of

it.

A thousand pounds—tens of thousands—to anyone

"A thousand pounds—tens of thousands—to anyone who will save my boy!" rang, time after time, from the lips of Hamilton; but no answer came.

Despairing of enlisting aid, he dashed to the shore to find a boat. Only the frailest, most egg-shell ones, could be found. Rash, desperate, he would have could be found. Rash, desperate, he would be leaped into them, and pushed out to certain destr tion, had he not been forcibly detained. What was life to him then? His burning love had been thrown like ice upon his heart; and his boy, his darling boy,

denly some one remembered that Miss Arlington was the owner of a small pleasure-yatcht, and that it was moored in the little ceve beyond the old light-

Well Hamilton knew the spot. Often had he ar chored the boat of Annie Lockwood there; and, swift as a winner bounding to the gaol, he sped over the sands, followed by men and women alike. In a few moments the cove was reach hopes the yacht was gone! was reached; but, alas for human

ar out to seaward they could dimly discern its Far out to seaward they could dimly discern its white sail, and a great hope sprang up in the heart of the father. Some one, more thoughtful than the rest, had secured the only means of succour. For an hour,—how long it seemed to all!—he watched the hope-frieghted bark flitting hither and thither. Then it was seen to be headed directly for the shore; and, when it came nearer, they saw that it was occurrich her agreement.

In an instant more, its prow grated upon the shingle and Kate Arlington leaped lightly to the shore, and placed the still sleeping child in its father's arms. "Great heaven!" he murmured: "how can I repay

Tell me, Miss Arlington, and I will be y you? Tell r

"It was my destiny to save your child as I saved

you," she replied, with a bitter sneer.

"Saved me? And I—are you mad?"

"Ferdinand Hamilton," she answered, drawing near to lim, and whispering in his ear so as not to be

overheard, "is it possible that you do not yet know me? Who gave you life before?"

"Annie of the Lighthouse," he groaned in reply.

"And in your child she gives it to you again!

Think of your words to me this very night!" and she darted through the crewd, and hid herself from sight in her own room.

### CHAPTER IV. DESTINY.

FROM the effects of that night it was long before Ferdinand Hamilton recovered. Brain, heart, perves had been strained far too much to easily return to their normal condition. But at length he was able to return home. Of his first and second love, Annie Lockwood, he dared not inquire. He had heard that Miss Arlington had left as soon as she learned

that bases Arington had relet as soon as and rearried he was out of danger; heard her called a heartless flirt; and, hard as it was, he kept his own secret.

Would he dare to see her again? Would he, after the fatal visit to the lighthouse, dare to look her in the face? His love, intensided and purified by suffering, hourly arged him to do so. He knew that his entire life's happiness was at stake, but yet he skrank from the orders. Still, although he saw her not, he found no peace until he had visited her guardian, and

learned the history of the few past years.

The story he heard was a simple one. Years before the death of Captain Lockwood he had invested his savings in the land where the hotel had been erected. This, purchased by a company of speculaerected. This, purchased by a company or specum-tors, had turned out a small gold-mine for his daugh-ter. At the death of the old man, the lawyer, who was a distant relative, and who was childres, had adopted and educated her. The grave he had seen was that of her mother, their names being the same. Something he had heard of Hamilton's betrethal and desertion; and, at the request of Aunie, he allowed her to assume the maiden name of his wife-Kate

Then she is rich?" questioned Hamilton, when

the story was finished.

"Rich? no. She has spent the great bulk of her property, insisting as she would on paying her ewn expenses, both of travel and education."
"Would to heaven she would accept part of my

wealth!

wealth!"

"Were I a young man, and poetically inclined, I should say to you, in the language of the Bard of Avon, you were one "whose hand, like the base Indian, threw a pearl away, richer than all his tribe." Good morning, sir." And Hamilton was politely and coldly shown to the door.

"Fool! fool!" he exclaimed, as he dashed down the street, and entered his own house but to be startled by the terrible tidings, that his boy had injured himself past all hopes of recovery.

Oh! the long, long hours that followed!

The form of the strong man was bowed like a reed, and his reason almost gave way beneath the blow. All of life—all of love—all of hope was concentrated in that child, and to see the little form lying there bruised and broken was hard indeed to bear.

broken was hard indeed to bear.
What say you now?" asked a clerical friend, who called to see him one evening, and found him sitting alone by the bedside of the little sufferer. "What say you now, my friend? Is this destiny, or do you recognize w, my friend? the hand of Providence?

It is God-it is God!" was the scarcely audible

reply.

And, with all of German scepticism for ever banished from his soul, Ferdinand Hamilton kneft down sobbing, and for the first time prayed humbly as a little child. That night the little lamp of life was exting

A changed man was Ferdinand Hamilton Every hour of his life was devoted to good acts. Sometimes he saw—oftener heard ef—Annie Lockwood, and ever was her name coupled with praise.
Well as Hamilton felt that he could offer her a pure eart and a truthful love, yet with his fatal scepti

had gone his presumption.

He saw himself as he had been in former days, and shuddered. By the same clear light he transfigured her into more than earthly purity—learned to look

upon her more as an angel than a woman.

And Annie Lockwoed—Miss Arlington, for her secret had been well kept—she too, found much in the past to weep over. Her heart was a true womanly

Plant the flower of love in such soil, and it is hard indeed to crush it so that it will not blossom. But she kept her own council, and had no confidant. About a year after the death of his boy, Ferdinand

About a year, after the death of his boy, Ferdinand Hamilton was stricken down by disease. Annie Lockwood heard of it, and would have hastened to his side had she fellowed the beat of her own inclinations; but her old guardian interfered, and called it immodest and unmaidenly.

Day by day she heard from him—heard that he was sinking. Would he not send for her? Would he die without seeing her again? Oh! that she dare burst through the shackles of society, and fly to him, console him, save him!

console him, save him!

"Daughter," said the old lawyer to her one morn-ing, as she entered the breakfast-room with eyes red from watching and weeping—"daughter, you are kilking yourself for one who does not, and never did,

"Olf: how cruelly you wrong him!" she replied, with tearful eyes. "Since the day Ferdinard Hamilton threw from his soul the incubus of infidelity, he has been truly noble! A better, purer man never lived;

nor one so worthy of a woman's love."

"Ha!" responded the eld man, somewhat astonished at her fervent and eloquent defence; for, from her long continued silence, he had been led to believe that she had outlived all affection for him. Is it so indeed? Then here is a letter from

"Give it to me! Oh! give it me."

"Not until you promise to behave yourself like a sensible girl."

"Anything, anything you wish." With trembling fingers the little crumpled note was torn open. With trembling fingers it had been written, and contained but a few words:—

"Come to me, Annie. I believe I have not long to

That was all, and there was no signature. But it meeded none. Although she had promised, the old lawyer found great difficulty in restraining her until his carriage was ready, and he could prepare himself

to accompany her.
"I don't believe I made such a fool of myself in my
young days,"he muttered as she urged him to greater speed

"But he is dying-dying!" was all she could sob

in reply. "So are you," retorted the gruff old man,—gruff in words and actions, but kind and soft in heart as a woman, and often forced to assume harshness to keep

Many such a rough diamond there is in this world that no attrition will pelish, save that of the grave, before it is set among the crown-jewels of heaven.

"With fiery speed the horses were driven along the street, and suddenly stopped in frant of Hamilton's

low is he, doctor?" asked the lawyer of the disciple of Æsculapius, whom he chanced to meet at

Failing, failing, I fear.

"Poctor, you are always killing somebody."

And the irate old man assisted his adopted daughter to alight, and brushed past him into the

house.

"Half these doctors are regular croakers." he extinued, seeing the effect the intelligence had had upon the girl. "Don't mind what he says. You and I will throw his drugs out of the window, and nurse

im up in no time.

him up in no time."

Ushered softly into the room where the sick may was lying, and who chanced to be sleeping at the time, Annie had a good opportunity of seeing how much disease had robbed him of his manly beauty, with a shudder, she gazed upon the sunken eyes, the hollow cheeks, the fever-parched lips, and thought how much of guilt lay upon her own soul. She knew that he loved her; and knew also that she loved him deeply, passionately, oven when spurning him at the foot of the lighthouse.

Then, it was true the ways shocked at his idease.

Then, it was true, she was shocked at his if cas of fatality; but, since his conversion, why had she not

made the approach to her side easy?

Upon herself she took all the blame, laid his death at the door of her own charge, and, kneeling by his bedside, clasped his emuciated hand in hers, pressed it to her lips, bathed it with her tears, and prayed long and earnestly that the bitter cup might be taken

from their lips.

"Annie, Annie of the Lighthouse!" came in whispers from the lips of the sick man. "Oh, I had such a pleasant dream. I thought she was here."

"Ferdinand!"

"But, Annie darling, can you forget-can you forgive the past?'

"I remember nothing, know nothing, except that I n here—am happy. Oh, so happy!" And she lifted his head in her arms, and kissed way the tears from his eyes.

"Here, then, Annie—here is my heart."

"What a great calf I am," blubbered the old lawyer, as he stumbled out of the room. "If I don't make my next client pay for these tears, I have forgotten my husiness."

e is more potent than all the medicine com-and rapid was the recovery of Ferdinand Love is more bined, and Hamilton. A new mansion stands on the site of the old light-

The ocean waif and his rescuer are both there in the summer time—husband and wife; and, in a little cove near at hand, rocks a fairy-like yacht, bearing, in golden letters, the somewhat fanciful name of "Annie of The LightThouse."

be ent

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IT is seventy years since Edmund Burke passed away, and we are still without a monument of him worthy of the name, for the statue in the corridor at Westminster is a hideous and clumsy affair, it only be broken and forgotten. Mr. Foley has complete study in statuette size which combines the best poin in Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous picture of the orator with the most reliable suggestions to be derived from a mask taken after death; and if he is able to icuse into the life-size status the vigour, dignity, and idealism of that which he has now fashioned in clay is will have accomplished one of the most difficult tasks in modern art.

THE IRRITABILITY OF SICKNESS.blessed with health can never know, till they in their turn are called upon to suffer, what heroic strength of spirits lie hidden under the mask of silent, unconspirits he hidden under the mask of silent uncom-plaining suffering—how strong the temptations are to be unreasonable, pettish, or repining—how difficult it is to be grateful, and still more to be amiable, when the irritation of every nerve renders the most skilful strondars inflarment and the descriptions in produattendance irksome, and the dearest presence importu-nate. Oh, let the healthy lay these things ever to heart, and, while they scrupulously perform their dery. em have pity upon many a poor and queruic sufferer.

THE ENGINEERS IN THE ROYAL NAVY.-The engineers of the royal navy, who now comprise as imper-tant and numerous body of officers, are about to take steps to bring the unfortunate position they occupy steps to bring the unfortunate position they oscilly before the puoper authorities. They complain of tardiness in promotion, smallness of pay, and lastly, the pain and anxiety to which they are put from the fact disk, if they die in a subordinate rank, their widows are not entitled to any pension. At the present moment there

ge in the service many old officers who have dis-charged their duties to the best of their ability and to the benefit of the country, but who, from circumstances which can be satisfactorily accounted for, are not competent to pass the strict examination now required them before they can be advanced to the reals of competent to pass the strict examination now required of them before they can be advanced to the rank of chief engineer; yet their widows would be thrown suirely on their own resources in the event of death. The widows of the warranted officers of the navy are by a wise and humane decision on the part of the Admiralty, entitled to pensions, and we can scarcely essective why those of engineers should be excluded from similar benefits.

## ALL ALONE.

Br E. D. E. N. SOUTH WORTH,

CHAPTER CXXIL

THE LITTLE PEDLER

Welcome he is in hut and hall,
To maids and matrons, squires and peasants,
Winning the sympathies of all,
Shedding sunshine by his presence. Pra-

THE beginning of Owen's journey was like the beginning of his life-frosty, yet hopeful; boisterous,

He toiled along bravely over the snow and against he tend and to many a lonely country house on the term. March morning, the bright boy, rosy with health and beaming with hope, was destined to bring describes; to many a solitary fivalid, recreation; many a circle of moody women, moping in close

manny a circle or includy woulder, hoping in close rooms amusement. The first place he called at was known as the House on the Hill. It was inhabited by a gentleman farmer and his five

Is was inhabited by a gentleman farmer and his five deaghters, young ladies whose ages ranged from files to five-and-twenty years.

They kept a big bull-dog called by the attractive mass of "Slayer," and notorious throughout the neighbouchood for his ferocity.

But somehow or other Owen was not afraid of the brute. Perhaps his faith extended even to dogs, and he had confidence in the latent good feelings of

"Slayer."
At any rate he walked straight up to the gate, and epsed it as Slayer made a fierce onslaught from the epseite side of the yard.
But the perfect fearlessness with which the brave by received the shock, and the perfect friendliness with which he stretched out his gloved hand to pat the brute on the head, so acted on that brute's nature, that he immediately reformed his manners and jumped and barked around Owen in the mest cordial manner; and finally, after making a thousand apologies in dog language for having been so hasty as to mistake a here for a thief, he walked by the boys side, proudly coording him to the house. orting him to the house.

exerting him to the house.

Apparently the barking of the dog had attracted the notice of those within, for the door was already opened and one of the young ladies was standing within it—her dress and her flaxen eurls all blown into disorder by the rushing of the wind.

"I told that neglectful fellow, Joe, to chain up that the district the day; but he never minds what I say thin! I declare I will get papa to give him a good talking to! Somebody will be torn to pieces by that has next! Did he hite you, little boy?" she said, as Owen approached.

bus next! Did he bite you, little boy?" she said, a 0wen approached.

"Did I bite you, little bey?" asked the big tawny yes of Slayer, putting on an injured look.

Owen patied the dog's head in answer to his mute typeal, and then replied to the young lady:

"Oh dear no, Miss, thank you! Slayer—I know is same, because I have heard of him—Slayer and I melerated one another. Don't we, Slayer?"

"We don't do anything else!" was Slayer's reply, cayessed, not in these articulated words; but by king the hand of his new friend.

"Come in out of the cold, little boy, and tell me what you came for," said the young lady, shivering, said holding the door wider.

"I came to show you my wares, Miss, if you will

"I came to show you my wares, Miss, if you will be so good as to look at them," replied Owen, as he misma and politely closed the door.
"Wares—why, are you a podler?" exclaimed the youg lady, in surprise, as her eyes brightened.
"I cs, Miss, if you please."
"So young a you a your all."

"Ies, Miss, if you please."
"So young as you are ?"
"It you please, Miss, I am not so very young, and I shall grow older every day," said Owen, archly.
"Every hour, if you go on at this rate! Come ide our room and let us look at what you have to sal," she continued, leading the way into a spacious back parlour where there were four other young ladies a work, some with knitting and some with embidiery."

"Girls! what do you think? Here's a pedler!"

said the first young lady.

"That was what made the dog bark, I suppose, Lizzy," said one of the others.

"Yes, it was. Come in, little boy!"

"Yes, it was. Come in, little boy!"
"Goodness.me. Is that the pedler? That little
fellow?" exclaimed the girls, in a breath.
"Yes! a brave little lad, isn't he?"
"Why, it is a wonder the dog did not tear'him,
limb from limb! How in the world did he escape?"

inquired one.
"It seems that the little fellow conciliated the dog; for they came walking up to the house together on the most friendly footing," said Miss

Lizzy.

"How did you make friends with the surly beast, little boy?" asked another.

"I only spoke to him and patted him on the head, Miss, and he seemed to think it was all right. If you please, may I show you my wares now?" "Certainly. So you are really a pedler?"
"Yes, Miss."

"But are you not afraid?"
"No, Miss. There is nothing to be afraid of."
"Ah! there isn't, isn't there? Don't you know the last pedler, the very last that we ever had—we have had no other since, for it seems that men have been afraid to try it again—was murdered and robbed in these woods below here?"
"Yes, Miss, I know it, but I am not afraid."

"Not afraid? You are a bold boy! why are you not afraid?" inquired Miss Lizzy.
Why Miss, my mother always taught me to trust in heaven. And I do. But I don't think there is any danger. Pedlers have been travelling this neighany danger. Pedlers have been travelling this neighbourhood for a great many years. And I never heard of but that one being killed. Nobody is going to make a practice of killing pedlers, Miss."

"But you are so small!"

"I don't think that makes any difference, Miss. These are my wares! I hope some of them may suit you."

"Come along girls; let's look at these," said Miss

Lizzy.

And the young ladies knelt down around Owen's pack and began to tumble over his laces and ribbons

"It is refreshing to have a pedler come among us again! And such a bright little fellow as this is too!" said one who was busiest of all with the pack. "I wish they would stop calling me little fellow. I am not so very little?" thought Owen as he drew

himself up.

"You have some very nice things here, little boy," said Miss Lizzy, immediately offending in the same

way.
"Yes, Miss. My name is Owen Wynne, please."
"Owen Wynne?" Well, I am glad to know
your name. What have you got in this flat paper

"Under-sleeves and collars, Miss," said the boy,

"Under-sleeves and collars, Miss," said the boy, opening the box and displaying his mothers work.
"Oh, girls! look! what beautifal things! You can't get such things as these in the village, I know! Where did these things come from, Owen, from London?" inquired Miss Lizzy.
"No, Miss, my mother made them."
"Indeed? Look girls! what delicate work! How many sets are there—three. I think we will take them all! I wish there were five sets, and then we could have a set each; but there are no more in your neak?"

"No, Miss; but I can bring you two more sets-let

me see-on Saturday."

"Do then, Owen. That will be quite time enough for we shall not wish to wear them until Sunday."

"In what colours shall they be trimmed, Miss?"

There was a consultation among the girls, and then

Miss Lizzy answered:

iss Lizzy answered:
"One in green and one in purple, Owen."
"Very well, Miss; I will remember."
They made several other purchases, and then kindly ismissed their little tradesman.

dismissed their little tradesman.

Miss Lizzy herself let him out of the door; and Slayer escorted him to the outer gate, and even offered to attend him in his farther walk. But Owen

shut him in.

His next customer was a very rich and sickly lady. His next customer was a very rich and sickly lady, who was confined to her chamber by a chronic malady; and to her the visit of the bright, rosy boy, with his attractive wares, seemed a real relief. She talked with him a good while, pulled over his wares a great deal, and then compensated him by buying a large quantity.

His third patron was an old lady, who lived in a lonely house with an old servant and an old cat.

But it was not only to the houses of the prosperous that the boy brought pleasure and services, but to the cottages of the poor. To them his sales were few and his profits small, but he served them not the less readily. He even made some donations—warm neck

handkerchiefs to poor old women, and a pair of iron-bound spectacles to a poor old man: thank-offerings, Owen ealled them, for his own success.

The sun was setting clear, and the wind had Iulled, when Owen, with an empty pack and full pocket,

when Owen, with an empty pack and the pocket, turned his steps homeward.

"Hurrah, mother, dear! hurrah, Nancy! hurrah, Gay! hurrah, Lily May! Sold out to the very last paper of pins!" exclaimed the boy, bursting into the room, and flourishing the empty oil cloth that had

covered his pack. "Nave you really, dear? That was great good fortune!" said Amy, receiving him in her arms, and

"Sold out entirely, mother! And oh! your lace collars and under sleeves didn't take at all, they

didn't!"
"Didn't they, Owen? I am sorry for that."
"Didn't they, though! Why, mother, I sold all three at the first place I called—the House on the Hill—and got orders for two more sets to be done by Saturday. And I could have sold a dozen sets to-day if I had had them!"
"Sets! 'sets!' You sit right down and thaw yourself out, while I get supper, or you'll be having of a set-tled cold or something," said Nancy.

Owen laughed, but obeyed her, as he almost always did.

Owen laughed, but obeyed her, as he almost always did.

"So my work did take, after all, did it," said Amy.

"Well, it did a little, mother. And I promised two more sets by Saturday. I thought that would be giving you time enough."

"Why I can make them up this evening. It will only be amusement for me, after that tedious plain sewing that has occupied me all day. I will commence them directly after tea."

"They are to be trimmed—one set with green and one with purple—mother. Those young ladies like all the colours of the rainbow."

"Very well, Owen—they shall be pleased."

Such was the history of Owen's first day of trade; and his subsequent days were very like it.

By Saturday night he had sold out a quarter of his whole stock, including several sets of collars and taken five pounds, with a clear profit of two pounds.

"It is very plain to me, Owen, dear, that you only need more bodily streagth and more capital to make your fortune," said Amy.

"All that is coming, mother," answered the boy.

"In a month I shall have sold out all my stock, and, with the help of your work, I shall have nearly doubled my money. Then I must send and buy a larger stock of goods, with which, and with your work upon the materials, mother, I shall again nearly double my money, so you see hew my capital must increase."

"Yes, but your strength, Owen?"

Yes, but your strength, Owen?"

"Yes, but your strength, Owen?"
"Ob, mother, that will increase too! But if it does
not in proportion to my business, you know I must
set up a pony! and after a while a horse and cart!"
Amy smiled at his plans, but said nothing to discourage them. Sunday came.

The one single drawback to Amy's satisfaction in living at Forest Lodge was that she could not get to church, the distance being much too great for her

strength.

But Owen went to church in the morning. And

But Owen went to church in the morning. And Nancy in the afternoon.

In the evening, after the last services of the day, Mr. Spicer came out, bringing with him his son, according to promise. Amy received him with grateful cordiality. Little Gay made friends with him again. And he himself, in memory of his piedge to Owen, tried to cultivate the acquaintance of Lily May.

Owen took Bill all over the house and grounds to clear him their wonders.

show him their wonders.

And Nancy prepared a good supper for the whole

And Nancy prepared a good supper for the whole party.

Finally, after a very pleasant evening spent with his friends, the big grocer and his little son walked home, with the impression on both their minds that they had been to see their near relations.

The next week, Amy having finished all the plain sewing that she had engaged to do, declined to take in any more. And she devoted all her leisure time to the lighter, more elegant, and more profitable fancy-work for Owen's pack.

And Owen plied his trade with unremitting dilligence.

gence.

Better living, lighter work and the breath of the forest—all these influences combined to improve Amy's health, even before the opening of the spring. By the first of April Owen had sold out his whole the opening of the spring and the spring is bundled nounded his own.

stock. He had now over a hundred pounds of his own to invest in a new stock. And he went into the village

to consult Mr. Lacy.
Mr. Lacy willingly gave him the best counsel he could. And Owen, acting upon it, sent his money to London in a letter addressed to the wholesals house,

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who supplied Mr. Lacy. And in due time he received his second consignment of goods. And he started on his second consignment of goods. And he started his pedling tour again.

There are fluctuations in trade. And this co

paign was not quite as prosperous as the first had been; probably because the weather was now fine and

been; probably because the weather was now fine and the travelling good, so that people could go into the village to buy what they wanted.

Still, Owen succeeded fairly enough. And by the middle of May he sent two hundred pounds to London and received its value in a new set of goods, with which he immediately commenced what might be called his third campaign.

### CHAPTER CXXIII

RISING.

RESING.

He is fair without, but sound within,
His heart is boldly true;
His young limbs strong, his shoulders broad,
His hands are made to do.
He toils at morn, he toils at eve,
His work is never through;
Another day of cheerful toil
Is ever on his view.
And on he trudges, keeping aye
A stout heart to the brac;
And proud to be an Bonest soul
Until his dying day.

THE spring opened beautifully in the wooded country around Forest Lodge. The trees put forth fresh green buds and leaves. And the acacias that stood nearer buts and reaves. And the acadias that stood nearer to the house burst into full bloom, and their rich fragrance filled all the air with a delicious aroma. Later, the fruit trees and bushes blossomed and the

On fine days Amy walked in the grounds and nused herself with tending such flowers as remained in the neglected spot.

And every day Nancy, as soon as her housework ras ended, busied herself in the old disused garden—

digging, hoeing, and raking beds, and planting seeds.

Owen sometimes longed to be at work there too; and would turn away with a sigh as he started each morning with his pack on his back.

But Owen's specialty was trading, and he knew

that at the commencement of his struggles cone tration upon that one thing was most essential to ential to his

During these pleasant days of the early summer, Mr. Spicer made his second visit to Amy and her little family.

Very discreet had Mr. Spicer been in availing him-self of their hospitality. He did not wish to slarm Amy, \*r to set the gossips of the village talking, by visiting Forest Lodge too often. So he let nearly two

months clapse before he came again.

It was on one beautiful Sunday evening, when Amy and the two little sisters were out in the old perch, she reading the Bible and they playing with each other, that the stout grocer, holding his little son by the hand, was seen coming through the shrubbery, straight

"Are we welcome, Mrs. Wynne?" he inquired,

with a smile, as he stepped up.
"Very welcome, Mr. Spicer," said Amy, rising and holding out her hand. "How do you do, Willie?" she said, shaking hands with the boy in his turn.

"Where's Owen, ma'am?" inquired that young "In the garden," said Amy, with a smile

Bill was off like a shot in search of his friend.

At Amy's invitation Mr. Spicer sat down on the site to her; put his hat beside him, and, opening a conversation, remarked:

by way of opening a conversation, remarked:

"We had a very fine sermon this afternoon from our minister, Mrs. Wynne."

"Yes, I suppose so; Mr. Morley's sermons are always good; and it is one of my greatest present treubles that I cannot get to hear him. What was

treutees that I cannot get to hear him. What was the subject of his last one?"

"Special Providence. And if you like I think I can give you the whole of that sermon, almost word for word; for I have a good memory, though not a long one. And what I could do now I couldn't do a week honce."

"I should be much obliged, Mr. Spicer, if it would

"Of course it wouldn't. A

"Of course it wouldn't. And besides, repeating it to you will serve to fix it in my memory, and really n't wish to forget it."

Now this proposition to give a whole sermon second hand would have been rather appalling to most persons; but to Amy, who admired her old minister, and who had not heard him preach for months, it was

pleasing.
While the grocer was still rehearing, Nancy, who
who had also been to church that afternoon, but had
stopped on her way home to goesip with an acquaintance, now came walking briskly up.
Nancy gave the visitor as cordial a welcome as re-

spect would allow; and then hastened into the house

prepare supper.
Nancy had a theory of her own respecting Mr.
piecr's visits, few and far between as they were;
ad she liked her theory; but she held her tongue

Mr. Spicer had just arrived at "thirdly and lastly," when Owen and Bill came in with fresh pink rad-dishes, and pearly young onions, all arranged on large

cablage leaves.
"Mother, dear, Bill told me his father liked young

onions, and so I drew them."
"Quite right, Owen."
"Come on, Bill. Nancy won't mind us boys going into the kitchen. She is not cross like some cooks, you know.

And so saying, Owen hurried in, followed by his

In due time Nancy had a nice early supper arranged upon the table. And Owen called his mother and the visitor into the house.

Visitor into the house.

After supper, Mr. Spicer produced a book that he had brought with him: "The Life of Martin Luther." And he proposed, if agreeable to Mse. Wynne, that Owen should read aloud for the amusement of the Amy assented, and Owen began.

were all seated around the table on the

They were all seated around the table on the square of carpet, in the middle of the room—Amy on one side, with Bill beside her; and Mr. Spicer on the opposite side, and Owen between him and the

Owen was an excellent reader, and the book was ery interesting. But truth to tell, Mr. Spicer hear

very interesting. But truth to tell, Mr. Spicer heard but little of the subject. He was furtively watching Amy, as she sat there hughing Gay to sleep. Amy's health seemed much better; but was it permanently so? Who does not know the deceitful nature of consumption, with its fluctuations of better

That deep hectic flush on her cheeks, and that feverish brilliancy of eyes, that made Amy look so beautiful to-night, were not favourable indications. And even if she should recover her health—as some consumptives certainly have done after all—would she ever feel reconciled to the loss of her late husband, torn from her in such a dreadful manner?

torn from her in such a dreadful manner?

The traces of deep and settled grief, noticeable
beneath every superficial change of expression in her
beautiful countenance seemed to answer, No!

Well, though she might ever cherish his memory
with the tenderest affection and respect, still might
she not be brought at last after a long time to toles.

e not be brought at last, after a long time, to to

sue not be brought at last, after a long time, to tole-rate— Oh, no, no! the fixed constancy in that levely face assured one, never!

"Well," said the grocer to himself, with a sigh, "I can be her good friend, and never by any word or act, permit her to suspect that I ever dreamed of being carthing the."

permit her to suspect that anything clse."

"And about this time Martin Luther was sent to school to Magdeburg, where his poverty was so extreme, that he had, in company with other poor boys, to traverse the country singing hymns at the houses as a means of procuring a supply of victuals."

These were the words read aloud by Owen, that

These were the words read aloud by Owen, that finally aroused the grocer from his dream, and brought his attention to the book

his attention to the book.

At ten o'clock the grocer took a friendly leave of the little family, and with his son by the hand, started

As soon as her visitors were gone. Amy looked up

Shut up the house, Owen, and bring the Bible.

"Shut up the house, Owen, and oring the Biole. We will have prayers and go to bed."

"Mother, dear," said the boy, in a voice so solemn, that Amy turned towards him in uncasiness, which was much increased when she saw that his face was was much increased very pale and grave.

"What is it, Owen?"

"What is it, Owen?"

"A together."

"At least, Bill Spicer and I found it together."
"What was it, Owen?"

" what was it, Owen?"
The boy shivered and shook, and in attempting to answer, choked.

"For goodness sake! what is the matter with you, child?" asked Amy, in surprise and anxiety.

"Oh, mother! I will—I will tell you presently. It is something I found—in a cupboard—in the old room over the kitchen."

over the kitchen."
"Well, Owen?" said his mother, seeing that he trembled and hesitated.
"You know I took Bill Spicer all over the house to show it to him?"
"Yee Wall?"

Well?

"And went into that room, and we opened that cupboard, and we found it in the bottom of the cupboard along with an empty inkstead, and an old candlestick, and....."

Owen, love, it seems to me that you are putting off telling we something that you dread to tell. Now what is it? Be a man and answer me at once.

Surely you are not afraid to say anything to your

Surely you are not alrand to say anyanag to your own mother."
"Mother—mother, dear," re-commenced Owen, in great agitation, "when my father was found, what was missing from his pockets?"
"Owen—everything! His watch, purse, pockethandlerchief, instrument-case, and all. What is it that you have found, Owen?" gasped Amy.
"Ch, mother, mother, dear, took at this!" said the boy, drawing from his bosom and laying before her the late 'Doctor Wynne's pocket case of instrument, with his name engraved on the little silver shield that formed the clasp.

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with his name engraved on the silver shield that formed the clasp.

"Oh, heaven!" cried Amy, sinking back in her chair, and growing so deadly pale that Nancy thought she had fainted, and flew to her aid.

she had fainted, and new to her aid.

"No, no; I shall get over this in a moment," she
breathed, rejecting Nancy's proffered assistance.

"Owen, come here! Where did you get this?"

"Darling mother," said the boy, tenderly, "I teld

you, Bill and I were rummaging through the old rooms out of curiosity to see what we could find and we turned up this in a lot of rubbish in the bottom of

the cupboard in the room over the kitchen."

"How—came—it—there?" slowly questioned Amy, speaking more to herself than to another.

either herself nor another could answer this

"He always carried it with him; he took it with him the night of his death; for I remember well seeing him put it into his pocket, directly after supper, for fear he should forget it," said Amy, thoughtfully.

"I, too, mother dear. I saw him do it," added

Ower And you have kept that witness in your besom all this evening without letting me know it?" inquired Amy.

"Oh, yes, mother, dear. It was hard to keen it to myself so long, and it was very hard to look as if no-thing was the matter. But I thought it would be wrong to tell you of it before our company was gone. And so I did keep it safe in my bosom."

"And you did right, my boy. But, little Spicer!
du't he know what it was?"
"No, dear mother; for though, at the sight of it so

suddenly, indeed I felt as if some one had struck me a blow, I kept it to myself. I said: 'This is our

Bill, and put it in my bosom."
"This then is the first link in the chain of evidence that may lead to the apprehensiom of the murderer,

said Amy to herself.
"Mother dear," said Owen, again so solemnly
Amy started and looked at him in anxiety. V

Amy started and was coming next?
"That was not all I found," added Owen

"Then tell me what else," cried Amy, quickly;
"tell me at once! do not be afraid——"
"I found this, dear mother; and this," said the boy,

"Tound this, dear mother; and laping before her a soiled pocket-handkerchief and an old purse.

"His! his! both his!" cried Amy, pressing the relies to her lips and to her heart. "The purse that! knit for him the mouth before we were married, and

init for him the month before we were marrie, at that he always would earry in proference to any other! And the handkerchief I marked for him the day before he died. Oh, Hugh! Oh, my dear, dear Hugh! Why ddin't my heart break when I lost you! Why don't it break now! Oh, heaven have pity on me!" cried Amy, and, evercome by this sudden revival of her grief, she burst into a passionate fit of sobs and

Owen began to caress her and Nancy to sould her. ut both acted in vain. The flood of grief had to take But both acted in vain. The flood of grief had to take its course. And when it had exhausted its violence Amy looked up and said:

adle and come with me, Nancy. We

"Light a candle and come with me, Nancy. We must go and examine the room."

Nancy produced the light and Owen led the way to the room over the kitchen. It was a large, displanted, ghostly-looking place, with the plasteries broken and fallen in many places, and the glass out of the windows and the doors off the hinges. There was an old sunken fire-place, with a cuphoard on each side of it. And there was a broken down cot-bedstead, a creaky wash-stand and a few richetty chairs.

Any carefully examined all these articles of funzi-

Amy carefully examined all these articles of furni-

Amy carefully examined all these inflaces ture, and then inspected the cupboards.

In the one-where the relies had been found there was nothing but what Owen had described—an empty lak-stand, an old candlestick, waste paper, straw, dust. rags. But in the other there was a pair of large top-boots and an old rimless hat.

"This room has been occupied by a man," said Amy, adding with a shudder, "and probably by the murderer."

murderer."

Owen, pale with awe, went to his mether's side and took her hand and pressed it and continued to hold it within his own; but he said nothing.

"Come down. No use stopping up here, catching of a cold in the damp, menddy old room, and giving of yourself the horrors besides. Come down."

"Yes, I will, Nancy—I will. For if ever I needed rest, it is now—it is now," groaned Amy, as she tarned to leave the place.

When she reached the old drawing-room, Owen brought her the Bible. And she opened it and read a palm; and then she knelt in prayer.

When their evening devotions were over she glenily kissed Owen and put the relics into her bosom end went to bed.

and went to bed.

and went to bed.
But could Amy sleep that night?
Ah, no! For the whole night through she lay weeping over those memorials that had brough the maband so vividly before her mind again; and wondering how she had best employ them to bring his arderer to justice.

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her's side

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mariere to justice.

In the morning Amy appeared at the early breakfat-table, looking so pale and haggard that Owen immediately exclaimed:

"Mother, dear, you have been worrying yourself about those things I found. Do try not to worry,

dear mother."
I will try, Owen," she replied.
And to avoid troubling he little son, she put a
strong constraint upon herself and assumed a cheerful

group constraint upon herself and assumed a cheerful agect.

Owen, as soon as breakfast was over, strapped his pak upon his back and came to kiss his mother before going on his daily journey.

"Here I am, mother, dear, like Atlas with the globe on his back, or Sinbad the Sailor with the Old Man of the Sa; or, what is still nearer home, like Christian with his bundle of sin," said the boy, as he straightened himelf up under his burden and marched off.

As soon as he was gone Amy called to her servant, who was busy in the kitchen sorting out the clothes for the week's wash.

"Nancy. Come in here. I want you to walk to trillage, and ask Mrs. Potts to please to lend me her gig for three or four hours. Tell her that business of the greatest urgency requires me to make a met journey, and that I am not able to walk one quarter of the distance. Tell her that but for this urgent buiness I would not ask such an unreasonable favour," as Amy.

aid Any.
"Oh, I'll go; and I'll tell her; but I know well enough what this unctuous business is. It's to go to a magister, and tell him about finding them rellucks,

im't it, now ?"

int ii, now?"

"Yes, Nancy, it is. And now that you know all shout ii, I hope you will do my errand promptly."

"Oh, yes; I'll do it pompously enough, for that miter. Never fear me. But I'll tell you what, you'll have to stop fretting."

"Oh, Nancy, it was only last night that I fretted so much; on first seeing the familiar things, you know. I brought everything fresh before my mind again, as if it had happened yesterday. But I have done fretting now, Nancy. I have a duty to do—to bring the muderer to justice," replied her mistress.

Nancy hurried out to get ready for her walk. And Amy, drawn by a natural attraction to the

And Amy, drawn by a natural attraction to the mon where the relies were found, went up the back tairs, and renewed her search there.

And she spent the two or three hears of Nancy's thence in a minute examination of the place. But the found no more than upon her former examination.

Nancy came back a full hour before she was ex-lected. She arrived seated in the gig, with Mrs. futs for a driver.

Fits for a driver.

"I couldn't help it, my dear life! As soon as ever
Nacy told me you wanted the gig for something
moriant I screwed the rest out of her. And if she
in"the hardest fifnt to screw anything out of that
wer I saw, I'll give up!" said the good creature,
togging out of the gig, and running up to the peach
to kis Amy, whom the sound of wheels had brought
to the door.

"How good of you to come yourself," said Anry, warning her kiss, and drawing her into the house.

"I couldn't help it, I tell you, child. I had to come. Baides, who was there to drive you to your destination, and take care of you when there?"

"Any kissed her hand for an answer.

"And so you fewed the doctor's snuff-box and stake case and cravat in a old closet over the bidden!"

"No, dear Mrs. Potts; it was his poor dear pocket-m of instruments, and his purse, and his handker-

"Ah, well, all the same; they were his. And what sum it must have given you, child."
"Oh! it did; it did indeed," said Amy, in a choking wice, as the tears started to her eyes.
"There must don't expert your beauty and

"there now, don't cry. Go get your bonnet and manilla on, and let's go. The ride will do you goed." Amy set some ripe strawberries and a pitcher of Gran before her guest, and then went and got ready is the ride.

"Take care of the children, Nancy," said Amy, as the dimbed into the seat beside the good little landlady,

who immediately touched up her old horse, which

who immediately touched up her old horse, which instantly started off in a brisk trot.

When they arrived at the village, they drove first to the parsonage. They found the Reverend Mr. Morley at home. The pastor met Amy and her friend with great cordiality and pressed them to alight and come into the house. But Amy, in a low voice, explained the grave business that had brought her there, and requested him to meet her at the magistrate's residence, which we have color to worst the discovery. sidence, whither she was going to report the discovery of these relics, and to seek advice as to what steps

should be taken with regard to them.

Mr. Morley promised all that Amy asked.

And then she left her love for Mrs. Morley. And

the gig moved on.
"And now, I s'pose straight for Squire Allen's,"

said Mrs. Potts.
"Yes," said Amy.

"Yes," said Amy.
Five minutes' drive brought them there.
"Will you go in with me? Can you leave your horse? Will he stand?" asked Amy, breathlessly.
"Stand? why he'd stand for ever, this one would!
Lor' bless you child, the trouble with him is not to get him to stand, but to get lim to go! Only I know the secret to start him," said she, dropping herself out of the gig in a lump and then holding up her fat hands to hale Amy out. She drew Amy's glender arm to help Amy out. She drew Amy's slender arm through her own plump one, and led her in before the

Mr. Allen arose and stared with surprise to see two

Mr. Allen arose and stared with surprise to see two well-dressed women come in so unceremoniously. But Mrs. Potts, dragging Amy along with her, rolled herself up before him, and proclaimed: "Mrs. Wynne, your worship, which has some urgent business with you."

Squire Allen slowly laid his newspaper aside; set his spectacles up on top of his head, and greeted Mrs.

Amy essayed to speak and explain her business; but agitation choked her voice and stopped her

Mrs. Potts then took upon herself the office of ex-

planation.

"If you please, sir, it is about the poor dear deceased doctor as was mysteriously murdered."

"What about him? It is of the late Dr. Wynne, I presume, you speak?" said Mr. Allen.

"Yes, your worship, of the self-same person."

"Has anything been discovered in relation to the murder?" anxiously demanded Mr. Allen.

"Yes, sir," replied Amy, who had now conquered her agitation and come forward to answer for herself.

"Yes, sir—these little effects which were upon his person when he left home on the night of his death; but which were missing when his body was found." And so saying, she laid upon the table the articles in question.

question. "Where were these found, and by whom?" inquired the magistrate, taking them up and looking at them with deep intorest."

Amy told him.
"Oh!" exclaimed the magistrate, with a look of disappointment. Probably left there by some of that band that might have made the half ruined old house their shelter."

appointment. Probably left there by some of that band that might have made the half ruined old house their shelter."

Amy raised her eyes to his face with a questioning glance. She was not satisfied.

While the magistrate was looking at them, Mr. Morley walked in.

"Good morning, Mr. Allen. I came here at Mrs. Wynne's request to assist in the investigation of this business of the discovered relics. What do you make of this discovery?"

"Why, sir, to tell the truth, I fear that it leads us no nearer to the secret than we were before. It was pretty well ascertained that Doctor Wynne fell a victim to some of that ferocious band of ascaped convicts. Now, what more likely than that a part, or the whole, of that band might have taken refuge in that old, solitary and uninhabited house, and left these relies there? I can in no other manner account for their being found where they were," answered the magisthere? I can in no other manner account for their being found where they were," answered the magis-

'And you think they were left there, sir?" inquired

Amy.

"I certainly do, madam," answered the magistrate.

"And I also think it highly probable, Mrs. Wynne."

said Mr. Morley.

"Then we are, in truth, as far from the discovery of the murderers as ever?" said Army, hopelessly.
"Just as far, madam," said the magistrate.
"Just as far, Mrs. Wynne, my child," added the

minister.

Amy could searcely refrain from brusting into tears.

Mr. Allen saw it, and said:

"However, I can send McGinness, one of our constables, over to examine the premises. He is a very shrewd fellow! almost equal to a metropolitan detective; he may find out something to lead us to the haunts of the band, and perhaps to the identical member of it that did this deed."

"Ah! I would be so much obliged if you would,

"Ah! I would be so much obliged if you would, sir," Amy, rising to depart.
"And as for me, my dear Mrs. Wynne, I am really very sorry that these effects have been found at all, since they seem only uselessly to have harrowed up your feelings. My little friend Owen did not act with his usual long-headedness when he produced them."
"My little son, Mr. Morley, has no secrets from me," answered Amy, gently, as she gave her hand to the minister, bowed to the magistrate, and turned to withdraw.

the minister, bowed to the magistrate, and turned to withdraw.

"And now, my dear, we will drive right up to the Elm Tree and have dinner before we go back," said the landlady, when they were seated again in the gig.

"Oh, but, Mrs. Potts, I must go back to the children," said Amy.

"Oh, but, my dear, you must go to dinner first. I ordered it afore I left to come, a purpose for you."

Always hungry and always thirsty, no matter what was afoot, this poor consumptive woman—consumptive in more senses than one—at length accepted the good handlady's invitation, and they went to the Elm Tree to dinner.

twe in more senses than one—at length accepted the good landlady's invitation, and they went to the Elm Tree to dinner.

After which Mrs. Potts put her guest again into the gig, tumbled up beside her, touched up the old horse, and started at a smart pace for Forest Lodge, where, after an hour's drive through the woods on that pleasant summer afternoon, they arrived.

Mrs. Potts would not be persuaded to get out; for she said that she must go home to keep Ira Potts and his customers in order. And so she kissed Amy, touched up her horse once more, and started for home. When Owen came home that night, Amy told him of her visit to the village and of its result.

"Mother, dear," said the boy, gravely, "remember what Mr. Morley said to you months and months ago—"Let the dead past bury its dead; 'trouble not your spirit by seeking vengeance. In His own good time, God will surely bring the guilty into judgment. Do you remember, mother, dear? The words are Mr. Morley's, not mine."

"I remember, Owen, love; I remember," murmured

Morley's, not mine."
"I remember, Owen, love; I remember," murmured
Amy, returning some of the caresses that he was
lavishing upon her."
The next morning, true to his promise, the magistrate sent over the constable, who questioned everybody minutely and made a thorough examination of
the premises. But his search elicited nothing new.
And he want back as he came.

body minutely and made a thorough examination of the premises. But his search elicited nothing now. And he went back as he came.

That night, when Amy and her son were sitting alone together, after the two little sisters were asleep, and Nancy had returned to the kitchen, Amy broke a long and thoughtful silence by saying:

"Owen, love, the magistrate and the minister may say what they please; but I will never believe that your dear father fell a victim to the supposed nur-derers. Something whispers me that his death was in some way connected with the secret of that strange child's birth!"

child's birth!"

"Oh, mother, mother," exclaimed Owen, with a cry of pain—"don't say so; don't think that my Lily May is in any way mixed up with such a black crime! Poor Lily May! I san't it cruel enough that she was cast away a helpless baby, without being suspected of such a stain as that!"

"Owen, you mistake me, love. I am not casting any reproach upon the child!"

"Oh, but, mother, it looks like it."

"Yery well, then, dear, we will leave Lily May's name out of the question. But now, Owen, I want you to take pen and link and make a memorandum of certain facts about that first visit your father paid to that unknown house."

Owen quickly procured writing materials and sat

owen quickly procured writing materials and sat himself down.

"Write first—Notes of Events Connected with the Mysterious Death of Doctor Hugh Wynne."

"It is written, mother."

Amy then proceeded to give him, for the first time, all the details, as far as they were known, of the events of that stormy evening when the doctor was called out at midnight to visit a nameless patient.

Owen wrote after her dictation, making no comment until she came to describe the house.

"A large, square house, standing amid shrubbery in a clearing of the forest."

Then Owen dropped his pen and looked at her, and their eyes met.

their eyes met.

"That is like this house! This is a large, square house, standing amid shrubbery in a clearing of the forest! And here we found the relics!"

"Yes, my dear, but the house of which I speak was a very handsom house, very superbly furuished. And it was more than twice as far from the village as this is, and in quite another direction."

"Oh! I am glad of that! I am very glad of that!"

Amy passed on to other items. When she came to describe the elder lady of the house, Owen dropped his pen once more as he repeated:

en once more as he repeated:

"Tall, black hair, black eyebrows green eyes, sharp nose, thin lips, and a protruding chin! Mother! the very woman that came and tried to get Lily May from wery woman that came and tried to get Lily May from me! Except that the woman I mean had grey bair, or it might have been a grey wig. I remember what you said at the time! that the woman was no common countrywoman, but a lady of rank, who sought the life of Lily May, as Herod sought the lives of the

innocents

Yes, dear, I remember saying that! 1 remember "Yes, dear, I remember saying that! I remember also promising I would tell you some day all that your father told me of this affair! Well, the day is come! and I am telling you, Owea! And I want you to commit what I say carefully to paper," said Amy. And then she passed on to describe the young mother —a soft, round, little beauty, with regular and delicate features, and with this singular contrast in her complexion—skin as fair as a lily, and hair and eyes as black as elecs. block og sloge

time Owen absolutely threw down his pen violence, exclaiming :

"Mother! mother! the very lady who called at our shop and made so much of Lily May?"

Was that her description?

"Exactly?"
"I should not wonder if she were the mother! And yet if she was why did she not claim her child. She said—that is, the mother of the babe—said she was married—and if your customer was the same lady Owen, why should she not have claimed her child did she look like a woman that could desert a

"Oh no, no, mother dear; she looked as good and

true as anything."
"Their name was Powers! I must think what to do
in the matter! But in the meantime, Owen, take down Owen took them down at his mother's dictation.

When she came to describe the wedding ring, which the poor young mother had shown to the doctor, pointing out to him the inscription within it—"Arthur to Gladdya," Owen uttered a loud cry.

What is it. Owen?"

"Oh! mother, the gentleman and lady I speak of called each other Arthur and Sladdys."
"Then they are the parents of Lily May, with-out any doubt; and I will advertise for them at

"Will they take Lily May from us?" inquired Owen, very anxiously, and turning very pale. "I do not know that they will ever see the adver-tisement, or if they do that they will ever answer it; so I cannot tell you, dear. But now, Owen, let us finish the notes, and get to bed."

nish the notes, and get to used.
When the notes were quite finished, Amy said:
"To-morrow, Owen, dear, I wish you to take three
pies of these notes; one to be left with Mr. Morley, one to be left with Mrs. Potts, and the other to be re ned by yourself."
"I will be sure to do it, mother," said Owen. And

they embraced each other and went to bed.

(To be continued.)

ARABIAN Dogs.—One would naturally imagine that a dog given to perpetual barking—and in this respect, like the boy in the fable who cried "Wolf"—would be of comparatively little value as a watch. The Arabs, however, think otherwise. They say truly, that if a dog barks all night, he cannot possibly fall asleep, and that the change in his bark on the approach of an intruder is quite sufficient to arouse the soundest sleeper. His usual bark is a warning to the enemy that the sentries within the camp are awake, and to his master it is a perpetual report that "all's well."

A HIGHLAND MIRACLE—Most people who know

A HIGHLAND MIRACLE.—Most people who know Strathspey are aware of a tradition being current among the "Men of Duthil!" from time immemorial among the "are of Duth! From time immersional that there once was an unparalleled interposition of Providence in causing the waters of the Spey to separate, affording a passage on dry ground to those who carried the mortal remains of "a certain woman" who carried the mortal remains of "a certain woman" to their last resting-place; and to commemorate this wonderful event, the "men," by the request of one of their number, now deceased, are about to erect a stone near the place where the passage was effected, bearing the following inscription in English and Gaelie: "Erreted at the request of the late William Grant, Slock, for a memorial of a signal manifestation of the Divine power in dividing this water, and causing a passage while the remains of a certain woman were carried over on dry ground."

THE Castle Hill, at Tenby, is quite alive with the workmen engaged on the "cairn" which is to form the base of the monument to the late Prince Consort. This is about 75 feet square at the base and 50 on the top, in the centre of which a mass of solid masonry, well grouted, 25 feet square, has been built up from the solid rock to form the foundation on which the pedestal will be placed. The base of the pedestal will consist of three courses of large blocks of native marble, each course of which will ferm a step 12 inches high, and upon the centre of the upper tier the pedestal will be placed. The pedestal will also be built of native marble, with the exception of the four pan these will be of Sicilian marble, on one of which be placed the arms of the Prince Consort, on another those of Wales; the two remaining ones will be filled with suitable inscriptions. The statue of the Prince Consort, by the eminent sculptor, Mr. Thomas, will be feet high, so that the entire height of the memorial (not including the "cairn") will be 26 feet. There are now upwards of 1,000 subscribers to the fund.

### PASSION-FLOWERS.

CHAPTER L

SHE had been very ill, and now she lay exhausted, SHE had been very ill, and now she lay exhausted, but free from pain, upon her bed, her clear, dark eyes now gazing inquiringly about, and then closing in utter weariness of sight. The past seemed a dream, or rather a reality for ever done with. The months or rather a reality for ever done with. The months of wearing anxiety, the mements of quick, sharp agony—which combining their fearful might had thus laid her low—they troubled her not, her soul was in quietness. She had never been ill before, and it seemed like a great shadowy gate shutting her past out from her. Go back into her olden life she could out from her. Go back into her olden life she could not; the wide world lay before her as before a babe. With a child-like wonder she vainly tried to rise, and fell back apon her pillow. It never occurred to her to marvel why she was alone; she had been used to loneliness, and she lay there feeling life gradually come back to her feeble clasp, and resting in the shadow cast by some coming sunshine.

The room was large and bare; a single length, of carpet made footfalls lighter just by the bed-side, and that, with the simple muslin curtains at the windows, was almost the only luxury. Not quite all, for on the little table which yesterday was medicine-covered, to-day stood an exquisite Parian marble case, filled with great white lilies, each one a glory with its pure petals and deep golden centre. Flora turned her head and saw them; a smile of happiness lit up her pale face, and she could have lain for ever content in the pre-

science of joy that their sweet breath wafted to he Meanwhile, in the room below, the doctor sai

"Trieste, you are tired, you cannot live sleepless—promise use that you will rest to-night."
"I will soon," I answered, "Flora will not need me much longer now, and I shall return home."

A sudden pang struck my heart at the thought of leaving—of leaving what? I had not time to ask myself, for he turned suddenly and exclaimed: "Home? home? Ah! I had forgotten you do not belong to us!"

And he looked in my face one earnest moment; then, as if satisfied, walked carelessly to the window, and toyed with the leaves of my one pet plant, a passion-

ower, standing there.

And it came to me with a mighty power that I loved this man—why, I knew not. His face was not that which kad haunted my dreams, and I had never imagined him speaking tender words. I hardly understood him, but I felt that he read me through and through, and there lay the charm perhaps. I could look up to him; he would be a great guide, a sure trust. This was what I had longed for. At sure trust. This was want I had longed for. At home every one had seemed to look up to me, and I had to be so strong to support them all, it tired me. I felt I was growing hard and stern in my loneliness; none of my youth's beautiful fancies came trus. Life was all a battle, and I had to wear steel armour. Oh, if I could only find somewhere to rest, loving arms to shield, a great heart to guide! I wanted to be like a little child again. And had not heaven guided me hither? Was not this man the one to complete my

Yet he stood by the window, forgetful of me, his Yet he stood by the window, forgettul or me, me dark eyes gazing out, down the path, down the road, as if ever watching for something that would not come. And then I saw a look on his face, never understood before—a look of waiting, of patience, that brought the tears to my eyes. Was this the village brought the tears to my eyes. Was this the vill doctor? the strong, quiet man, who seemed fit to be the heavens on his shoulders like another Atlas?

what a beautiful fate to be the sunshine of his life!
While thus I stood, plunged in this sudden, happy dream, the singing of the birds among the apple-trees in the garden awoke me. Under those trees, years ago, some one also had alternate the sudden these trees, years in the garden awoke me. Under those trees, years ago, some one else had claimed all the love of my heart, and it struck me with a pang that I could forget. Every one has a history. I had mine. If you get. Every one has a history. I had mine. If you had asked my acquaintances for my story, they would have told you that Harry Chilton was once my plighted lover, that our lives were bound up in one another, but that some misunderstanding rose between us, and he had left me in anger, and never since had been seen in our village. People had ceased to wonder now; they did not know all the bitterness of the cap dealt out to me, dealt out by myself, as I knew it. Harry had gone to a far-off land, and was dead, dead—beyond all possibility of peace-making now! That to be permitted to lay it aside, to be happy and belowed

And so the doctor and I stood at our separate windows, each thinking, our souls as far apart as two

In came my aunt.
"Why, Trieste!" she exclaimed, "ain't you
with Flora? Has she been alone all this time? up, I'm afraid she wants something!"

4'I understood, Miss Trieste," said the doctor, bow-

"that our patient was asleep, and we feared dis-

ing, "that turbing her. "Asleep! last "Asleep! nonsense, no!" my aunt quickly said;
"the last time I went in, her eyes looked right
through and through me. I think she is going to get

So we three went up together-I first, listening carelessly to the conversation behind me

"I never exactly knew," remarked the doctor, how this strange sickness came on. Was it you who hinted this strange sickness came on. Was it you who hinted at some mental trouble she had passed through?" "Dear me, sir!" whispered my aunt, "the whole

"Dear me, ser?" winspered my aunt, "the whole village hinted it plain enough, if you'd been one of the kind to listen. They tell me she was engaged to some worthless fellow, who deserted her; and I dare say. Young men are a sad set now-a-days. But then I don't know anything about it—this is what they say. T remember how pretty she used to look going along to school every morning. I fairly loved the sight of her. She don't look now much as she used to when she first came to Flagtown—so changed! As soon as I heard she was sick, I made up my mind she should not be left to chance, so I had her here, and here she has been ever since, as you know, doctor. I expect

ee had a weary time at school.

My aunt left us to go in alone.

Oh, Flors, I had not known you were so beautiful hafore!

She lay there, evidently drinking in the beauty of the lilles near her in a life-giving quietness, her dark violet eyes, once with such pitcous looks in them, now half closed in dreamy satisfaction.

I was glad the doctor had brought her those lilies. I loried in the good he did. The look of heart-breakgloried in the good he did. gioried in the good he did. The look of heart-breaking sädness had passed away from her pure brow and sweet young mouth. At first I was glad, but the I grew frightened. I thought she was dying.

As we drew near, she looked at me sweetly, but unrecognizingly. Then her eyes met the doctor's eyes. Did their souls greet one another? If they did, I knew it not.

This, actually, through her long sickness, was the first time he had seen her, except in her delirium, her dreadful hours of suffering, or in her pallid, weary slumbers.

This was the first time he had seen Flora herself. Beautiful white lamb, saved from the sacrifice! I looked at her, and thought how we would take her under our protection, and shield her from anguish. I saw the doctor understood her soul; his dark eyes were reading intently that pure page, and there was a look upon his face I had never seen there before.

It was strange that I, loving him, could stand there and analyze his face so calmly; the brown locks fell and analyse hades so sainly the control and ever carelessly around his head—no loving hand ever smoothed them. His brow, care-stamped, but lofty and pure, made me pity and worship min. His eyes, clear and unshrinking, seemed to shoot their glances afar; there was nething here to arrest the great love

that lay in them.

But I cannot picture him, though I know every

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feature so well.

You, who yet keep in your hearts the ideal of a perfect man, would not, perhaps, have thought him its realization. But knowing him, or loved by him, you would have idealized no longer.

Thus I thought. Meanwhile, Flora's eyes came out of their various and the statement of their various and the statement.

of their dreaminess and shone on him like stars.

of their dreaminess and shone on him like stars.

We did not stay long with her. It would not do to
weary her now—health must come back painlessly.

But the doctor filled a saucer with delicate pink
and white sweet-peas, and I carried them up to her,
to be thrilled by her strange, sweet smile of gratitude.

I knew more about our waif than I fancied my
kind aunt did, although I had never seen her till the
last meath.

last month.

I knew Flora was an orphan, who had supported herself the last few years by teaching in different Every one honoured her, every one spoke well of her, but they did not know how to make her life go

smoothly.

I could understand how, wearled and worn through
the long summer days, her heart would leap to greet
a love-giver.

And, oh! how I pitied our poor Flora, because

ramour teld me some heartless man had made himself god and great in her young fancy, and had won her to love him and to be happy in his presence, through long months, and then left her to her loneliness, with a cuelly friendly farewell.

Oh, how I longed to know the whole story—to clasp the poor suffering lamb to my heart, and lead her to happiness again. But she was not likely ever to tail me. I saw that in her—and it would be hard to bring up her past again.

Another thing I saw, that it would not blight her whole life. She would rise from beneath the shock, and with her pure and loving heart meet fate again, and more happily. So I trusted Flora to heaven's care.

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#### CHAPTER IL

CHAPTER II.

FLORA was well again. The time allotted for my visit had gone by, but still I lingered. Aunt said she could not do without us now, that we were her chief happiness, and at her earness plea we staid and staid. It would have been hard for me to go, since I loved I would have been hard for me to go, since I loved I would have been hard for me to go, since I loved I would have been hard for me to go, since I loved I would have been the could. And what grand talks we used to have, he and I, about the poets of olden time, about the days of chivalry, and about beautiful philosophies of life; while Flora would be flitting in and out, or maybe sitting at my feet, busy with some embroidery.

One evening, I was walking home under the quiet hartest moon. I had been to the post office and was bringing from it a letter addressed to Flora in a strangely familiar hand. But I said to myself, "Nossene, he does not even know of her existence it is probably from that scapegrace lover of hers, vainly repentant." And I thought over the past few months, how utterly Flora seemed to have forgotten grief, or rather to have hidden its grave for ever from her sight in flowers. And a change had been wrought in us all. There was the doctor; the unsattised look seemed ready to flee for ever from his eyes; happiness hevered about him; he was a new man! Oh, beautiful fate to make him happy, and to be made happy thus! For as yet, I felt sure of that fata. I said to myself, "The passion-flower bleoms not only in my window new, it is deep roeted in my heart!" Ah, I did not think what passion really means, else I had not said what notwithstanding was the truth.

So I walked onward. Hall way home there was a point where I could enter the fields, and reach the bosse by a shorter path. I let down the bars and stepped in; the grass bent lightly beneath my feet, and the grasshoppers sprang out from it at the shock of my steps, while the crickets were chirruping all about. I walked along, quiet, happy. Ah, a few hours saw that quiet and hap

hour aw that quiet and happiness, like treacherous Brutus, stab me and fice!

As I entered the little strip of woods that lay before me, I stopped a moment beneath that pure evening sky, looking up into the lofty tree-tops, that seemed ever reaching upward, and waving their green leaves towards what they could not gain, that pure sky. But I seemed very near the great quiet—the heaven that I sought!

Standing thus, I heard a voice. I could not move till I caught the words it said, for I knew that voice. Il was a trembling utterance of gladness—a thanksgiving to God for some blessing come or coming. A nament after, the doctor stood before me in the path, his face beaming, transfigured!

And then we walked silently on together.

His eye caught the superscription of the letter I hald, and a paleness crept over his face. Only momentary though, and then with his gaze still fixed you the handwriting of that superscription, he said with a shy laugh:

"Miss Trieste can you read fortunes?" You have

with a shy laugh:

"Miss Trieste, can you read fortunes? You have
a gips look in your eyes! Can you look in my
face and tell me if I am to gain the great hope of my

I certainly thought the man was going to "pro-pose" to me the next minute. He must have won-dred at my blushes, as I said in a low voice:

goe to me the next minute. He must have wondered at my blushes, as I said in a low voice:

"I do not doubt your power to achieve any hope of yours. Yes, you must gain what you will!"

He spoke again: "Then Flora loves me, you think? She has told me so herself, but I want to hear it over and over. She loves me, you think?"

Where was the ground on which I walked? I walked on, certainly; but it seemed as if earth and aly were suddenly dashed into a blank. I was constituted in my hand, from Flora's lover. What might not that letter contain? A plea for pardon, perhaps—smething to complicate affairs, most certainly. Did a momentary temptation sway me to cast what doubt I could upon the doctor's mind, to embitter his new-found happiness?

A most base temptation, certainly, and I think I

conquered it even before, with a sort of instinct. I turned that letter over in my hand, that its direction might no longer meet the doctor's searching glance. Had I not been already stricken enough, or what did the seal upon that envelope mean? I examined it curiously, even in the whirl of my thoughts, and while the doctor still waited for his answer; and then with a sudden strength, a feeling of expiation due, I answered him.
"Yes, Flora loves you; loves you as no one but

Flora can love."

Flora can love."
And I meant all I said.
A thousand little memories flashed into my mind as I spoke, proving my words true. How Flora's first love had so plainly beeu a continual wearing anxiety—how, now happily freed from it, her soul was growing strong and beautiful in the sunlight of real love—and how I remembered how she had grown still when his footstep was heard coming—how she blushed and shrunk back, while I had always been the first to welcome him, with scarcely suppressed excerfirst to welcome him, with scarcely suppressed eager-

I knew she leved him now; but what, more than all

I knew she leved him now; but what, more than all that, moved me to hide my shame and disappointment, and to strive in no way to mar their perfect trust, was the sight of the seal impressed upon the outside of that letter.

I knew it so well—my brother's seal—my wild, reckless brother, almost an alien from his home, who, I knew well, wherever he went, would win hearts to grief by the bewildering beauty of his face, and his graceful, fickle tenderness. This seal—rare, unique, I had given him years ago; and, faithful to his sister's love, if faithless in all else, he had ever used it since.

Now, at last, in his hand, it became to me a sign of

Now, at last, in his hand, it became to he a significant file.

If my brother had caused all that heart-breaking we to Flora's young life—I, his sister, would expiate his sin, by crushing down all the sweet little hopes of happiness in my own heart, and self-forgetting, with all my soul's strength, help on that which should be their rejoicing, but my bane; and none but God would ever know the story.

All this flashed through my mind in an instant, just as when one is drowning, one lives a lifetime over in the brief space of consciousness.

Then I came back to the requirements of the moment, felt the ground once more beneath my feet; and then, turning again to meet the doctor's wondering face, I said:

and then, turning again to meet the doctor's wondering face, I said:

"Flora loves you!"

Then, to do all I could, even though it were uncalled for, I added:

"I saw you looking at this letter, doctor, which I know you guessed to be from him who rumour says darkened Flora's life."

Fire flashed from his eyes; but I went on:

Fire flashed from his eyes; but I went on:

"You do not know how utterly a pure soul rejects
a false love. This letter will be no more to Flora
than the far-off breaking of a wave upon the coast.
You are great-hearted and true, and she rests on you
"in perfect trust. Yes, she loves you."

"Thank you," he said, somewhat moodily. Then
we walked on silent, till we reached the garden gate.
"Will you let me give her that letter?" he said, suddealy; and his eyes would not let me refuse him.
Then with a quick, passionate gesture—"I must
know, Trieste," he exclaimed. "Will she see me now,
do you think?"

know, Trieste," he exclaimed. "Will she see me now, do you think?"
"Wait have by the syringa bush," I said, "and breathe hope, with its sweetness. She will make you forget everything but herself in a moment."
So I rushed in, and up to Flora's room, snatched her out of a sunset revery, put a passion-flower in her hair—though it was I who should have worn it—whispered a name that sent brilliant roses to her beautiful cheek; and so I sent her out to happiness. They walked away together down the moonlight path.
My work was done, my strength gone. I crept into my own room, locked the door, flung myself down, and suffered.

### CHAPTER III.

Two months after, and I sat by my window brave, jubilant. It was now sammer. I felt a great sense of freedom in my life; a strength to work, to plan

of freedom in my life; a strength to work, to plan great things.

With tireless feet, I trod the rough country roads, and explored forest paths. No mental grief tortared me; no disappointment weighed me down. I felt almost a Samson, as I breathed the cool, keen air, and looked at the great trees, growing so strongly. Do you recognize the mood? I hope every one has times of feeling so; it is a great joy.

So this merning I sat, looking out upon the quiet of the unchanging hills, and the watching heavens above, so true and steadfast. And the murmuring voices of Flora and the doctor floated up to me sometimes from the parleur below, for a very faithful lover was he.

Their far-off happiness did not disturb mine; but seen I became conscious that Flora called me.
"Trieste! Trieste! won't you come down, please, and sing this song with me?"
Indeed, I felt like singing—singing some neble aspiration, an impromptu Marseillaise, or that fine chant, "The shield, the sword, and the battle!"
But I hardly knew how to sing with them such words as these.

Love I, forgetting
Dark clouds of the past,
Out of life's mystery
Find thee at last!
White arms fold round me,
Sweet lips press mine,
Crowned by thy tenderness
Life is divine!

A sweet little air, and their eyes looked love at one

A sweet little air, and their eyes looked love at one another as they sang it. My voice did not accord well, and very soon I simply listened.

I looked back upon my past self with amazement—myself of ten weeks since! How the doctor and Flora had changed, or was it not a change, but rather an unveiling of their real natures? Had I been idealizing

and changed, or was it not a change, but father an unveiling of their real natures? Had I been idealizing both?

I did not understand it; I did not like it—this counting "all well lost for love." I thought the doctor ought to shout excelsior, and rush up all the grand meuntains of life, and Flora ought to forget herself utterly, and rush after him! But here they were, day after day, talking sweet nonsense, and all unmindful of the great crises of the world, and the battle between right and wrong, and all such things! How I mentally stared at myself for ever having dreamed for a moment that the doctor and I could love one another. What! give up my freedom—my wild, daring projects, to be dependent on caresses and kisses for happiness! So, when the doctor said, "of course she thinks it lighest wisdom," I started to my feet, but to spare their feelings did not speak my thoughts outright. For sole answer, I struck a few loud notes on the piano, and sang—

For sole answer, I struck a few loud notes on the piano, and sang—

Oh, I want the inspiration
That the Poets used to drink,
In the old telenic nation,
From the Heliconian brink,
When the bards and minstrels sang so,
Of their age's glorious deeds,
When the abroes and forests rang so
With proud lays from slender reeds.
Oh, I want to wake the sleeping
To the deeds that must be done,
And to break the night of weeping
With the rising of the sun!
"Trieste won't live long," said the doctor to Flora,
in a mock-traric tone.

"Trests wont five long," said the doctor to Flora, in a mock-tragic tone.

"Why?" queried the mock-alarmed Flora.

"She is getting up fast where the air is too thin to breathe. Poor Triests! You and I will choose to be happy and human in the valleys, won't we, water-lily?"

"Anywhere with you," she murmured.

I left the room indignantly. Happy! yes, of course they were happy in a very uncertain dependent sort of way. But I was strong in myself, exultant.

"Hurra!" I shouted, as I seated myself on my pony, so Gipse reallored away.

"now for the hills!" So Gipsy galloped away with me through the lane and then up the hill-road. There we went more slowly, enjoying that invigorating autumn air that always makes one feel so strong and ambitions. It made me thoughtful too. I had ignored sentiment, what should I do with my life now? I had dreamed of making it grand and heroic, but that was a vague sort of aspiration, and how could one lone maiden in this practical world do it? By writing a book? by lecturing? by being a Joan of Arc, or a nurse in the hospital? or by going right straightforward through my future, doing every possible duty, all out of the world's sight? Years ago Harry Chilton had said to me one day:

world's signer a case ago.

"Trieste, every time I leave you, I never know that
we shall meet again, things happen so strangely sometimes. And then how much would be left unsaid!
Now let us just promise each other that, no matter how Now let us just promise each other that, no matter now we may ever be separated, we may each feel confident that the other is trying to be noble, truly noble, not let-ting a single mean or worklly motive creep into our lives. Then whatever happens to us here, we can look one another straight in the face at length when our

one another straight in the face at length when our eternity begins."

He did leave me one day and never came again. O, Harry! such regretful longing, yet such inspiration, rose within me at his memory. How he would have helped me to

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long!" "Do noble things, not dream them all day long!"
And should he not be a help to me now, though I had
lost him by my own fault? Yes! here I would take
up the broken thread, the golden thread of my life,
and follow it link by link unswervingly, until at
length indeed heaven ended it, and I met Harry face
to face. I had never deserved his love; I would now
make myself worthy of that Past of which I had been
so utterly unworthy.

I tied Gip. to a young birch tree, and walked on up a little stony path, still thinking these thoughts. The path curved, and I saw a little before me a man para carved, and I saw a limit be related in a limit standing, with folded arms, looking out over the far-reaching fields and forests, and then up at the clear blue heavens. As my foot sounded on the dry, crisp moss, he quietly turned and looked full in my

Harry was not dead! Harry had come home!

### FOLIAGE AND HEALTH.

Many would esteem it an act of vandalism to remove a well-grown tree from the neighbourhood of a dwel-But, although we love the pleasant green trees as much as any one, observations mane from time to as much as any one, observations make from time to time in various situations show that, in respect of health, a large quantity of foliage, too close to a house, is not desirable. In the first instance, it leads to dampness; the drip,

In the first instance, is leads to dampness; the drip, without very careful drainage, sape the foundations; and, under the branches, long after the sun or wind has dried up the other surface, all renains dank, and in some seasons succomfortable. The foliage also abstracts the light to a greater extent than might at first

se accustomed to the apartments do not notice These accustomed to the apartments to not notice this so particularly; but strangers seldom fail to note the unusual dimness, even at midday. The leaves and boughs also stop the proper current of air, and prevent ventilation; and in autumn, if the dead leaves are not carefully removed, there is the chance of a bad atmosphere, which has often been a cause of fever and clobusts.

It is almost as easy a matter to part with a wourite dog as with a tree to which the eye has favourite dog as with a tree to which the eye has been for long accustomed; and many will run the risk of some damage to health rather than incur this

With skilful and tasteful woodcraft, much of the With skilful and tasteful woodcraft, much of the objection may be removed, and still a pleasant and picturesque piece of greenery allowed to remain. It requires, however, an artistic eye and able hand to manage this properly; and, while the branches which intercept the air and light are lopped away, so as to give admission to those necessities for health, the best of the natural forms should be kept with all pos-

In many instances dampness and decay of both brick and stone work are seen to arise from allowing trees to grow against buildings. To this may be on casionally traced damp corners in churches; sometimes damage is done by the branches fixing the sometimes damage is cone by the transcess ixing themselves into the joints of the mesonry; but notwithstanding these disadvantages, there is a great charm in the conjunction of the vari-tinted foliage with ancient time-worn stone-work, and beautiful effects are produced by the occasional branch of a tree being allowed to grow in at some crack of the window, and flourish

to grow in at some crack or the window, and nourish inside a sacred structure.

Some years ago—it may be remaining yet—a large part of a tree was flourishing most healthily near the altar of the church at Ross; it was said to overshadow the spot in which the "Man of Ross" was wont to take his seat.

Some creeping plants are more injurious to stone and brick than others. In several instances we have

found ivy to act as preservative.

A few years since, in the King's-road, Camden-town, there was a brick house, completely covered with ivy. This afforded a harbour for a multitude of sparrows, which in the pairing and breeding time made such a din, that it was some annoyance to the inhabitant, who made several attempts to drive away the colon; who made several attempts to drive away the colony by pulling out the nests; but this proving of no avail, he had the ivy altogether removed, and underneath, the wall was found to be perfectly dry, and although the face of it had a north-east direction, there was not single weather-stain on the whole of its extensive

surface. Amid ruins the ivy preserves parts in an extraor-dinary manner; and although by its clinging it some-times strangles the sturdy oak, it often serves a useful purpose, in binding together delicate mullions and tracery, and keeping intact portions of choice archi-tectural ornamentation, which, but for its clinging arms would have fallen many years before.

INDIVIDUAL SELF-DEVELOPMENT. - When this INDIVIDUAL SELF-DEVELOPMENT. — When this theory of human life is taken up heartily, good and evil, right and wrong, appear to lose their sharp distinction, and may not unpaturally come to be considered as hardly differing otherwise than as degrees of r less. If myself—that which I potentially to come forth into the light of day, to be more or less. torpid and inanimate no longer, but to live; if this be indeed the great purpose for which I am placed upon the earth; then I may fairly say, let the whole self come forth, the evil that is in me—for it is part of me

-tegether with the good. Thus only can there be that entire and frank unveiling of the inner essence which is demanded. Let the evil burn itself out in the open air, if it be a transient and supeficial thing; if it be a normanent part of myself, rooted there, let it open air, if it be a transient and supericial ining; n is be a permanent part of myself, rooted there, let it expand and find room. No otherwise can I learn my whole lesson, or do the whole work assigned to me. The only difficulty is, on this theory, to understand what is meant by calling a thing evil.—The Philosophy what is meant by calling a thing evil. - The of Primary Beliefs. By Richard Loundes.

Ir is passing strange that the Emperor and M. de Morny should never have met until the year 1848. They had avoided each other until then. When M. de Morny went to visit Queen Hortonse at Arenburg, Napoleon was invariably absent. They wer in London at the same time, but never met Chance and the rough times threw them frequently i together, and engendered a feeling of mutual respect and affection, which made them forget their long estrangement.

### A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

Some time ago, a French vessel sailed up one of the African rivers that empty into the Gulf of Guinea, to trade with the natives; and while engaged in this expedition the captain, first and second mates, and a majority of the crew were prostrated with the fewer of that region, which so often proves destructive to

jority of the crew were provided that region, which so often proves destructive to unacclimated persons.

On learning that the crew were not in a condition to either work the vessel or properly defend themselves, a body, of hostile natives, one dark night, made a sudden attack, and succeeded in capturing the ship, and murdering all but one sailor named Jarvene, who escaped by jumping into the river and swimming

Crawling up the muddy bank, and finding himself in the edge of a thick jungle, Javene, anxious to pre-serve his life, and not knowing what to do, at once plunged into the labyrinth of brushwood, and hurried

orward, he knew not whither.

For hours he continued to work his way through the tangled mass of leaves, vines, reeds, and bushes thinking only of making himself safe from the danger

behind, and giving no heed to the perils before him.

The awful roar of a lion brought him to a realisation of the fact that his condition might be no better where he was than when surrounded by the murderous natives, and he stopped and shuddered, and said over the few prayers his mother had taught him when a

The lion reared again, much nearer than before; and soon after he heard a heavy rustling in the thicket before him, and fell down on his knees, believing his at hour had co

last hour had come.

The beast, whatever it was, came crashing toward him through the jungle, and finally passed within a few feet of him. He knew it could not have been the lion himself, for he would not have made so much

Jarvine got up and went forward again, trembling from his late fright, and at the thought of the awful perils that surrounded him. He had not gone much further before he found his feet sinking in mud and further before he found his feet sinking in mud and water, and knew himself on the borders of a marsh that might ingulf him should he advance. The foliage overhead was so thick and dense that daylight would only have come dimly into this fearful place; and, being night, he could see nothing, not even his hand when he held it close up before his eyes, nor had he seen a single object since leaving the bank of the river. He turned and retraced his stant ill he found river. He turned and retraced his steps till he found himself on hard ground, and then threw himself down in despair, almost wishing be had remained and shared the fate of his companions. He was very tired, the night was warm, his agonizing sense of misery brought on a stupor, and he soon fell asleep.

When he awoke it was broad day, the sun w When he awoke it was broad usy, me sun was at least an hour high, and yet the light under the thick canopy of leaves was like the dusk of evening. He started up, somewhat bewildered, but soon remembered all that had occurred, and looked around him with a feeling of terror linked with despair. He was with a feeling of terror insect with despair. He was in an African jungle, surrounded by enemies of all kinds, thousands of miles from home, his friends all dead, and with very little chance of ever again beholding the abodes of civilized man. He had no food with him, and no weapon but a sheath-knife. He might starve in the jungle, he might be destroyed by serpents or wild heasts, or he might escape thes perils only to fall into the hands of robbers or can

There was no use, however, in remaining where he e started on, going southward only because he thought it the nearest way to the sea-coast. He avoided the marsh, and walked some hours, still in the thick jungle, when he became very hungry and thirsty. At length he came to a small, narrow stream, overshadowed by trees; and hastily constructing a cup of leaves, he sat down on the bank to rest and refresh himself with the liquid element.

He had just done drinking, and was sitting very still, concealed by the rank vegetation which grew all around and spread all over him, when he heard the bushes slightly rustle on the opposite bank, and saw the head of a beautiful blue antelope peep timidly through the leafy covering and reach down to the

ter. The next moment something descended swiftly, The next moment something descended swiftly with a crash through the leaves and bushes, as it might be the limb of a tree; there was a terrile floundering on the bank, a wild, plaintive cry from the antelope, and the coils of a huge serpent, as it wound around and crushed the poor little animal, not the horrifled gaze of Jarvene, who bounded to his feet and rushed swiftly away.

Towards the evening of that day the sailor got clear of the jungle and entered a beautiful, open wood, which was perfectly clear of underbrush, and the ground of which was covered with flowers of every colour and form, looking at a little distance as if

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ground of which was covered with flowers of every colour and form, looking at a little distance as is a magnificent carpet was spread over it. Here the trees were alive with birds as hadoone as the flowers, bright, glittering lizzards were run-ning up and down the trunks and out upon the limbs, and the six was filled with shining insects and butter-flies of all sizes and hues. It seemed a perfect paradise, and, under other cir-

It seemed a perfect paradise, and, under other circumstances, Jarvene might have felt his soul swell with delight; but now, alone, lost, hungry, wear, and surrounded by unknown dangers, the beauties of the scene were only so many mockeries.

At last, as he still walked on, feeling faint for the want of food, he came to a cluster of plantain-tree, which were from fifteen to twenty feet high, with

leaves six feet long, and filled with flowers and fruit, the rich and delicious banana.

He quickly ascended the trunk of one of thesa, but, as he put his hand over the first limb, a saats wriggled under it, which so shocked and startled him

wriggied under it, which so shocked and startled him that he let go, his hold and came heavily to the ground, fortunately without serious injury.

He got up and tried his fortune in another tree, and this time succeeded in plucking off quite a number of heavy bunches, of which he ate sufficiently to satisfy

ne cravings of hunger.
As it was now near night, and he did not wish to sleep again on the ground, he began to look for a tree in which he could lodge, and at length discovered the wide-spreading banyan, whose branches, bending to the ground, take root and form new stocks, till the to the ground, take root and form new stocks, till the not unfrequently cover a space of several hundred in in circumference, and whose main trunk, if hollowed out, would be large enough for a family to live in Ascending one of the stocks to the principal crotch, Jarvene found room enough there to stretch himself at full length, and commending his soul to his Maker, he laid down and went to sleep.

He was awakened in the middle of the night by the

fighting of some wild beasts at no great distance; lat after the noise had ceased, he again fell asies, ad slept soundly till morning, when he descended, male his breakfast on bananas, and resumed his lonely wan-

About noon he came to a clearing, and saw before him, on a hill-side, a small village of rude huts, part bamboo and part wood, with several of the natives moving laxily about. While he stood looking at them from the address of the wood and the stood looking at them. bemboe and part wood, with several of the natives moving laxily about. While he stood looking at them from the edge of the wood, not decided whether is make himself known or steal off and continue his waterings, he heard a stick snap behind him, and, turing round, found himself confronted with four black, almost naked, villianous fellows, who were armed with bows, arrows and spears, and who, having discovered him, were stealing up to take him prisoner. Resistance was out of the question—for two of the party had their arrows drawn to the head, ready to send them through him and the others had their sears soised for the arrows drawn to the head, ready to send them through him, and the others had their spears poised for the same purpose—and so, auxious to preserve his life, he held up both hands, palms outward, in token of peace-ful surrounder.

ful surrender.

The natives evidently had a wholesome fear of the white man; for, before they would approach him, they made signs that he must his down and cross his hands, and when he had done this, they came up very cautiously, with their weapons all prepared for instant

But when they finally got hold of him, and got his hands tied, their fears all vanished, and they fairly danced and yelledwith delight.

They took him into the village, and all the inhabitants, old and young, crowded round him, dancing sad singing, and this made him fear that their joy merely sprang from their anticipating pleasure of feating on his body, which was doubtless true, for they were really cannibals.

They new robbed him of everything he had—his watch, knife, keys, and a few trinkets—then stripped him of all his clothes, piece by piece, till he was parfectly naked.

This done, they shut him up in one of their huts, tying his feet and releasing his hands, so that he could help himself to the food they placed for him—some stowed goat's flesh and cassada bread, of which, being

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stripped was perstewed goat's flesh and cassada bread, of which, being very hungry, he ate heartily, not knowing but it might be his last meal. Soon after this the fetich-man—a diabolical-looking fellow, with low forehead, flat nose, huge mouth, and wicked eyes—came in and examined him, and went

wicked eyes—came in and examined him, and went away.

He was not disturbed again that day and night, but he slept very little, thinking of the horrid doom that he believed was in store for him.

At an early hour the next morning he heard a great noise in the village, and supposed the natives were reparing for a feast; and when some of them came, mbound and led him forth, he thought his last hour was surely at hand.

To his surprise he found the village filled with a large Moorish cavalcade, composed of men, women, and slaves.

A rich Moor was making a journey to the coast, with his harem of females, all mounted and velled, his body-guard of Arabe, all mounted and armed, and a large number of slaves, of different races, travelling on foot and driving quite a hard of cattle, and a number of beats of burden.

Javene was at once conducted to the Moor himself,

for, and driving quite a hard of cattle, and a number of beats of burden.

Javene was at once conducted to the Moor himself, the was a stort, middle-aged man, superbly mounted or a through-bred, and whose turban, togs, tunic towars, and sandals were of the richest stuffs, and gibbard with coally jewels.

The Moor eyed him sharply, addressed him in two last the force eyed him sharply, addressed him in two last tests, and pitcently begged the other to take him with him, and rectore him to his country.

"Will your or carrymen pays handsome ransom for you?" insuired was Moor, who had only speculation is view.

"Oh, yes, your reyal highness. I'm sure they will," ropled Jarvene.
"If not, what then?"
"God will reward you," said the sallor, solemnly.
"I never purchase prisoners with the view of getting any pay from that quarter," rejoined the Moor, with something like a sneer; "but always with the expectation that they will be rafsomed, or that I shall sell them for gain, or that they will more than compensate sees slaves. I will buy you, because I think I can make money by the purchase."

He called up one of his overseers, and ordered him take Jarvene away, give him a cloth for his loins, and put him to work among the slaves till further sallo.

This myed the poor sailor from being devoured by legro cannibals.

The cavalcade soon moved forward, and travelled at

sero cannibals.

The cavalcade soon moved forward, and travelled at the rate of about fifteen or twenty miles a day. At night tents were put up for the Moor and his house-baid, but the slaves slept in the open air. The latter were obliged to watch the cattle till they were done graing, and then drive them in and secure them in a se, which they had also to take down and put up evry day, so that, for the most part, they got very little sleep, and often felt the whip of the overseer when anything went wrong.

As they drew near the coast, Jarvene, whose flesh had more than once tingled under the lash, determined to effect his secape, and at last succeeded in getting patite Arab sentinels, and making his way into a put where a French versel lay, and his countrymen daily gave him their protection, and bore him from the same of his troubles back to his native land.

E. B.

HER MAJESTY having been pleased to create Prince Alfred an extra Knight of the Most Ancient Order of the Thistle, the recognitions of his Royal Highness have now been completed. Excepting the Sovereign, the Prince is the only member of the Royal Family who has been admitted to the distinction of the green chand and St. Andrew badge.

Tables Hair.—A Paris correspondent in reply to a appeal from a lady, writes: "I have consulted a great hairdnesser of the sublime school, who says that this wister he has often commenced work at one p.m., to that the lady must remain some ten hours in full tollstie with her hair pinned, bound, stretched, forgrad, jewelled—painfully uncomfortable. It is only as a great favour that these farmed hair artists can be had at all; ladies during the scason are obliged to implore them to attend. Well, he declares that you may wear your hair in any fantastic fashion; some hairs at court have adopted the classical Grecian style; the hair dragged off the face, and a bunch of dustering ringlets at the back of the head. Others have gone in for a series of small curls all over the forehead, and little impertinent twisting locks round about the ears—baby curls, just beginning life—while

the mass of hair is gathered up on the top of the head, and there studded with flowers, or butterflies, or even gaudy insects.

M. MICHELET is writing "The Lives of the Twelve

M. Haussmann, the Prefect of the Seine, has re-solved upon giving the name of "Julius Casar" to one of the streets of Paris!

WILLIAM WEAVER, the "converted clown," was found guilty of biggmy at the Warwickshire assizes on Saturday last. Sentence was deferred.

The increase in railway travelling throughout the kingdom, as shown by the money spent, is about two millions a year. The payment for this year will be about thirty six millions!

As American paper estimates that 20,000,000 human beings have lived and died slaves in the United States from the time the latter became a nation the trace. o the present time.

A fits of extraordinary splendour is to be given in the course of this menth, in the honour of the anni-versary of the birthday of the Prince Imperial, who will then have completed his tenth year.

A sense of the red deer species-has just given the hounds a most extraordinary run in the East Riding of Yorkshire. He ran fifty miles in five hours and five minutes, and was finally taken alive at Nunbourne Holms.

The King of Italy has ordered a modal to be struck common control of the wars for the independence and units of Italy, in 1848, 1849, 1859, 1860, and 1861, and one is to be left blank!

The eruptions of Vesuvius and Etne are likely to be followed by an outbreak of Stromboli. Symptoms of activity in that volcano have appeared, as already columns of smoke, furrowed with streaks of light,

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE FIFTEETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—The proposition to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, which occurs on June 18 next, has been made in Germany as well as in England. A Committee has been formed at Wiesbaden, where it was proposed to creet a monument to the memory of the natives of Nassau (partly in Dutch pay) who fell in the battle. The co-operation of the State and Local Authorities has been sought, but the creake discussed to the same and the same tion of the State and Local Authorities has been sought, but the people display much apathy and even opposition to the project. A Civic Association has declined to take any part in the matter, declaring that so long as freedom of the press, and the right to meet and petition are prohibited, there is no reason for celebrating a festival of any kind in the country. The Gymnastic Society has resolved to contribute to wards the relief of the old Waterloo men, instead of aiding the proposal for a festival or a monument.

## ALETHE.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

BARNABAS HUTTON, notwithstanding the fatigues of BARNARAS HUTTON, notvithstanding the fatigues of the day, found it impossible to remain quietly within, and so went noiselessly from the temple, after its inmates had sought repose. He was somewhat surprised to find Major Rainbold standing silently beneath the portals of the main entrance.

"Thought you was in bed an hour ago," said Barnabas. "What worries you, major?" "Nothing worries me, Barnabas, but I'm too nervous to sleep. The shock of the past night has unsettled me. Why are you stirring, my friend?"

"Been restless, major, like yourself. Want to look arter Methuselah, too. Besides, it's a good thing in times like these to be spyin' about carefully," replied Hutton.

Hutton.

"Very true," said Rainbold. "We can't be too much on the alert."

"By George!" said Barnabas, rather abstractedly.

"That Lethe's rather a pretty girl, I think, major," he

added. after a pause.

"I swink she is quite pretty, Barnabas," responded

"I think she is quite provy,
the major."
Where did you pick up that girl, major?"
There was something on Hutton's mind, obviously.
"A foundling," said Rainbold, curtly.
"Wish I'd found her," replied Barnabas. "It must be a deal o' trouble to take care of a foundlin'?"
"It is," returned the major, fidgetting.
"Thought so! Goin' to take her off your hands.
Tam. by George!"

"Thought so! Goin' to take her off your hands.
I am, by George!"
Barmabas looked up at the moon, then down at the
earth, and finally at Rainbold.
"What do you mean by that, sir?" cried the latter.
"I'm not going to have girls taken off my hands. I
want all the girls I've got."
"Lethe and I have talked it over, and though we

didn't say nothin' about house-keepin', I thought we understood each other, I did. Yes!" "Understood each other, did you, sir?"

"Understood each other, did you, sir?"

The major was quite fierce.

"Well, that was the way I looked at it. The pretty little thing didn't say much but 'Yes, Mr. Barnabas,' but her voice was sweeter nor the squeak of a flute. Bless me, if I ever heard sich a voice! I felt as if I was swimmin' in a ocean o'honey, with about a dozen brass bands playin'. Dear me! I don't know what makes a man so dreadful fond of her. She's docile, but she's got the spirit of Upas, when she stirred un." what masses of the spirit of the docile, but she's got the spirit of the stirred up."

Rainbold was now very attentive, and though he changed his position often, lost not a word that fell from Hutton's lips.

"I'll marry her, if she'll have me. I will, by Gaorge!"

"That is very queer," muttered the

"Til marry her, if she'll have me. I will, by George!"

"Well, well! This is very queer," muttered the major. "I think you're in earnest. You're a very fine fellow, Barnabas. And, Barnabas, don't you mind about the white blood; it's as good as yours, any day. I love the girl as if she was my own daughter."

"I can de better nor that by her, major," said Barnabas, quietly.

He took both Barnabas's lands—"My dear boy, take her."

"You've convinced me, ever since I see ye, that

take her."

"You've convinced me, ever since I see ye, that
you've a downright, sensible, hearty, gramblin', impulsive, middle-aged gentleman! You are. Yes! Major,
the girl adores ye. I wish she adored me!"

Barnabas sighed gently.
The major pushed the hilt of his sword against
Barnabas ribs.

"Yes, Mr. Barnabas!" mimicked the major. "Ha!
Here's that sound on?"

ha! How's that sound, eh?"
"Sounds like thunder longside o' hers!" replied

"Sounds like thunder longside o ners: replace Barnabas.

"The nomense of a man, in love," said the major good-naturedly, much better pleased with Barnabas than ever before. Indeed, the simple good sense of the man quite captivated the heart of the impetuous Rainbold. So they walked arm in arm around the temple, conversing in avery friendly and confidential manner. While thus engaged, the uneasiness of Methuselah drew the notice of his master, who immediately began talking to him in his own peculiar way. All his elephant-talk did not quiet the animal, however

All his elephant-talk did not quiet the animal, however
"There's something about that he don't like," said
Hutton. "I'll slip his chain and let him go."
Suiting the action to the word, Methusolah set off
with great earnestness through the jungle, making a
notable crashing among the bamboos. He came back
in a few minutes, bringing a man in his trunk.
"That's the kind o' trunk to have," quoth Barnabas.
"A trunk as you can pack a man in. A reglar travellin' trunk, that is. What have you got there, old
boy? Picked up a Hindu, haven't ye? Bring him
along, sir! This way, sir, this way!"
The elephant brought his burden very deliberately
to Hutton. It was an old man, with a long beard and
sallow countenance, whom Barnabas at once recognized as Meerab.

sallow countenance, whom Barnabas at once recognized as Meerab.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "Here's the great monshee himself! Here's the anecdote man; the man of roots and yerbs, and p'isons. I reckon there ain't no elixirs that can git him out o' that ere grip without my help. I'm the antidote he wants now."

"Who has he got here, Barnabas? What is this?"

"This," replied Hutton, coolly, "is that interestin' old gentleman that 'Lethe took me to see the night we got that little crooked vial of powerful dector-stuff. Powerful! It was the powerfullest I ever see of any kind o' poison. I 'spose 'twas poison. I 'spose poison has to offset poison; lenstways our old family doctor used to say so; and what he didn't know wasn't surely worth studyin."

Then to Methuselah:

Then to Methuselah:

"Set him down, sir, set him down! Should think you're old enough to know how much squeezin' a Hindu can bear. Don't you see he's blue-black in the face? Dear me! what a weak-minded old ele-phant"

Methuselah rather reluctantly placed Meerab on his feet, which, from some cause, at that moment were of no particular use to him, for he fell down without an effort on the part of his muscles to keep him up. Mr. Hutton observed this without much surprise.

"I've always noticed," he added, "that when Methuselah gives a fellow a grip round the waist, it takes the stiffenin' out of him. It does. Yes."

Mesrab gasped and quivered on the ground. Methuselah piped and trumpeted in a manner that even startled the major, at the same time making a peculiar churaing motion with his fore feet, lifting one then the other.

one then the other.

"He always does it," explained Barnabas, "when his toes itch to tread on somebody. It's his instincts, major, and nothin' but them. You see he knows the



depravity of his master's natur', and elephants and sarvents always want to fall into the depravity of your nat' ar', major. He knows I'd like to put a bullet through that villain, as well as if he's gifted with human understandin'. See him cest his eyes at me. Don't you observe the mischief in 'em? They say, 'Say the word, Barnabas, and I'll make pumice of him in about the quickest!' What think, major?"

"Don't extinguish him just yet, Barnabas. Let us take him in; we may learn something from him, perhars."

baps."
"You'll learn nothin' from me," said Meerab, gasp-

ing for breath. "Don't be too sure o' that. Jump up and come

Meerab, not being able to jump up and come along, Barnabas seized him by the shoulder and set him upon his feet, and supported, or rather, dragged, him

They had no sooner entered the hall than Alethe came running to them, in great disorder, followed

came running to them, in great disorder, followed closely by Upas.

Hutton relinquished his grasp upon Meerab, and ran forward to meether.

"What's the matter, little 'un? what's the matter? Some'at has happened."

"Yes, Mr. Barnabas," answered Alethe, averting

her eyes.

"Speak, my dear, dear girl!" cried the major, taking her in his arms and kissing her.

Barnabas turned away, wiped something wet from his checks, and pushed Meerab energetically forward.

Aletho nestled to the major; her small bands held him fast; she sobbed on his breast. For the first time she felt fully acknowledged and

fully loved. He whispered something in her ear that made her dreamy eyes flash with ineffable delight.

dreamy eyes flash with ineffable delight.

"Say what you want to!—say what you want to!" articulated Barabas, coughing and choking. "I ain't a Sepoy nor a Hindu, by no means. I ain't. No! It's all right, ain't it, Lethe?"

"Yes, Mr. Barnabas!" sighed Alethe.

"It's all right with the major, and I, too, Brownie. It is. Yes! He knows, and I know, and you know; and I s'pose we all know. Don't let us talk. There's no use in talkin', you know. When you know a thing, you know it; and there's no need o' makin' a fuss about it. He's willin', and you're willin', and I'm willin'; and we're all willin'." Barnabas stopped and glared at Meerab. "Don't be lookin' grim at me, old man!"

[DEATH OF HYDRARAD AND MEERAB.]

"I know who she is!" sneered Meerab. "I saw her when she was a child. And my son Hurdwar knows. Yes, Hurdwar knows her." He glanced at Alethe, then at Upas. He saw red stains on her striped and shining coat. He panted

and shook with alarm.
"Meerab," said Alethe, "you do well to tremble. My power has proved greater than his. Upas re-membered me; she acknowledged my influence; she confessed the hand that first nourished her. I dwelt confessed the hand that first nourished her. I dwelt near your hut, old man, when Hurdwar came in with this creature. Filled with compassion, I had regard to her helplessness, and warmed her into life. Hurd-war unmasked his evil nature. I menaced him with his wrath "—she pointed to Rainbold—" and he fled; to anyear, aren in process of time under other passes. to appear again in process of time under other names and in other characters. I have foiled him in all. He has been a deadly poison; I have been his counter-poison. Old man, execrable creature, I stand here to-night, safe and unharmed; but your son, Hydrabad, is torn and rent by Upas. He lies, bleeding and dying in one of the dark and secret recesses of this

dying in one of the cold man, greatly excited.

"It is false!" cried the old man, greatly excited.

"Show us the way, my girl," said the major. "Let us sift this mystery thoroughly."

Alethe obeyed this bidding. With the lamp she had brought, she turned and led them to the room where she had been visited by Hydrabad.

Raynahas dragged Meerab after her. She showed

them the recess through which Hydrabad had come and gone, and related what had happened. Hutton tried in vain to solve the mystery of his

"Open it, open it, old man!" he said, addressing eerab. "You belong to the wicked brotherhood, and Meerab. know the secret.'

Hutton produced a pistol. Meerab paused, srowled

at Barnabas with fiendish malice, then most retuc-tantly pressed his foot upon a spring, and a passage, narrow and low, was immediately disclosed.

Barnabas took the lamp from Alethe, and pushing Meerab before him, entered. Rainbold, Alethe, and Upas followed. After going a short distance in a stooping posture, they came to a spacious apartment, dimly lighted. A little track of blood led them on. They approached an altar of curious shape, from the foot of which arose a ghastly figure. It was Hydrabad. He was smeared with blood, his garments rent

into shreds, and his face deadly pale.

"You think you triumph!" he cried, in a voice husky with weakness. "But you do not cannot triumph. No one can conquer Hydrabad." His eyes

fell on Upas. "Ungrateful creature!" he muttered, "you have destroyed this body—this strong palace of my soul. But I will find another. I will yet inhabit

another temple."
"Hurdwar! Hurdwar!" cried Meerab, in a voice of

"Away, old man, away! I am not your son, but the son of evil, the Child of the Cord, the Slave of the Silent Death. Let me die as I have lived—hating and hated." He paused, and grasping the altar for support, gazed a moment at Alethe.
"Fatal, fatal lure!" he murmured. "In stooping to

thee, I lost my power. Thou art beautiful as the stars, but ever my fixed and deadly opposite. The element of Fire claims its own. I surrender the vial spark of my body to the eternal Orb, Father of Light and Heat."

Hydrabad's body swayed to and fro. the sacrificial stones more feebly. He closed in eyes, his dark life went out, and he sank at the foot of the altar.

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"He is gone! he is gone! My son is gone!" cried eerab. "I will follow my son. I will hasten after Meerab my son!"

my son!"

He drew forth a vial, similar in shape to that ha had given Aletha, poured its contents into his mouth, and shivered the vial upon the stone floor.

"Fire of the universe! I go back to thee!" he exclaimed, and fell dead upon the body of Hydrabad. "Come away!" said Aleths, in a whisper, "Tarry not here."

Taking her by the hand, Barnabas led her from the attar-room of the temple of idols. They never extered it again. The bones of Hydrabad and Merab bleached where they had fallen.

The principal characters of our story remained several months in security in the retreat which the subjugation of the Sepoys by the English troops, freed them alite from danger and the necessity of concealment.

Major Rainbeld still resides in India. Neal Karnada and Melab and Melabels.

Major Rainbeld still resides in India. Neal Kavenagh and Ida are the possessors of one of the most valuable and romantic situations in the country. Kavanagh holds a most lucrative office under the

ome government.

Colonel Argent made matrimonial overtures to Me-

Corone Argent made matrimonial overtures we handsomest Englishwomen in India, we are sure he was accepted. Alethe and Barnabas lived very happily together. Barnabas Hutton still rides Methuselah, and has more faith than ever in the little girl Alethe.

THE END.



THE

### SEVENTH MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "The Warning Voice," "Man and his Idol," "Mrs. Larkall's Boarding School," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

A JOYFUL SURPRISE.

How long in that same fit I lay I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air.

Coleridge.

Two voices in the air. Coleridge.

Day by day, while the successive incidents of our drama were happening, a passenger ship, fulfilling the description of its owner as to being a clipper, "copperbitomed, teak-builk," and so forth, was ploughing its way across the Atlantic, bearing those on board it from Canada to England.

That ship was called the Aurora. It belonged to a famous "line;" but no "line" can issue a good passage for its boats when winds and waves are contrary, and the Aurora was a proof of this.

It was unfortunate from first to last.

It was unfortunate from first to last. But then it started on a Friday.

That was, to some minds, sufficient to account for sterything: for the fog which thickened about the ressel before it was well clear of land, and caused it is ran upon a bank, whence it was with difficulty get off—for the gale which sprang up when it was only ten days on its course, and freshened into a huricane, threatening its utter destruction—for the bad weather which pursued it with vengeful ferceity—for the fire which broke out in the hold on the seventh day out, and nearly consumed it. In short, for all the disasters that marked the voyage and protracted it beyond all ordinary experience.

diasters that marked the voyage and protracted is ou-yould all ordinary experience.

These having charge of the Aurora regarded her from the first as a doomed ship.

Officers and men alike shared the superstitious idea fast the unfortunate accident of starting on the day they did had scaled her fate.

And in due time the passengers, who had at first scouted the notion, gave in to it.

The captain alone stood up manfully for his ship.

storted the notion, gave in to it.

The captain alone stood up manfully for his ship.

He believed in her. Again and again he had made
the passage with her successfully, and that had inspired him with confidence in her power to withstand
every fatality—even that of weighing anchor on the
filth day of the week!

THE MEETING AT THE TELEGRAPH STATION.

Misfortune followed misfortune, but did not shake his faith.

his faith.

Fog and sandbank, hurricane and fire, happened in
vain, so far as awakening any superstitious fears in
his breast went. He regarded them as pure accidents, and maintained a lively faith that the Aurora
would sight land in due time, in spite of every

casualty.

This confidence communicated itself to one pas-

senger, and to one only.

There flitted about the deck in all weathers a fair young English girl, who was returning to her own country, accompanied only by her maid—an elderly woman whose name was Harriet Wornum—and to her fear and mistrust seemed to be unknown. Grace Weldon was a blue-eyed, sunny, fragile being on the verge of womanhood—a woman with all the rosy

verge of womanhood—a woman with all the resy freshness of a girl about her: a girl in whom there was only the promise of the maturer graces of her sex not as yet ripened into full development.

Courage was natural to her.

However rough the storm or dark the night, she was always the last to go below. Brave and fearless, she loved to feel the wind tearing around her, and to watch the ship in its struggles with the great seas that threatened every moment to ingulf it.

The fair face and stout heart of the fragile girl won all hearts. In time, too, it began to be whispered

that threatened every moment to ingulf it.

The fair face and stout heart of the fragile girl won all hearts. In time, too, it began to be whispered that the object with which she had undertaken this voyage was a romantic one, and that invested her with additional interest.

Her story, as it gradually transpired, was this:

Five years before, on the death of her mother, she had gone out to Canada, where her father, known there as Squire Weldon, was amassing a handsome fortune. But a fortune, however colossal, will not compensate some men for absence from their native land, and the breaking up of old ties of friendship and affection. So it was with Squire Weldon. His eyes ranged over miles of sheep-walk all his own, and took in all the forms in which the country presents itself, from primeval forest to cultivated garden-ground, with the proud feeling that he had a property in every inch of land, in every twig and leaf, and every blade of grass. And amidst it all there came over him weariness of spirit and home-longing, such as even the presence of his fair, sylph-like child could not dissipate.

As the mountaineer, severed from his home and his find sickens and dies of what he calls the maladie dis

As the mountaineer, severed from his home and his kind, sickens and dies of what he calls the maladic ds pays (home-sickness), so Weldon pined and wasted among his possessions, till he could endure it no longer.

He felt that he must return to England. He must see the old country, and mingle with the friends of his youth, or waste away and die. Happily his fortune was made; and when he made

Happily his fortune was made; and when he made up his mind to return home, it was only necessary for him to linger a short time for the purpose of winding up his affairs. This state of things he communicated to the fair Grace, and she received with boundless delight the news of the intended homeward voyage. Her position in Canada, as the head of her father's household, was a very pleasant one. She received unlimited attention, and exercised universal sway. But her heart was in her native country. More than that, it was in the keeping of one of her countrymen. Before quitting England, she had exchanged vows of unalterable affection with one whose image was shrined within her heart as within a temple; and the prospect of thus unexpectedly rejoining him filled her with a transport of delight. She was too happy she enjoyed a felicity such as it is only permitted to mortals to experience momentary glimpses of. Her heart warned her at times that all was too bright to last; and the presentiment of gathering clouds was

last; and the presentiment of gathering clouds was speedily verified.

The first disappointment presented itself in the form

of delay.

Weldon found it impossible to wind up his affairs

of delay.

Weldon found it impossible to wind up his affairs by the date he had fixed.

"Our departure must be postponed," he had said. The words chilled the heart on which they fell, and seemed to rob life of all that made it endurable. But there was no help for it, and the fair Grace submitted without a murmur. It was not till this postponement was succeeded by a second, that she felt unable to sustain the disappointment. And then a brilliant idea occurred to her. She proposed to the squire that she should give her lover a joyful surprise; that, with her maid, Harriet Wornum, she should set sail in the Aurora, then ready to start, and so reach England, and present herself before her lover, without a word to prepare him for her apparition.

"It will be such fun—such capital fun," she had said, clapping her hands and shaking out her scintillating tresses. "Think of his surprise, paps! Think what a meeting it will be! So much better than a hum-drum appointment, with set speeches, and all that! It will be like Uncle Parker's walking in to dinner when we thought he was on the other side of the world, only so much better—oh, so much, much better!"

Had the squire his misgivings? Perhaps so, for he shook his head gravely; but in the end, yielded to the wish of the darling to whom he had never refused

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anything in reason, strongards.

her happy life.

This is how it happened that Grace Weldon was alone on board the Aurora, and these were the circumstances which invested the fair girl with such ed why it was that she bore up against the perils of the voyage so bravely. Her love supported her. The thought of that joyful supprise filled her with hopes which nothing could depress, and embled her to ri

to rise superior to every calamity.

When the fog surrounded them, she only said, "It When the fog surrounded them, she only said, "It will be bright to-morrow." When the gale blew she thought, "We go faster before the wind." When that most awful of all awful sounds, the cry of "fto" on board ship rang to her ears, she clutched at a portrait, and a silken bag with a letter in it, which she wore next her heart, and felt that the ship said be

The enthusiasm of this brave young heart was con-tagious, and as the Aurora passed through one danger after another and still floated, the most sanguine had hopes of reaching the old country in safety after

all.

Two days of fine, fresh sunny weather gave zest to those hopes, especially as the voyage was now drawing to a close, and they were almost within sight of hand. During those days Grace was on deck from early morning till dusk, reckless of the cold, constantly straining her eyes in the direction of home, while she sustained her loving heart with thoughts of that joyful surprise which she had planned, and would so

"Another aight, another day and we shall most!"

This was her conviction.

Alas, that night the breeze freshened. It blow a gale. The wind howled as landsmon never hear it howl; the seas raged with demoniacal fury. The ship was touch to and fro, the mere sport and plaything of the storm. And great as was the danger, it was intensified by the conduct of those on board. The fatal superstition which had foredoomed the good ship paralysed the efforts of those to whose care she was entrusted Signals were mistaken, confusion prevailed, and the ship which had entered the Irish s as driv the coast, until at length, it struck, and a wild shrick rose from the wretched souls on board, who knew that but for aid, little short of supernatural, they must perish.

perish.

In this emergency the captain alone preserved his coolness and self-possession. He did all that was possible. While the ship's timbers held together, he caused signal guns to be fired incessantly, and rough as was night, these were seen and answered from the As an experiment a barrel was thrown overshore. As an experiment a barrel was thrown over-board with a line wedged in at the bung-hole, and this floated toward the rocks, on which a few gallant fellows had stationed themselves, and was secured. Then a hawser was fastened to the line and drawn ashore by means of it. When it was made firm, one or two of the crew ventured upon it and got safe to land, but as soon as this was known passengers and crew made for the hawser in one flerce rush, and by eir confused struggling rendered it useless. Some sprang at it from a distance and were drowned.

One or two of the stronger men succeeded in getting on the support, and were ruthlessly dashed from it by

the jealous comrades they had outwitted.

It was in vain that the captain strove to exercise

his authority.

The instinct of obedience was lost in the instinct of

ddenly a tremendous sea swept over the ship, tearing away a huge mass of its side, and the "bitts" to which the hawser was attached, and thus, in a moment, all hope of escape was gone.

Grace Weldon heard the sweep of the wave, felt her-

self suddenly wet to the skin, and knew that the Aurora was going to pieces. She was conscious of no more. Oblivion swept over her, and of what followed

had no consciou

Only long, long after—years as it seemed to her, though it was in reality but a few hours—she awoke to a faint sense of life, to a knowledge that she was lying on a bed, and that there were voices as of people

These voices were at first strange and incoherent; but by degrees she could understand what was said.
"She will live," was the first distinctly audible

"Thank God!" cried another and softer voice-that

"Poor girl!" said the first speaker; "who knows but she may have come over to meet the man whose portrait they found in her bosom?"

"Let us hope not," was the rejoinder.

"Have you seen that portrait? Did you read the name at the back of it?"

"'Tis the same as the name in the letter that was in the silk bag with it."
"Well?"

It seemed to the weakened and confused mind of the

listener an age before the reply came to this question.
When it did it was in these words:

"Tis the name of Arthur Lomax, the nurderer!"
A stilled cry burst from the lips of Grace Weldon, and then all was once more blank and confusion to her mind.

### CHAPTER XXXL

### INGENIOUS CONCLUSIONS

Ah, yes, there surely lives in mean and be Something divine to warn them of their fa And such a some when that I freezed his Said "trust him not;" hou after, who I ee To know him more, I lost fig. here him he Fought with what seemed my own mecha-Sat at his table, drank his coulty when,

On the night that Count Reserie reached his impatient friend, Imlac Garmeson, and they passed into the chamber of death together, they remained therefor some time absorbed in conversation.

The Count's interest had been aroused.

He believed he had found a class ton discovery, and that accident had thrown it into his power to turn it

his own advantage.
This made him nervously on the alert.

It also rendered him cautious.

The chamber in which the interview took plassolemn and silent as the grave to which the bycesence of which they stood was about to by

It was lit only by a lamp placed on the hearth-stone for safety, and which threw the shadows of all that the

m contained upwards. Thus it happened here, as it had happened in the bank parlour, that as the count leaned his back against er of the mantlepiece, a grotesque and m shadow of him was e ceiling over head,—a shadow that exaggerated all his movement and seemed like the mocking demon of which he the incarnation.

"I don't quite understand, my dear fellow," the ount said, coming to a point to which he had been kilfully leading, "I don't clearly see why I am skilfully leading,

Don't von ?

"Don't you?"

The banker elevated his eyebrows as with natural surprise when he put the question.

"No," was the count's reply.

"Why it is very simple," said the other. "I know how devoted you are te science, and here was such a fine opportunity for testing one of your theories that I couldn't let it slip."

1 coulant let it sup.

"So fine an opportunity that we could not let it slip," the other repeated mechanically. "Bah!"

Garmeson stared, and with no pleasant expression

on his face.
"You doubt my word?" he asked.

"Oh, no." How then ?"

"I was only thinking of a certain expression in our letter asking me to come here. I was thinking of the words 'an issue more important to me than that of life and death urges me to make this request.'

Those are strong words.
The banker coloured. Not stronger than the case demanded," he replied. "The issue is nothing less than the innocence or guilt of the young man who is charged with a capital offence. That young man is related to one of my oldest friends and clients—"

Rosario snapped his fingers and shook his head apatiently. The shadow on the ceiling repeated and

Rosario suspire impatiently. The shadow on the cenns impatiently. The shadow on the cenns are suggerated the action.

"Bah!" he exclaimed once more, "why all this dust? Do you hope to blind me? Fairly, now; have you any such expectation? Why, you know that even should my camera contact the such as you. have you any such expectation? Why, you know as well as I know, that even should my camera confirm the revelations of the Witch's Crystal, as you call it, and strengthen them to any possible extent, the results will never be admitted in a court of

justice "I have hopes," the banker began, "strong hopes

That you will be able to serve some fresh purpose of your own," said the count.
The two men looked at each other for a moment in

aile "What possible object?" Garmeson then asked.

"I will explain."
Saying this, Rosario drew a chair toward him, and dropping into it so that his arms rested on the back, he in that manner supported his chin, while gazing up at the banker, who remained standing with folded And the monstrous shadow hovering above the

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And the monstrous shadow hovering above the Italian and dodging his every movement, seemed to crouch, and leer, and listen to what followed.

"As I knew that you never take a bold step without a decided purpose," said the count," your letter puzzled me and set me thinking. For a long while my brain was in a fog. I could make nothing of it. "Here is a motive, a strong motive,' I said to myself, "but what is it? Not science. Not evidence. He cares nothing for either?" What then?' I could not answer. My sagnoity was at fault. When the mind cares nothing for either? What then?' I could not answer. My sagnoity was at fault. When the mind is empty and will yield nothing it requires feeding. That is one of my maxima. Mine was empty; I fed it. I obtained all the reports of the proceedings before the coroner in respect to Leonard Havering's death and made a careful study of them." The banker smiled.

The banker smiled.

"You had your labour for your pains?" he said.

"True, there was nothing in the food with which I tried to invigorate my mind—nothing to sets one but it did invigorate it for all that. It set me thinking with more freshness. Suddenly I had an inspiration. I had seen the face of the accused, young Lomax, once in my life, and I recalled it."

"I brought teck the features, the expression all that I could remember."
"From once seeing him?"
"Once—only once—but the circumstances were peculiar. However, we will let that pass. I recalled "Once—only once—but the circumstances were portuiner. However, we will let that pass. I recalled the face, and fixing my eyes on that I again aixed myself in detail all the questions I had before asked. No answer. Nothing in the face I had succeeded in recalling helped me to solve the problem, why you should so earnestly desire to have the image of it, as painted on the eye of the dead, photographed for year inspection."

"Surely a very matural desire on the part of a faced the family of the accused?" the banker said:

"Very natural." answered the wily Italian, "in men of a certain stamp of character; but you are not of that stamp. Knowing this I was obliged to lock of that stamp. Knowing this I was obliged to lock

of that stamp. Knowing this I was obliged to look further afield for my answer. At last it came." Do you mean-

" Pray listen. At last, I say, the answer Suddenly, as I have told you, I had recalled the face of the man accused of this murder, whom I had one seen. As suddenly I recalled a second face, which I had also seen once, and once only."

The banker looked incredulous, then burst into a sharp, short laugh.

sharp, short laugh.
"Oh, you recalled two faces, did you?" he asked.
"And what then? How did they help you?"
"By a peculiarity," replied Rosario, slowly, "which had never struck me before."
"And this peculiarity was common to both?"

"Everything was common to both—that was the peculiarity."

peculiarity.

He paused.

"Need I go on?" he then added.

"Certainly," said Garmeson, "You have established the wonderful fact—if it is a fact—of a resemblance between two persons, both of whom you have som once in your lifetime. What then?"

"I will tell you. You shall, if you like, hear the process by which I arrued the thing out to my own instantian. I said. 'Here are two persons; there is satisfaction. I said, 'Here are two persons; there is a strong likeness between them. One of them is accused of this murder. That one our friend Garmeson has a friendly object in saving. Having that friendly object, and wishing to oblige the family, he goes down to where the court is sitting, and hears a remarkable revelation. He hears—for the fact came out in spin of the coroner—that the face of the murderer rem of the coroner—that the face of the murderer remains imprinted on the retins of the eye of his victim. Now, that face was before him; the man stood there in open that face was before him; the man stood there in open court, and as he stood there, it was almost impossible for our friend Garmeson to fail in recognizing the likeness between the face he was looking at, and another which we will suppose to be familiar to him. I repeat—which we will suppose to be familiar to him.

Garmeson made an impatient movement of his right

"Do you follow me?" asked the smiling Italian. "Yes, yes; you think one face reminded me, as it had reminded you, of another?"

But I reasoned the thing out a little "Clearly so. But I reasoned the thing out a little further. I said, 'While Garmeson has a frieudly interest in saving the man before him, it is possible—it is just possible—that it might be of moment to him to secure the conviction of the man not before him, but of whom he is necessarily strongly reminded."

18 But the save the save to lead you to suppose this?

But what was there to lead you to suppose this?"

"But what was there to lead you to suppose saked the banker, uneasily.
"Your letter," was the prompt answer; "and se how naturally. I had once talked with you respecting this strange revelation of photography—this revelation as to the eyes of the dead. What you heard in contravived that conversation. It must have done as. Thinking it over, and also thinking over the resen-

blance between the two men, this brilliant idea struck blance between the two men, this brilliant idea struck
pus—II I can get a picture, a necessarily clouded and
inperfect picture of the accused, and show that it is an
egal likeness of another man bearing a strong resemblance to the accused, I shall weaken the force of the
mendual evidence against young Lomax, whom I
would save, and excite sus; icion against the man I
would save, and excite sus; icion against the man I

would destroy."
"Upon my word!" exclaimed Garmeson, "a most ignious idea! But you forget, count, that all but the spernatural evidence, as you call it, points direct at Arthur Lomax, and that it is in itself strong sough to hang him."
"Yes, unless it should happen to be stronger against gemelody else," was the count's reply.
But Garmeson scarcely heeded it.
No was thicking.

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in court lone so.

But Garmeson scarcely heeded it.
He was thinking.
He was revolving in his mind how far it might be
all to trust this Italian; and, again, how far it was
likely that he should have his confidence forced out of him against his will.

him against his will.

None of us like to have our thoughts read, or our motive traced out by the respective of others. A man's mind is sucred to himself, and it is like desecration when even a friend throats himself, uninvited, into its sereis. Garmeson could but admit the count's adroit-

nind is sacred to himself, and it is like desceration when even a friend thrusts himself, uninvitod, into its series. Garmeson could but admit the count's adroitment in arguing himself into what was the real truth set his motives in the matter of this death-photograph. But he none the less resented it. He resented is a gross liberty, and still more because he felt that it was stroke of art beyond his own capacity, and that the man who was capable of it was sure to have the advantage of him in the long run.

The more he thought it over, the more difficult he land it to know how to act.
One point, however, seemed clear Rosario was slap enough to have gathered that his version of what had happened was pretty near the truth. It was utless, therefore, to deny it, especially as there was no other version to be offered, and the wiser course seemed to be to make a merit of necessity. So he restred to flatter the count by admitting that his sagadity was not at fault, and to tell him as little more than lab ad already discovered as was practicable.

Coming to this resolve, he held out his hand with well assumed frankness and cordiality.

"My dear count," he said, "you are a genius."

"What! I am right in my surmises?"

"Precisely. I waited to see how far your ingenuity wald carry you. I gave you no encouragement—not was shirt to assist you by the way, and I confess you have astonished me. The fact is precisely as you is but I have my suspicions of a man you so well dearine as the double of young Arthur Lomax; the object in which you hardly do me justice is in saying that I have sufficient heart to bestir myself in swing an innocent man, and in supposing that I must lave aprivate motive for what I am doing."

"Unfortunately," said the count, with perfect polices of manner, "that supposition formed the gowndwork of my argument. I reasoned from that le-what you have admitted to be the truth. However, we understand each other, do we not?"

"To the uttruct certain."

"Perfectly."

"And can trust in one another?"

"To the utmost extent."

"Good. Then I have only to rest satisfied that, at the proper time and when it becomes of importance, I shall be honoured with your confidence in this satter. Good night, my friend, good night!"

And with a sinister smile he took himself and his challenged.

dow off.

All the remainder of that night Imlac Garn

All the remainder of that night Imlac Garmeson met in a nervous and excited state. The count had this bim by surprise. He had wormed out a secret which the banker had intended to have used his discretion about imparting, and then to have given it asytum that might best serve his purpose. This was annoying, but this was not all. He could not quite trust the count's statement as to be ingenious manner in which he had found his find out. As Garmeson looked back, he remembered security mysterious disappearance on the night when its stanger compelled him to eash the second forged deek bearing Leonard Havering's name. Now, he said himself, which was most likely, that the count shell, as he pretended, have argued up to the existence of a man who was the double of Arthur Lomax, or that he should have seen him in the bank-parlour that high?

Clearly the probability was that he had seen him

"And if he was concealed so as to have been in a position to see, he might have been in a position to see, he might have been in a position to

80 the banker put it to himself, and his coolness knook him as he did so. Great drops of perspiration

and out upon his brow.

"At all events, I have done well to make a show of shifting him to my confidence so far," he decided.

"Earen knows what he may have heard! But it

must be safer not to anger him by attempting to with-hold what he must eventually discover. Would that we had never met!"

Hardly had the ejaculation escaped his lips before there was a rap at the room door, and Count Rosario

stole in.

The count had been up since daylight: with Frank's assistance the experiment he had come down to make had been completed.

He now appeared with the results.

"See," he said, producing a mahogany case containing several glass slides; "we have achieved a perfect success."

"Indeed!"

"Indees!"
The banker took up a slide on which was a filmy impression, and held it against a sheet of paper handed him for the purpose. It was the negative of a photographic portrait greatly enlarged, and on minute examination it was possible to detect the

Garmeson looked at it, long and fixedly.

"These are the features of Arthur Lomax!" he said.

"But there is the impress of age upon them, of far greater age than he has attained."

"Clearly."

"That was, if you remember, the peculiarity of the revelation of the Witch's Crystal, as deposed to before

revelation of the Witch's Crystal, as deposed to before the coroner."

"True. It was that which struck you in listening to the evidence."

"Exactly. This, therefore, is a real appearance. The look of age belongs to the original, and does not arise from any imperfection in the portrait?"

"That is open to question," replied Rosario; "but my impression is that, as you say, the age belongs to the original. There are, besides, one or two other points about the portrait, which lead me to suppose that it is not that of the accused. Observe closely the left cyclrow."

Garmeson obeyed.

Garneson obeyed.

"Do you not perceive," said the count, "that there is a cleft in it, such as would result from a sword-cut

"It is very observable," said the banker.
"It is very observable," said the banker.
"Look again," rejoined Rosario. "There is a falling in of the upper lip, as if from the loss of two or

"There is."

"Good. These are points on which we must rely in seeking the original of our portrait. Now, has young Lomax the scar of a wound across his brow, and has he lost one or more of his front teeth?"

"No," said Garmesen. "I think I may answer distinctly—no."

"In that case we must look further for our original. We must look to the man of whom you were reminded at the examination before the coroner, the man against whom, according to my theory, your suspicions are directed. Now, has he these peculiarities?"

ties?"

The banker shrugged his shoulders.

"That remains to be seen," he replied.

"It does," said his companion, "and without loss of time. And here, my dear friend, in return for your confidence, I am able to render you an essential service. In a word, this suspected individual—this man who is the double of our young friend, and who may turn out to be the guilty party, is at the present moment—shall I say my guest? Well, yes—my guest!" guest !"

guest!"

The effect of the announcement on the man to whom it was made was electrical.

"Your guest?" he gasped.

"Yes, and but for me, you would have conducted this experiment in vain. He would have quitted the country, and, insocent or guilty, would have placed himself beyond your power."

"But what induced you to take this step?" said

"Was it not the natural consequence of my chain of reasoning?" the other asked. "My mind was full of the conclusion I had come to. I had decided that Arthur Lomax had a 'double,' whom I've told you I long ago met; and was it strange that I did not hesitate when an accident yesterday stretched him sense-less at my feet, and compelled me to play the good Samaritan by him?"

The banker heaved a sigh of relief.
"Long ago!" he muttered. "Then he did not play the spy in the hank-parlour," he thought.
The count, with his seal's eyes fixed on his companion's face, might have read that thought, and it might have given rise to the smile which puckered his sallow and sinister face; but he said nothing to lead to that conclusion.
It was the banker who, grasping his hand with unnecessary ardour, said:

necessary ardour, said:

"And you have this man in safe custody?"

"Safe as the bank."

Unable to conceal his astonishment, Imlac Garmeson plied his friend with questions, which elicited just as much as the other cared to reveal, and no more. On his part, Imlac admitted that he had a strong, a very strong reason for wishing to bring home the crime recently committed to its real perpetrator, and those reasons he promised some day to explain, adding, by way of apology for the delay, that any revelation made at present would compromise others, which would, of course, be unpardenable. The count echoed "of course," and suffered the matter to drop.

That evening they returned to town together.

#### CHAPTER XXXII

FOR ARTHUR'S SAKE.

Fled! Like a thief under night's cover fled! This must be looked to, there is more in this Than challenges the eye. Treachery's here, And peril, threatening peril. Octovian

On reaching London, the Count Rosario and his friend the banker made direct for Poulter's Rents. At every step, Garmeson seemed to grow more and

more sarious.

"And but for you," he said, grasping the country!"

His companion returned the grasp with southern

warmth.

warrath.

"But for the accident of your meeting him as you did, and your sagacity in turning that accident to account poor Arthur might have to pay the penalty of another's crime!"

"Just so. If it is another's."

"How do you mean?"

"Simply that we are rushing to conclusions. The portrait I have in my portfolio is not conclusive enough to settle the point. It is not evidence, and we can only use it as a clue to the truth. Remember that."

that."

"At all events," said Garmeson, "it is most desirable that we should satisfy ourselves of the safety of your—your guest, for Arthur's sake,"

"For Arthur's sake—exactly."

There was a sharp glance of the Italian's eye and a curl of his upper lip as he half-mockingly repeated his companion's words, which that astute person noted with some perturbation. But before he had time to give much thought to it, his companion submitted a cuastion of some moment.

with some perturbation. But before he had time to give much thought to it, his companion submitted a question of some moment.

"Before we go further," the count said, "let us decide what our plan of action is to be. Let us look at this man's position. If he has come to his senses yet, which I rather doubt, seeing who his nurse is,"—he drew out the rat-points of his moustache as he spoke, and grinned horribly,—"if he has, all that he kxows is that he has met with an accident, and that a good Samaritan has had him conveyed to a place of safety He does not know me, or my relations with you, and has no suspicion of the discovery we have just made. This state of things I think had best go on. Cooter is safe, and with the aid of a doctor, a friend of mine he will be able to keep him a prisoner until we have traced out such facts as will justify us in taking proceedings against him. Till then, you had best keep in the background."

Garmeson assented.

the background."
Garmeson assented.
"That had best be my place throughout," he said,
with a significant look.
"For Arthur's sake?" asked the count, with a malfclous grin and a straightening of his moustache

points

points.

"Yes."

As the banker gave this reluctant reply they arrived at the corner of the street in which the Poulter's Arms was situated, and it was arranged that while the count went there, his friend should wait for him in the coffee-room of a deserted hotel in an adjoining square. On this understanding they separated.

The coffee-room was a big, cheerless place, with an acre of worn carpet, dotted here and there with rick-stiy tables and spindle-legged chairs. A lean cat approached with long, languid strides, as if weary of that interminable acre of Brussels, as Garmeson entered. With this exception the place was empty. Rather glad of it than not, he orderd a glass of sherry of a mouldy waiter—who had yawned his face into premature wrinkles, and mechanically took up the morning paper, which appeared to be provided solely for the sake of the mouldy attendant in question, and probably to save him from going wearily mad.

The paper, like the place, was dreary enough. The money-market and City intelligence columns were flat and stale even to the banker; and his eyes wandered listlessly up and down the broad sheet until, at length, he found himself mechanically reading a paragraph in which he was not at all interested.

It was headed "Loss of the Aurora, and cared nothing for her passengers, it was little to him that she had been driven ashore, had struck and gone to pieces.

and that those on board had been providentially saved, with several exceptions. Still he read it all through, with a pre-occupied mind, and found himself deep in the list of those saved and those who had

greep in the his of those saved and those who had perished.

""Fortunately saved," he muttered to himself, unconsciously. "I dare say. No one I know. Higson, Smollett, Bowdidge—hallo! Whose this? Grace Weldon! Why, Squire Weldon's girl was called Grace! And, let's see, this Aurora is from—Canada. That's weidon: why, squire weidon sgiri was saled drace: And, let's see, this Aurora is from—Canada. That's it! The very girl young Lomax was engaged to when they were children, before Weldon left the country. Poor wretch! What a shock, if she cares a straw for him now, to find where he is, and what he's charged with! By the way, if his girl's here, the old man should be here

should be here."

He looked through the list to the end.
"Ne," he said, shaking his head. "Not there.
Then he must be among the missing, another name for the dead in such a case. No. Ha! What's this? what's this?

His indifference

He clutched at the paper fiercely, and held it at arm's length so as to bring it within a right focus, as men of his age are apt to do; then, not satisfied, he

hastily sought out his gold eye-glass, and adjusted it.

"Harriet Wornum!" he read, very slowly. "Tha
was the name she assumed. I remember it well. traced her to Liverpool in that name; and in that she took her passage to America. So, while I was straining every nerve to make all safe, she was crossing the water, coming unawares upon me, and threatening me water, coming unawares upon me, and threatenin with exposure and infamy. And she is dead! eaven, what an escape!" His face was livid, and drops of cold dew glistened

on his broy

"But is she dead?" he asked himself, after a moment's pause.

The question utterly confounded him.

"Harriet Wornum, missing—that is clear enough And what does missing mean but that she lies at the bottom of the sea? In such a case people must either be saved or must have perished. There's no middle course. Beyond all question she is dead.

The reasoning was so far satisfactory that the alarm to which the banker had yielded himself up slowly passed away, and was, in time succeeded by a very different feeling.

Dismay gave place to exultation. Terror subsided into satisfaction.

o satisfaction. "Strange that this should come to my knowledge at "Strange that this should come to my knowledge at this moment," he reflected, his eyes brightening, and his sallow cheek flushing. "But surely it is matter for-rejoicing, not of alarm. For years this weman's existence has been the nightmare of my life. It has cramped my movements and stood in the way of all my plans. Now, more than ever it would be fraught with danger, and now, by this providential stroke, I am set free! My existence is no longer haunted by a adow, dark and threatening, and always present in agination, if not in reality."

imagination, if not in reality."

He paused for a second or two with a satisfied smile, then rubbing his hands, exclaimed:

"At last all grows bright and smooth! Harriet dead—my revenge gratified—my vampire of an enemy in my power—what more can I desire? Either the in my power—what more can I desire? Either the vampire's conviction for this murder, which will cause a scandal I would rather avoid, or his expulsion from the country. One or the other. Yes; I must secure one or the other—and then!"

His cogitations were interrupted by the abrupt re-

turn of Count Rosario.

turn of Count Rosario.

There was a scowl on the Italian's sinister face, and he threw his hat down flercely on one of the tables

and the threw man act down hereby on the states as is came in.

Close behind him appeared the visage of the man Cooter, who, having slunk in, did not venture beyond the mat at the door, on which he kept mechanically wiping one foot after another.

Garmeson gazed at them in alarm.

"Something has happened?" he asked.
"Happened?" echoed Rosario. "I should think it ad. Our man's got off."

" Gone " Vanished. The fellow must be cute as a weasel,

slippery as an eel.
"He's both "Ho's both that, beggin' yer pardon, gents," interposed Cooter, making an obeisance, with his cap in his hand; "he's the cunningest varmint I ever set

eyes on The banker regarded the fellow with an angry

100k.
"You trusted this man, count," he said, bitterly,
"and you are angry because he has sold you. He has
"sneak' written in his eyes, "villain' in every line in his
face. You forgot that the man you entrusted to his
care had money, and knew how to use it."
Before the count could reply, Cooter started off in his

own defence.

"Money or no money, gents both," he said, "I see none of it. That I'll take my oath on. What I've said

and what I'll repeat is the truth, and the whole truth. This gent, and me and the landlord—which his name is Craft—comes into the Arms, onsensible. We puts him into the room, looking into the Rents, as the count he knows it well. Onsensible he was, and onsensible went on bein', so far as me and the doctor—which -which I fetched the count's own doctor—could make out. I watched him all the evenin' and half the night, and Graft he had a turn when the bar was closed, and we both set ready to give the stuff the doctor sent for keepin' him snug, as was the count's wish, till I heerd from him. Well, gents, so it was, and so it would have gone on, all right, if so be as I hadn't—oh, I'll confess it, right and square enough—if I hadn't dropped into a doze. The moment as I dropped into a doze of the dropped into a doze fess it, right and square enough into a doze by into a doze. The moment as I dropped into a doze by the bedside, leastways it only seemed a moment to me, I heerd the winder flap to, and when I starts up, what do I see? I see the bed empty, the gent's togs gone, likewise his portmanter and his 'at-box. He'd got' em all, and had hooked it, clean as a whistle. We searched, you may be sure, searched the Reuts over, quiet like, not wishin' to make a rumpus; but twarn't o' no manner o' use. He were off, and we was done brown. And that's the size of it."

Garmeson was still incredulous.

Garmeson was still incredulous.
What should have induced him to feign a continuation of his insensibility, and to escape from those he would naturally suppose to be friends?"

Conter shook his he

That's where it is," he said. Confound it, yes," said the banker, with petulance; but can't you form an idea?"
The fellow hesitated, his brazen look faded away,

and he hung his head.

Rosario's eyes were upon him. He remembered what had occurred when this man looked into the brougham as it drew up at the Poul-ter's Arms. He remembered his start and exclamation, and the unsatisfactory reason he assigned for it. tion, and the unsatisfactory reason he assigned for it. He had suspected collusion between these men then: he felt certain of it now, and, suddenly darting for-ward, he seized the astonished Cooter by the shirt-front, and drugged him to his knees at Carmeson's feet

"You scoundrel!" he said, "you have betrayed us!
You are in the secret of this man's disappearance, and
I'll have it out of you, or I'll have your life! Come,
how was it? He bribed you?"

"He threatened you?" N-no.

"What then ?"

"Why, if it must out, gents both," faltered the bully, "we'd met afore under peccoliar circumstances, and I'm afeared he know'd me ag'in, and thought I'd split upon him. You had met-where 2" asked Garmeson

"Well, if I must out with it, why, it was at Canter-

It was-At the scene of the murder?" cried the excited banker.

Conter nodded assent

With an impatient action the banker threw the confederate on one side, and seizing Rosario's arm, drew him toward the door.

We are on the right track," he said. "The man we suspect was on the spot. This fellow confirms it.
'Tis his portrait, and not the younger man's I have
in my pocket. Come, this man must be found. At in my po any cost, he must be prevented leaving the "For Arthur's sake?" the count sneered.

"For your sake, if you like," returned the other, flushed and impatient, "only come along."

And they passed out into the street.

### CHAPTER XXXIIL

SEEKING EMPLOYMENT.

Ob, desperate weman hence thy footsteps bend: When will thy trial—when thy sufferings end? Idylls of the Night.

It was easy to propose to go; but the direction to be taken was a question involving more difficulty. Imlac Garmeson's impatience confirmed all the Count Rosario's suspicions; but the latter was, of course, ignorant of the facts which had come to his friend's knowledge at the hotel—the facts respecting the wreck of the Aurora, the saving of Grace Weldon, and, most important of all to the banker, the loss of her maid. Harriet Western. her maid. Harriet Wornum.

The latter circumstance, trivial as it may appear was the clue to a nervous trepidation of manner which Rosario perceived in his friend, but for which

he was hardly prepared.

When they were in the street, and had noticed that Cooter, who followed them out, had slunk off to his quarters, they began to consider what immediate steps should be taken in the way of following up the man who had so adroitly given them the slip.

Would he follow his original route, or take a fresh were in the street, and had noticed that

one? Would he go down to Folkestone and cross over to the French coast, as he had intended, or start off in some fresh direction?

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This was the main point to consider.
Rosario's subtle intellect settled it at once.
"He will go as he intended," he said.

"Why?"

"Because, supposing his suspicions to have been aroused, as we suspect, he will say to himself, 'It will naturally be supposed that I have started in a fresh direction. I have only to take my known course, and I shall put my pursuers off the scent.'"

"There is something in that," the banker admitted.
"My dear fellow," said his companion, "the most cunning men are always those most easily seen through. A simple fellow will elude pursuit, just because he will take none of the steps which the more knowing thinks he is sure to do. The cunning knowing thinks he is sure to do. The cunning knowing thinks he is sure to do. because he will take none of the steps which the more knowing thinks he is sure to do. The cunning knave, always underrating the intelligence of others, falls into the very trap set for him, because he thinks no one will have the brains to set them. Here is a case in point. The first impulse of a simple mind would be to make off in a fresh direction. But, unless I am mistaken, this man will think to escape by taking advantage of our simplicity. He is mistaken. We shall follow and we shall overtake him."

"Very good," said the banker, then he paused a moment. "And supposing us to have overtaken—

what then?

"Then?"

"Yes. Whatever my moral conviction of the guilt of this man, we have only two points to base it upon.

One is the revelation of the dead man, which is open
to question, the other the admission of the scoundry we have just left, that the man was near the spof at the time of the murder. And this latter fact tells as strongly against Cooter himself. Now it is impossible to acrest a man on these grounds."

Clearly. "What is to be done then?"

The count turned his large, full eyes full upon the

inquirer's face.

"Are these all the facts within your knowledge connecting this man with this deed?" he asked, significantly

I give you my assurance

"And I give you mine," was the reply, "that I do not credit that assertion. No, no! There is no occasion for angry looks or words between us. I want your confider If you decline to give it, well and I shall still offer you my services—for Arthurs
"he added, with a bitter laugh.

The banker meditated an augry retort ; but he only

said .

'Some day you will know me better.'

And the count thought: "Some day you will pay dearly both for what on have confided, and what you withhold from me." But this he kept to himself.

In place of stating it, he proposed to undertake the difficult task of hunting up the man of whom they were in pursuit, arguing plausibly enough, that as he was unknown to the person in question, his chances of finding him would be infinitely greater than if Garmason attempted the same thing. How to deal with him when he was found, the count proposed to leave an open question to be decided according to cir-How to deal

cumstances.

With this understanding the friends parted.
Confident as the Count Rosario had expressed himself as to the suspected stranger's movements, it equired some little tact to follow him up satisfactorily.
The man had the start, and might by that time lare reached the French capital, if that was his destination. On the other hand, he might not have quitted

These were points to be ascertained-and how? Such description as the count could give scarcely amounted to any description at all. So many mea quit the London Bridge terminus for Paris, sie Folkestone with a portmanteau and a lat-box, and with their throats enveloped in red shawls as wrap-

And beyond these items of description, there to mark out this particular man? The count could remember only two peculiarities. One was that the luggage bore the name of Captain Harcourt—a name, in all probability, now replaced by another. The other was, that from the blow of the carriago-lamp, which had fetched blood, a scar had in all prolamp, was

ability resulted.

It came to this, therefore, that a man with a scar, a large of the scar, a man with a scar, a large of the scar, a l portmanteau, a hat-box, and a red wrapper, the description he had to offer.

the description he had to offer.

This he did offer to a variety of people with whom he had a mysterious acquaintance. He whispered it in the ear of a purple-faced individual who leaned all day against the parapet of London Bridge, taking account of the busses which passed, in a little book prepared for the purpose. He communicated it to the tout " of a photographic studio, whose business was

importane the passengers to "ave a c'rect likeness is the small charge of six ponce!" A vendor of saking-sticks, a woman selling-evening papers, several quisty porters, a seedy foreigner leisurely taking the sife the Borough, a City-policeman, an ancient waters, were all questioned in turn, in a low voice and sill tritive giances, and were all duly warned and selved to keep a sharp look-out. Then he proceeded none legitimate authorities, such as booking-clerks, teletakers, guards, and so forth, among whom he isd a wide acquaintance, having inspired them with de idea that he was "a jolly dog for a foreigner," as the result was a conviction that the so called Capain Harcourt had not as yet started on his contempled journey to Folkestone.

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. We sin Harcourt had not as yet started on his contem-plet journey to Folkestone.

To most of the people with whom he had spoken, the count had added as an instruction, that in the cent of the person he described appearing on the cest, the fact should instantly be telegraphed to the cest, to an address with which all appeared fami-

is.

"And now," said the count, re-crossing the bridge, rith a self-satisfied air, "I will myself telegraph to set friends at Folkestone to look out and be in readisate follow the dear captain should he appear a mong ham and then his doom will be sealed in that quarter, ad I shall be at liberty to turn my attention to the

ther outlets from town."

For reasons of his own, he directed his steps to a For reasons of his own, he directed his steps to a signaph station, in a quite street, prefering that to a office at the terminus. On entering it looks of iselligence passed between him and the clerk in steedance. In spite of the disparity in their positions they appeared to be familiar.

It was a small office with a small room behind it, samed by ground glass windows.

The iffence of the place was broken only by the statement of the clerk handed the count a paper with a printed heading—with an illustration showing neals clutching at a lightning flash in its centre—incher that he might write down the message he visibel to send.

rished to send.

Rosario balanced himself on one leg of a high stool

ad wrote.
To the click of the needles was added the scratching dispenses it travelled over the paper.
From the silence which prevailed in the outer office, shappened that what was passing in the sanctuary broad the ground glass windows was audible to sale and listening ears. Such were the ears of the fund Resario. And as he wrote two processes went an his mind. He shaped the message he designed to sad, and he paid careful attention to what was make within earshot. At first he did so from mere make which earshot. At first he did so from mere that He was always on the alert—always prying, staing, thrusting himself into the affairs of others, we ship information with which to forward his Perhaps those among his friends who had natured to hint in whispers, or behind his back, that retured to hint in whispers, or behind his back, that is helgained his position by, early in life, acting as a lasias spy, were not far wrong. However that might is head the instincts and the habits of the spy; and le wa unconsciously exercising these as he listened awat was passing in the inner office. Two persons were conversing there. The subdued voice of a man, who seemed to be ming or examining a book as he spoke, could be singuished; and lower and fainter still, there was favice of a woman.

la wice of a woman.

They were only talking over a simple matter of busisar; but the woman's voice imparted interest to it.

The wice was pleading and tearful. This was what
int stincted the listener's special attention.

You would never regret it, "he heard the woman

sp. "I promise that, oh, most solemnly!"

But I repeat," was the reply of the deeper voice,

"sapplication is irregular. It should be made to the
interest of a spileants on the list. Female labour is so

looking—and so chean."

sus of applicants on the list. Female labour is so the so the sound and a so cheap."

The woman sighed pitcously.

"It is indeed!" she said, "I have tried—but I will last touble you with my disappointments. When I last that women were employed in the telegraph size, I thought there might be some chance for one, at ladly educated and willing to work. I was ignomaled the way in which such work was to be obtained. Hought that by application here I might be fortunite mough......"

site songh—"
"Will you excuse me," the other interrupted, "if I
"salars to express some surprise that one of your posize in society, a lady by birth and education I should
myose, should be seeking this indifferent means of
indinood. The work is trying and the remunenion small: but pardon me, I see, I pain you by
the remarks. You desire this employment, that is
sacga."

"Grounstances of a painful nature compel me to makit" the woman returned in a faint voice, "and I be deply grateful for your sympathy and advice. I

had hoped—but no matter. Your answer shows me that I must seek occupation in some other form."
"You may have influence——" the other began.
"No," was the prompt response. "None that I can

exert."
"Excuse me. From your appearance and manner I thought it likely that you had friends—"
"No. I am alone."
"You could not even give a reference then?"
The question seemed to startle the woman as if a new light had broken in upox her.
"That would be necessary?" she asked, timidly.

"Certainly."
"It would not be enough that I performed my

"No. Oh, no. Without a reference you could not come here, and I'm afraid you will have some diffi-culty in getting employment anywhere."

It was the only answer; but it was inexpressibly

Tears cheked the words and almost stifled the voice in which the speaker added: "I am deeply indebted to you for your kindness and advice. Good

indebted to you for your kindness and advice. Good morning."
The official returned the "good morning" in a kindly tone. Then the doer of the inner office opened and a female form appeared. Count Rosario, who had finished his message, but who appeared to be pondering over it, raised his eyes. He save a tall, elegant form, fashionably but quietly attired: he noticed also that the face was hidden beneath a veil.

But during the interview the count had repeatedly said to himself, "I know the woman's voice," and now, in spite of the veil he decided, "I know the woman." As in the voice, so in the form and bearing, there was something that appealed to his memory, and yet he was at fault. In the same instant that he thought "I know her," he asked himself "who is she?"

ane r."

A mere accident helped him to answer the question.

The closing of the door after the woman shut in her dress. She at once stopped to extricate it and her veil fell forward, and revealed her face.

Rosario saw it.

Rosario saw it.

"By all that's wonderful!" he meutally ejaculated.

"Ada Lomax—Garmeson's wife!"

He was mistaken; but the mistake was a natural one. The likeness between his twin sisters Ada and Constance Lomax has been pointed out, and the count was by no means the first person who had mistaken the one for the other. He had been introduced to Ada at Lady Severn's, and had no question; but that it was she who was before him, and who had just applied for employment as a female telegraph clerk.

In reality, it was the hapless Constance who thus sought an honest, though an humble, means of subsistance.

Unable to comprehend in a moment what could have brought about this state of things, Rosario

jumped to a conclusion:

"Garmeson has forced her to this match. She has revolted, and leth him," he decided. "How fortunate that I should happen, as his friend, to have made this discovery."

this discovery."

Quite unconscious of what was passing in the count's mind, Constance came into the front office, and approached him without looking up.

He took a step forward, met her, and raised his

"I have had the honour, I think—" he began. She looked at him like a startled bird, and recoiled

step or two.

"No," she interrupted; "you are mistaken."

"I think not," replied the Italian. "I rarely forest a face, and in your case it would be an impossi-

"It is nevertheless true."

"It is nevertheless true."

Mistrusting the sinister features thrust towards her, the poor girl would have hurried past, but Rosario rendered that impossible.

"Will you allow me to refresh your memory?" he persisted, with that fluent ease under cover of which foreigners say the most insolent things without offending. "You can hardly have forgotten the eventure at Tada Severies whop."

offending. "You can hardly have forgotten the even-ing at Lady Severn's, when...""
Constance crimsoned at the familiar name; but, nevertheless, summoned courage to interrupt once

"Excuse me," she said, "you are simply mis-

"Excuse me," she said, "you are simply mistaken. I am a very humble person seeking employment here, and, therefore, what you speak of is out of the question. Pray, permit me to pass."

"By all means," said Rosario, moving but only as to obstruct her path still more. "And pray accept my apologies. I crave a thousand pardons for presuming on what is clearly a likeness—a strong, a remarkable likeness, I may say, Am I forgiven?"

"Oh, yes," said Constance eagerly.

"In that case," was the audacious reply, "I must add a word at the risk of again offending. You spoke

of employment. You come here to seek it. You have been successful? No? I see. You consider me impertinent? Yet I give you my solemn assurance that I am actuated by the most disinterested motives. In a word,

if you had not been successful here—"
"I have not," Constance indiscreetly answered.
"In that case, I can, if you will allow me, assist

"In that case, I can, if you will allow me, assist you in obtaining what I presume you require, light and well remunerated employment?"

"Thank you," replied Constance, "but——"

"You will, perhaps, favour me with your address?"
She hesitated. To comply was out of the question, but she sought an excuse for refusing.
"I see, I am asking too much," said the Italian, in a tone which implied that he should nevertheless get what he asked. "It will be better if I give you mine."

mine."

He took a blank card from his case and dropping the "Count," wrote on it, "M. Rosario," and an address.

Constance hurriedly thanked him, and thrusting the card into her muff, tottered, rather than walked, from the office. Something in the face and manner of this man filled her with vague alarm. She distrusted him, nay, she feared him, and her heart throbbed violently as fear wheat through streat effects extent will be obline the content of the as she rushed through street after street, still looking timidly behind her, still fearful of being watched or pursued.

(To be continued)

### EARLY HISTORY OF MAN.

THE explorations (says Mr. Tylor) made with such eminent skill and success in the caverns of M. Perigord by Mr. Lartet and Christy, bring into view a wonder-fully distinct picture of rude tribes inhabiting the south of France, at a remote period characterized by a fauna strangely different from that at present belonging to the district, the reindeer, the auroche, the chamois, and so forth. They seem to have been hunters and fishers, having no domesticated animals, not even the dog; but they made themselves rude ornaments, they sewed with needles with eyes, and they decorated their works in bone, not only with latched and waved patterns, but with carvings of animals done with considerable skill and taste. Yet their stone implements were very but with carvings of animals done with consequences skill and taste. Yet their stone implements were very rude, to a great extent belonging to absolute Drift types, and destitute of grinding, with one curious set of exceptions, certain granuite pebbles with a smooth hollowed cavity, some of which resemble stones used by Australians for grinding something in, perhaps paint to adorn themselves with. It is very curious to find these French tribes going so far in the art of shaping tools by grinding, and yet, so far as we know, never catching the idea of grinding a celt.

Contrasting with the isolation of the stick-and-groove in a single district, the geographical range of the simple fire-drill is immense. Its use among the Australians forms one of the characters which distinguish their culture from that of the Polynesians; while it appears again among the Malays in Sumatra and the Carolines. It was found by Cook in Unalashka, and by the Russians in Kamchatka; where, for many years, flint and steel could not drive it out of use among the natives, who went on carrying every man his fire-sticks. There is reason to suppose that it prevailed in India before the Aryans invaded their country, bringing with them an improved apparatus, for at this day it is used by the wild Veddans of Ceylon, a race so capable of resisting foreign innovation that they have not learnt to smoke tobacco. It prevails, or has done so within modern times, through great part of South Africa, and it was in use among the Guanches of the Canary Islands in the seventeenth century. In North America it is described among Esquimaux and India nribes. It was in use in Mexico. It was also in use in Central America, in the West Indies, and in South America, down as far as the Straits of Magellan. Contrasting with the isolation of the stick-and-groove

The art of cooking (says he) is as universal as fire itself among the human race; but there are found, even among savages, several different processes that come under the general term, and a view of the distribution of these processes over the world may throw some light on the early development of human culture. Roasting or broiling by direct exposure to the fire seems the one method universally known to mankind, but the use of some kind of oven is also very general.

general.

The Andaman Islanders keep fire continually smouldering in hollow trees, so that they have only to clear away the ashes at any time to cook their little pigs and fish.

In Africa, the natives take possession of a great ant-hill, destroy the ants, and clear out the inside, leaving only the clay walls standing, which they make red hot with a fire, so as to bake joints of rhinocerous within. But these are unusual expedients, and a much commoner form of savage oven is a mere not in the ground.

pit in the ground.

In the most elaborate kind of this cooking in under-

ground ovens, hot stones are put in with the food, as ground overs, not stones are put in with the root, as in the familiar South-Sea Island practice, which is too well known to need description. The Malagasy plan seems to be the same, but the Polynesians and their connexions have by no means a monopoly of the art, which is practised with little or no difference in other parts of the world.

The Guanches of the Canary Islands buried meat

in a hole in the ground, and lighted a fire over it, and similar practice is still sometimes found in the island Sardinia, while among the Beduins, and in places in North and South America, the process comes even closer to that used in the South Seas.

A native who was breakfasting on board the Dolphin saw the tea-pot filled from the urn, and presently turned the cock again and put his hand underneath, with such effects as may be imagined.

with such effects as may be imagined.

Captain Wallis, knowing that the natives had no earthern vessels, and that boiling in a pot over a fre was a novelty to them, and putting all these things together in telling the story, interpreted the howls of the scalded native as he danced about the cabin, and the astonishment of the rest of the visitors, as proving that the Tabitians, "having no vessel in which water could be subjected to the action of fire, . . . had no more idea that it could be made hot than it could be made solid."—Researches into the Errich History of be made solid."—Researches into the Early History of Mankind and the Development of Civilization. By Edward Burnet Tyler.

THE OLD COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.-In compara-THE OLD COLLEGE OF FHYSICIANS.—In compara-tively recent times no building in Warwick-lane was so remarkable as the College of Physicians. The col-lege was founded in 1518, by Dr. Linaere, the physi-cian of Henry VII. and VIII., who resided in Knight-rider-street, and there frequently entertained his friends Frasmus, Latimer, and Sir Thomas More. He was the first president of the college, and the members met at his house, which he left to them by will. They re-moved from thence to Amen Corner, where Dr. Har-vey lectured on the circulation; and built in the colege garden a museum, upon the site of the present tationers' Hall. These being destroyed in the Great Fire. Wren built them a new college in Warwick-lane Fire, Wren built them a new college in Warwick-lane, opened in 1689. It was a fine building having a grand entrance porch, and being surmounted by a dome. The structure was octangular. The theatre was admirable for seeing and hearing; the anotomical demonstrations were made on a table in the centre. monstrations were made on There was a lofty ball, with a magnificent sta a dining room, with a most elaborately carved ceiling; and a carved oak chimney and gallery. In the court-yard was erected a statue of Charles II. The Fellows yard was erected a statue of Charles II. The Fellows met here, notwithstanding the abominations perpetrated under their immediate notice, until 1825, when they removed to a new hall in Pall Mall. The old rooms were hung with some very remarkable portraits—of Dr. Hanney, Cromwell's physician; of Dr. Friend; and of Sir Edmund King, who bled Charles II., in fit, without consulting his celleagues, and who was promised £1,000 by the Council for his service, though it was never paid. There were also portraits of Sydenham, Linacre, Sir Thomas Browne, and Andreas Vesselius, the Italian anatomist. They also pre-Vesalius, the Italian anatomist. They also pred a curious collection of gold-headed canes, once used by famous physicians, for in those days a doctor of medicine was nothing without his cane. Wren's college is now used partly as a meat market, and partly as a brass foundry.—The Old City, its Highways and Byways. Collingridge, London.

A VOLUNTEER REVIEW HALF A CENTURY AGO. On this occasion not less than 30,000 men passed in review, and a portion of them, especially the City Light Horse and the Artillery Volunteers, would have extorted praise from the most fasticious disciplinarian. I was present at the review on Wimbledon Common, which seemed much farther from town than it does now, and, in the absence of railways and omnibuses. ent at the review on Wimbledon Common was quite in the country. Partly walking and partly riding, as I could get accommodation, I arrived at the The review scene of action about eleven o'clock a.m. scene of action about eleven o'clock a.m. The review was expected to commence at half-past one. Vast crowds had already assembled, and most of the regiments were in position. It was an exceedingly warm summer day. Soda-water and ginger-beer were in great request, and the litinerant vendors of oranges were doing a gainful trade. The company, many of were doing a gainful trade. The company, many of them being ladies, were arranged in a vast semicircle on the verge of the space allotted to the troops. There was abundance of warlike music; drums and cymbals more than sufficient; trumpets not of the most silvery sound; whilst the flageolets seemed to have caught cold, so hoarse were their tones. Presently the multitude, which had been marvellously quies, began to sway to and fro in evident excitement; there was a distant sound of carriage wheels—a halt, in-dicated by a long, loud shout of welcome; then a brief pause; a roll of drums, a deafening trumpet-call, gradually mellowing into "God save the King,"

and the people, opening right and left, admitted the Royal cortège into the square kept by the volunteers. The king came first, in the costume of a field-marshal, mounted on a magnificent black charger, and bowing his bare head continually, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of his subjects. He looked old, worn, and anxious, but his eye occasionally lit up as he acknowledged the greeting he received. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York followed. It would have been difficult to have found two finer looking men. The prince was then about thirty.—The Old men. The prince was then about thirty.—The Oli City, its Highways and Byways. Collingridge, London.

## LADY VENETIA.

#### CHAPTER XLL

In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
And in a new world which does homage to you,
And which, were't only for its novelty,
Delights your heart.

That night a stranger arrived at the castle and asked for an interview with its master. He was a man of middle age, though his dark looks were already heavily frosted with silver, and the lines of though and suffering were stamped upon his broad brow. His dress and bearing commanded attention, and Dr. Strozzi came from the sick room to speak to him. He gravely returned the salutation of the new guest and

"I regret to inform you signor, that the Marquis of Colonna is lying very low. He is too weak to attend to business of any kind; but if I can be of service to

you, you have only to command me.

In a deep, full-toned voice the stranger replied:

"I trust the marquis is not in danger, but even if that
were the case you can detect me where to seek a young girl who has for some time been an inmate of this Lucia Ganazzi is my daughter, and after long exile have at last been permitted to return to Sicily to reclaim her and the inheritance which was The eyes of the physiciain dilated with astonishment

with a feeling of sudden terror, and he

gaspea:
"My God! has she not been with you in England
for many months past. It is now a year since she set
out to join you."

out to join you."

It was now the turn of the visitor to become excited.

He trembled and grew white as he said:

"I have never sent for her. I was on my way thither when the ship was wrecked, and after critizing about when the simp was wreeked, and after criticing about several days, lashed to a spar, I was picked up in a state of insensibility by an English bark bound for Valparaiso. For many days I was prostrated by illness and I had scarcely recovered strength when so landed in Chili. After incredible delays I succeeded in reaching Rio Janeiro from which point I embarked on a Spanish years I bound to Coreto. From these I lost to disciple Janeiro from which point I embarked on a Spanish vessel bound to Oporto. From there I lost no time in crossing to Sicily, and I made my way at once to Colonna to claim my daughter. You say she is not here; where then am I to seek her?"

"I only wish I could tell you signor; but Lucia has not been heard from since she left this neighbourhood

a year ago. "Some terrible villany must have been practised against her. Where is Baldoni, the steward? He know that I was still living. He may also have learned that I am a man of rank and fortune, returning after a long exile to my native land. He may have been bribed by my kinsman, the lord of Amalfi, to make way with the heiress to the fortune he has so long

Dr. Strozzi clasped his hands and uttered a group which seemed rent from the depths of his heart. He wildly exclaimed:

"As God lives, I believe the wretched girl to be

els of the earth, at this me

He paused in mercy to the father who steed before him with features contracted by anguish, incapable of uttering the words that froze upon his lips. At length

he rather breathed than spoke: "In the name of all that is merciful, tell me wh seek my child!"

to seek my child!"
"Come with me, signor; no time is to be wa now. As we go along I will explain as well as I

The physician rang the bell violently, and Luigi

appeared: his orders were laconically issued:

"Bring terches, and another man in whose discreyou can confide. Send orders to the driver to b you can confide. Send orders to the driver to brit a carriage to the door of La Tempesta in a quarter of an hour. I give you five minutes to be ready yourself

ith your companion."
While Luigi, in a state of complete bewilderment went to execute these singular orders, the physician rapidly explained to Amalfi his grounds for the suspicion that Lucia was confined in the vaults beneath the

The pale father listened in appalled silence. At the close of the narration he only said:
"Let us go. If she is still living, I can forgive all,

His voice died away in a husky whisper, and the two issued from the house to find that Luigi had already provided himself and his companion with and stood awaiting their appearance torches, and stood awaiting their appearance. The party strode with rapid steps over the ground that lay between the castle and La Tempesta. Not a word was exchanged between the two gentlemen; too ter-rible a doubt weighed on both to permit them to speak of what might lie before them.

When they reached the chapel it was closed, and it

When they reached the chapel it was closed, and it was necessary to seek the priest to gain admittance. Father Boniface was alone in his room, idly playing with a long slender cube of steel, which the doctrinstantly seized on. He excitedly asked:
"Where did you get this, father? It must be the key the marquis has been so anxious to find!"
"Is he? If I had known that, I would have setting the proof the walk are under the green of the

"Is he? If I had known that, I would have sent it up—I found it a week ago under the steps of the altar after those men were taken away that deflied the house of Ged with their blood. I forgot about it, but just now I happened to find it again is this drawer."

"Give it to me, father, and I promise to return you a good account of it. Where are the keys of the

There is a stranger without who wishes to chapel?

Muttering something about the strangeness of the hour selected for his visit, the old man produced the keys, and in a state of extreme excitement, Dr. Strozzi keys, and in a state of extreme excitement, Dr. Stroni rejoined his companions. In a few more moments they stood within the chapel, and the description of the night scene given by Vittorio enabled Stronii walk at once to the pillar through which the entrance

walk at once to the pillar through which the entrance to the subterranean passage was to be gained. A minute scrutiny soon revealed to him the keyhelbeneath the sculptured ornements, and the deor openat without resistance. Lighting one of the candles from the altar, Strozzi led the descent of the winding stain, followed by the others. The excited father followed next, frembling in every joint, and his heart such lower and lower as they dived desper into the drary subterranean vault in which he believed his child to be incorporated. be incarcerate

incarcerated.

They reached the lower door, and drew back the They rescaled the lower door, and drew back is bolts. No sound of life issued from the vaults, and so gleam of life came from any quarter. The two leader paused, and regarded each other in silent terror; thus the excited father rushed forward, and entered the open door of the inner apartment. The others followed with the lights, and the hearts of those strong men almost fainted whithin them when they beheld the seeme within.

An emaciated, death-like from lay upon the bel, beside which kneeled another, with her head buried in the bed-clothes; no sound issued from them—no movement was made to indicate that life yet lingered in either. Amalf despairingly exclaimed:

"Great God, we are too late! They have perished
in darkness, and I—I am desolate!"

The physician pressed forward, lifted Lucia in his

arms, and said : "There is life here yet, for her heart beats beneath hand. Signor, do not give way now, for we have

uch before us."

Lucia's eyes unclosed, and she faintly muttered:

"Poor sister, must we die of starvation? Baldeni
ill surely come again. Ah! he is here; here is light nch before us." will surely come again. Ah! he is here; here is light,—light, and we shall live! Waken, Sister, Maris-

calt to me again!"

The physician placed her on the bed, and hurriedly camined the condition of the nun. He hushiy examined

She is only insensible—she will revive one is only insensible—she will review. Thus dod I we are in time to save them; but in another day all would have been ever. Hasten to the presser room, Luigt, and bring wine; there is nothing has to stimulate them; and you, Beppo, see that the carriage is in readiness to take us to the castle without

The two men hurried away on the errands assig them, and Luigi made such good speed that in a few moments he was back again with the wice. Amili stood pale and trembling, gazing upon the face of his daughter, wasted and colourless as that of the deal, while the compassionate physician administered the life-retying condual. daughter, wasted a while the compass life-giving cordial.

moments Lucia revived sufficiently to sit

In a few moments Lucia revived up and look around her with wondering eyes. She evidently recognized Dr. Strozzi, for she saked:

"How did you get here, doctor, and where is Baldoni? Ahl is it true that our wretched fate has a last become known to our friends, and you have come to resone us?"

"That is our ervand, Lucia; but you are too we now to talk, or to comprehend what we have

"Yes," she softly replied, "my head is dizzy and confused. I cannot think clearly; but I must help

the most the long a Their e revive to to so dire were left t ce 60 was conve bearing the on their w from the

my best fr

reary pla hands of t

state of in perfect tru Beppo h tory to the the castle, olf: then to repose, bring them The exc not permit

athomed, s been saved. Long be dimppeared herfather, wher by th and the fur of gift, four dressed to t the following "I can I leave you know that

thought it

yen, and you eart as vo affection fo laring you it ever clux "Yet thi fir than the

highly, yet

every hope wonderfully my father of his conduct conduct a happy chi "Ah! be imprisoned en to rest her in your which she

"Adien, I dall bury smed nam cared here. "Cherist an indepen

mouration

"I take during our but because of my brief iornal pape given to Le I shall be g me, and me

This lett till be was gy test friend. But for her, I must have died in this

with feeble fingers she endeavoured to chafe the back of the elder woman, and it was remarkable that the most delicate of the two had suffered least from the long and terrible months they had passed shut out

from life, light, hope.

Their efforts were rewarded by seeing Sister Maria sive to consciousness. For thirty-six hours they led leen without food; but that had not reduced them to so dire an extremity so much as the belief that they we left to periah in darkness. Hope had died out, and with it life was flickering to extinction when assistance to approximately arrived.

as with it life was nickering to extinct a when as-stance so opportunely arrived.

In the arms of her father the fragile form of Lucia was conveyed to the chapel, and the doctor followed, being that of the nun. The carriage which had been ordered was awaiting them, and they were soon

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less ordered was awaiting them, and they were soon at their way to Colonna.

A few broken expressions of thankfulness escaped from the lips of the v.un, and she then sunk into a date of immobility from which the motion of the midlescarcely aroused her, while Lucia reclined with prifect trust upon the breast that so tenderly sus-

generature upon the first state of the first state of the housekeeper, and when the party reached should be apartments were already prepared for the raculd ones, and light, nutritions food awaiting

recald ones, and figst, the physician sparingly administered himsel; then giving both a reviving cordial, he left them to repose, in the certainty that the morning would ling them renewed strength.

The excitement that pervaded the household was at prainted to reach the apartment of the marquis, and everal days elspeed before his medical attendants thought it prudent to inform him that the mystery of is midnight encounter with Baldoni had been inhanced, and by violating his commands, the life of on infinitely important to his future happiness had into saved.

on minical importants to institute implements and the insulation was made, Pepita had supported, bearing with her the ill-getten wealth of kristher, together with all the costly jewels presented

brisher, together with all the costly jewels presented blir by the marquis.
The sleward's house belonged to the Colonna estate, all the furniture she transferred to Letterio by a deed dgif, found on her table. Beside it lay a letter, addessed to the Marquis of Colonna, which contained the following words:

"I can be nothing more to you, Vittorio, therefore lare you for ever. I could not live near you and hew that another reigned over the heart I prize so highly, yet which, alas! I now know was never really constant.

"In a moment of weakness, I revealed my love for m, and you, in your compassion, stooped from your ligh estate to take the humbly-born maiden to your lant as your betrethed bride. But there was no real stesion for me in that heart, Vittorio! your ravings dung your illness proved that to Lucia alone has here clung, and I give you up to love and happi-

"Yet think not this is done without pangs bitterer "it think not this is done without pangs bitterer with mose of death, for with your loss perishes employed have dared to cherish. Lucia has been wederfully rescued from the living death to which syfather consigned her; and although the infamy of its conduct must reflect on me, I can still say it was a keppy chance that brought her father hither at the clies at which he arrived.

"Ab had Loyle level are respected that the harmon

"Ah! had I only known or suspected that she was injurious in the vanits, how happy should I have been to restore her to the light of day; even to place her in your arms as an atonement for the crime of which she has been made the victim. But such aparation was denied me, sweet as it would have

"Adion, Vittorio; you shall never behold me more. leall bury myself in a foreign land under an as-amed name, to escape the odium of what has oc-

smed rame, to escape the outsing of my fate, for I "Cherish no uneasiness concerning my fate, for I as independent in fortune, and the savings my father has made will enable me to live at least respect-

all.

"I take with me the jewels presented me by you during our betrothal, not on account of their value, but because I cannot bear to part from the somewing of my brief dream of happiness. I have left an injurial paper, by which the furniture in the cottage is given to Lettorio. No debts are left behind me, and itall be grateful if you will see that she is placed in passion of it. She has been a faithful servant to me, and merits some reward.

passion of it. She has been a minute server.

May and merits some reward.

"Your unhappy, but still devoted, Pertra."

This letter was not permitted to reach the marquis sill be was strong enough to hear the news of Pepita's craion without emotion. When the presence of Lucia beacath his own roof was made known to him,

and the chain of evidence completed which left no doubt as to Baldoni's motives for her imprisonment, the agitation caused by the revelation was so excessive that for several hours Dr. Strozzi was apprehensive of a relapse, which he knew must prove fatal.

But the balm that flowed into Vittorio's wounded heart, in the certainty that Lucia was restored to him, the third was a way the slowled of the cotor laid his hand over the page, and she looked up with no of her did smiles and said:

the agitation caused by the revelation was so excessive that for several hours Dr. Strozzi was apprehensive of a relapse, which he knew must prove fatal.

But the balm that flowed into Vittorio's wounded heart, in the certainty that Lucia was restored to him, that they would soon meet to clear away the clouds of doubt and mistrust which had so long lowered between them, was too precious a life elixir not to produce wonderful results. The agitation subsided into a tranquil sleep, from which he awoke on the following morning calm and infinitely refreshed.

#### CHAPTER XLIL

Are we not happy now? Art thou not mine? Am I not thine? There lives within my soul A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me. Goothe

Lucia recovered from her long sequestration from the light of day much more rapidly than the nun. Her complexion was blanched to marble whiteness, but her face had acquired an ineffable expression of resignation and elevated tranquillity, which gave her the appearance of a seraph, rather than that of an ordinary mortal.

ordinary mortal.

Her unceasing efforts to sustain the sinking courage of her friend had re-animated her own, and cut off as she seemed in her bright youth from all hope of release save through the sacrifice of herself to Baldoni, she never entirely lost the belief that their prayers for succour would be heard at the throne of grace, and, in

time, answered.

For many months Sister Maria bore up against the confinement, the humid atmosphere, and all the other evils of their hard lot; but at last she fell ill, and then she insisted that when death had released her suffersno insisted that when death had released her surer-ing spirit, Lucia should embrace the only means of escape from the dungeon in which she must surely perish if left to bear its horrors alone. Even a union with Baldoni, base and unprincipled as she knew him to be, would be preferable to such a

The poor girl made no reply, save tears and en-The poor girl made no reply, save tears and enteraties that she would still endeavour to live on for her sake, for release on such degrading terms was impossible for her.

Week after week the staward came to dole out to them the pittance on which life was barely sustained, and at each visit he asked in sombre tones:

"When will you go forth on my terms, Lucia."

The same answer always greeted him:

"Not yet; let me have time to make up my mind to so great a sacrifice."

so great a sacrifice."
On his last visit he had examined into the sinking

condition of the nun, and with exultation saw that she could not survive another month unless she was re-moved where good medical attendance could be afforded her.

forded her.

He triumphantly thought:

"A few more days, and Lucia will consent to anything I propose. When I come hither again I shall probably find the nun dead, and she will be ready to

escape solitary confinement in such a place, on any terms I may choose to dictate."

With this pleasant conviction, Baldoni ascended the stairs, to meet his doom from the retributive hand of

When assured that Pepita had fled, Dr. Strozzi, at the request of Vittorio, went to Baldoni's house accompanied by Amalfi, to take possession of his

accompanied by Amain, to the papers.

The object of the latter was to seek among the steward's correspondence for the latters he had written him concerning his daughter.

They found the iron chest unlocked, and soon ascertained that Pepita had removed all such papers as were important to her own interests.

Those which referred to the affairs of the estate were still there, together with many bundles of letters neatly tied up, and labelled with the names of the writers. Among them was one envelope, on which was writers. Among them was one envelope, on which was written:

"From my unknown correspondent." On these Amali seized, and then, having secured the others, they left them to await the future orders of the marquis, and returned to the castle. When they reached the portal, the excited father

said:

"Take these letters to my daughter, dector; she is now strong enough to hear the revelation which has been so long delayed, and you must prepare her to receive me. What is written there will prove to her that she has never been deserted by me—that I have never been unmindful of her well-being."

Dr. Strozzi took them, and went directly to the room of Sister Maria, in which he knew he should find Lucia. The nun lay back in a large chair placed by an open window through which the warm sun rays fell upon her emaciated person. She insisted that

up with one of her old smiles, and said:
"But for the blessed truths contained in this book doctor, I hardly think would you have found us alive. I was reading over to Sister Maria the scothing words which have so often given us courage to bear the heavy cross laid upon us."

"Ah! doctor, Lucia has been an angel of consola-

"Ah! doctor, Lucia has been an angel of consola-tion to me. You do not know how completely I gave up toward the last. But even after I fell ill, she did not cease to comfort me by the assurance that heaven would never desert us—that help must come. I lost my faith, but she held fast to hers, and she has found

her reward."

Lucia playfully placed her hand over her lips:
"There, cara mia, don't praise me too much lest I become vain. If I helped you to bear on by setting before you the infinite mercy of heaven, I am suffi-

ciently rewarded."

Strozzi took the hand of Lucia in his ewn, felt her pulse, and examined her face. He smiled paternally, as he said:
"I think you are strong enough now to learn how great your reward really is. Baldoni has told you who you are, Lucia, and these letters will explain to you that he has revealed only a part of the truth concerning your father. The remainder must be told by me after you have nevered them?"

by me, after you have perused them."

Lucia rapidly glanced over the letters, and then tremulously said:

tremulously said:

"My poor father always watched over me, then, and I was not left a waif upon the world to be cared for or neglected at the caprice of strangers. Ah! If he had only lived to receive the carresses—the grateful affection of his child, I should now be perectly happy."
The physician earnestly regarded her, as he said:

The physician earnestly regarded her, as he said:

"Men that were supposed to have perished in a shipwreck sometimes turn up again. What if it should prove so in this case, Signorina?"

For the first time since her release a faint tinge of colour leaped to her cheeks, and she clasped her hands over her heart as if to keep its sudden bound. In great agitation she exclaimed:

"Then he was saved, doctor! Your face tells me that he was; and—and—he is here! He was with you in the vault! I now know why I clung to that seeming stranger with such perfect confidence when he lifted me in his arms to bring me forth to the light of heaven once more. Oh! take me to him at once." Strozzi took both her hands, and firmly held them:

"Do not become too much excited, Signorina, or I must forbid the meeting I' have already arranged. Through fear for you your father has forborne to look on you since that night, save when you slept, till I informed him that it was quite safe to reveal his presence to you."

"I am calm; I can control myself. Where is he?
Let me go to him at once."

"I am calm; I can control myself. Where is he?
Let me go to him at once."

He pointed to a door opening into an adjoining
room. Lucia glided toward it with rapid steps. At
her approach it opened; and she was clasped in the
protecting arms which had so long yearned to shelter
her; and the long severed parent and child were remetted.

united.

It was many moments before either was composed enough to sit down and speak connectedly of the events that had so long held them asunder. Amalif then gave a brief history of his life, to which his daughter listened with eager attention; and in return she related to him what had befallen herself, and gave a touching picture of her recent sufferings.

A long pause succeeded, during which they sat with hand clasped in hand, looking tenderly at each other. At length Amalis said:

with hand clasped in hand, looking tenderly at each other. At length Amalfi said:
"You are not yet aware of all the happiness that awaits you, my love. The history of another person in whom you are deeply interested has been purposely withheld from you that I might have the pleasure of revealing it myself. Precious as you are to me, I have found but to lose you, Lucia, for another impatiently awaits the moment in which he can meet and claim you as his own."

Lucia regarded him with dilating eyes. Her trembling lips syllabled:

lieve that you had willingly consented to accept his father. He now knows better, though, until very lately, he regarded you as lost to him for ever, through your own want of principle. His greatest desire nowis, to atomefor this injustice; to make you forget your past sufferings by ministering to your happiness as far as you will permit him to do so."

need sunk upon his breast and she burst into She presently became more composed and Her h

asked:

"Where then is Vittorio? I know that I have been brought to the castle, but I have not yet seen its

"He has been suffering from illness, but he is now nearly restored to health. Lucia, but for providence that detained the marquis in the chapel on that night, you might have been compelled to yield your fate into the keeping of Baldoni. It was his hand that gave you back to live by taking that of your remorseless

She clasped her hands and muraured a prayer for the dead man, deeply as he had wronged her; but even in thought she cast no blame on him who had been the instrument of retributive justice. presently raised her head and with a faint smile, said :

"I am weak yet, and what you have told me has overcome me a little. I will lie on this ceuch and listen to a connected narrative of all that has hap-pened. I have confused glimpses of the truth, but through all but one thing is very clear to me; and that is, that I have great cause for thankfulness for the blessings heaven is about to shower on my head "

She reclined on the couch and listened to the low tones of her father's voice as he unfolded all there was to tell, and she began to comprehend the toils into which both herself and her friend had fallen.

The interview was at length interrupted by Dr. Strozzi, who insisted on administering a composing draught, for he declared that her glittering eyes and flushed cheeks indicated a most unhealthy degree of excitement.

Lucia submitted to his authority and retired to her own apartment, where she soon justified the wisdom of the prescription by falling into a refreshing slum-

On the following day the long-parted lovers were permitted to meet. Vittorio was sitting up, but too weak to rise when Lucia entered. He could only his arms, and with an expression of rapture exclaim:

"Come to my heart, Lucia! only thus can I-dare I explain the great wrong I have done you since we

last met.

Obeying an impulse that would not be controlled, she rushed into his embrace, and after weeping tears of delicious emotion upon his breast, she softly with-drew herself, and sat down on an ottoman at his feet. The marquis held her hands imprisoned in his own, while he went over the story of his marriage, followed by the humiliating confession of his subsequent bethal to Pepita.

He told her the simple truth—that his vanity was flattered by the preference she avowed for him, and he had blindly yielded to the power she sought to establish over him till it was too late to recede with honour; but he solemnly averred that love for Pepita had never entered his heart; that many days the memory of her he had been taught to consider false arose before him with such power, that he was ready to escape at any sacrifice from the chains in which Pepita had bound him.

Pepita had bound him.

Lucia listened, believed, and forgave him all.

Again their hearts were knit together as of yore, and all that now remained for the marquis to do was to recover his strength as rapidly as possible, and claim as his own the charming being who had never wavered in her troth to him.

By dint of persevering researches among the apers of the deceased steward, Amalii at last gained clue to the part played against his daughter by his kinsman; but he was safe from his vengeance by a mightier hand than his—the father of Lady Venetia was a hopeless maniac.

On taking possession of the magnificent palace in Palermo, the Marquis of Amali found the proofs of Bandino's fate, for among the letters of the insane man was discovered the last one he had written to Baldoni, with that addressed to Lucia, announcing

his speedy arrival in Sicily.

A few months later, the fatal illness of Tomaso furnished the last clue, and his dying confession made

clear the whole transaction.

Long ere that was obtained, the marriage of the lovers had taken place; the bridal was very quiet, and the young pair, by the advice of Dr. Strozzi, set out on a lengthened tour on the Continent, which he declared to be necessary to the perfect restoration of the health of both.

At the end of two years they returned to their be-leved home, bringing with them a young heir—a

bright, beautiful child, who became the pet and darling of his grandfather.

Sister Maria, with restored energies, had been rein-

stated in her office of almoner, and at her own request he removed to the steward's house accompanied by liosella, and her crippled son. The boy was now able to move about on crutches, and his musical education had commenced with every promise of brilliant suc-

#### CONCLUSION.

Five years after the happy union of the Marquis of and his gentle wife, the casket belonging to the family, which Pepita had tank reached Vittorio in a singular manner. It was for warded to him by an eminent ecclesiastic in Panis with a brief letter, in which he stated that the late owner of it was no more, and with her last breath she had desired that it should be sent to the Marquis of

The letter went on to state that the deceased Counthe letter went on to shake that the deceased countess di Castiglione had made her appearance in society in Paris as a wealthy young widow. After living a gay and brilliant life for several menths, she gave her hand to a countryman of her own bearing the above title. The marriage was not a happy one, and in a paroxysm of jealousy Castiglione had at last stabbed er fatally.

The murderer had fled, leaving no clue by which he could be traced; and the one desire of the expiring woman was that the casket should reach its desti-

With much trepidation the marquis opened the with much trepidation the marquis opened the box. Within it he found his mother's diamonds, and beneath them a folded paper addressed to himself. It was blotted, and in many places almost illegible; but he learned from it the terrible crimes the writer had perpetrated, in the insane hope that she would eventually become the sharer of his high station. She

I am dying, and I consume the last remains of strength left me in writing this confession to you. I never loved you, Vittorio, though I used every effort to induce you to believe in the reality of my attach-

The man I married—who followed me hither at my own instigation, is the only one for whom I have ever felt the slightest preference. My father would not permit Beppo Pedrazza to enter his doers; but I oc-casionally managed to meet him, and we kept up a

constant secret correspondence.

"He was absent from Sicily at the time of our betrothal, and I do not think his jealous heart has ever entirely forgiven me for sacrificing him to the high

destiny I hoped to secure.

"When the death of my father left me free to act for myself, I wrote to him, and told him that love and fortune were his to command. He lost little time in following me to Paris, and soon afterwards we were united. He assumed a noble name, which my fortune was to sustain.

"I gave him everything, and my reward is death at his hand!

"The pangs of dissolution are fastening on my heart, and in this supreme hour I know that there is a God—that he has sent this punishment to me for the crimes I have committed.

"Some power I cannot resist impels me to the confession I am about to make.

"I sent a subtle messenger of death to your brother, that you might become the heir of Coloma. I feigned alienation from my father, that I might gain an asylum in your house, which I could turn to my own

"Lady Venetia might now be living, had not I been permitted to mix all her medicine; but you have no cause to execrate me for that, for I gave you free-dom to return to your first love; to find such happi-ness with her as you never could have enjoyed with

"When the gay life I have led became distasteful to me, I meant to return to Sicily, to strike at Lucia again, for she has been the cause of all my misfor-tunes and humiliation; but fate has baffled me, and I

"With this you will receive your mother's dia-monds; they are all that is left of the wealth your wife has doubtless told you was removed from the sure chamber.

I have nothing more to say. I die as I have lived—fearless and reckless, though I have sum moned a good man to my side in my last extremit He can do nothing for me, save to return your casket to you with this last confession unread. To him I to you, with this last confession unread. To him I have not revealed my turpitude, for if I am not past forgiveness, heaven will deal with me; if I am, I can bear the punishment my own deeds entitle me to PEPITA

The marquis read this revelation with deep agita-tion, and he trembled at the thought of how narrowly

he had escaped from making this demon woman his

ife. He concealed the knowledge of Pepita's crimes He concealed the knowledge of Pepita's crimes from Lucia, and only informed her that he had heard of her death in a foreign land. The diamonds he never offered to her acceptance, for he felt that it would be descration to her to wear anything that had been polluted by the touch of so lost a creature. the steward's daughter.

A vague fear was removed from Lucia's heart be as the sten

this news; and henceforth her path was more cloud-less than it had ever hitherto been. Happy in the love of her husband and children, she almost for the cruel sufferings through which that happi

ad been wen.

THE END

THE SELF-ACCUSING NATURE OF CRIME

WE are so constituted that, although external cirstances may conspire to conceal our crime, retribution commences immediately after its con tion. No sooner has the murderer accomplished his fell purpose, than the agonies of an arous fell purpose, than the agonies of an aroused accusing conscience begin to torment him. Sleep forsakes his eyelida, the darkness of the night is peopled with horrible phantoms. They crowd around his pillar, and shriek the name of his dark crime into his car.

and shrick the name of his dark crime into his ear.

Daylight brings no relief, for though he go fast into the busy world, and mingle with the busing crowds of his fellow-men, though he try to less his self in the distraction of guilt—yet in all its sense the pharthon is at his elbow, gazing at him with its anachless seems. the pasturom is at his show, gazing at him with hollow eyes, appalling him with its speechless access tions, and high above the noise of many voices, the strains of music, the roar of cannon, or the peat thunder, the death-abriek of his victim rings through his soul; for the powers of nature as well as the has of man are alike directed against him as against or

What a fallacy is crime, seeing that it makes a bare man fear life more than death. And not only is the self-inflicting retribution attendant upon murder, the highest of all crimes, but in a proportionate degree it we may commit crime without detection, but we can no more commit crime without punishment than we can infuse poison into the blood without injury. It is one of the most subtle workings of our intend constitution, and is in strict keeping with the analogi

We expose our physical constitutions to the action of ferces inimical to it, whether of damp, cold, or hat and we suffer accordingly; and if we expose of moral constitution to the action of crime, we must entail upon ourselves, as an inevitable consequen the punishment of an avenging conscience—a more palsy, a wounded self-respect, a loss of that conscious rectitude which can alone make a man decisive in action, bold in danger, and generous and good in all

Take a case in point. There is a man who has oken the laws of his country, has stolen, perjured broken th or forged; the vengeance of social justice overtake him, he is deprived of the rights of citizenship, and confined in prison, whence, after an assigned period, he comes out, and we say his punishment is over; is not so, his punishment is going on within, and wil probably go on as long as he lives. He has los caste, has stabbed his self-respect; henceforth he wil caste, and standed his seit-respect; monectoria he un never feel the same proud integrity amongst his le-low-men; there is a foul brand on his forched, a felon-feeling in his heart, which will make his his falter when he pronounces the words of probity as honour, for they will fall from him like lies.

her most distinguished gifts; but in vain; he Society may will drag the fetid carcase of his meral life throughalt the world's fairest scenes, and though men may be before him, yet the applauss of honesty will be his most bitter reproof, for to himself he will always be lost, ruined man. Such is the terrible price of the departure from rectified.

departure from rectitude.

Human law may assign punishment, but it cannot atone for the loss of that feeling of spotless honour. which once gone can that consciousness of innocence which once gone can never be regained, and that whispering of the accus-ing self which will blight the fairest life and blast the

Some English engineers have just arrived in Parls for the construction of a Crystal Palace for the Universal Exhibition of 1867. They have brought with them large water-colour drawings by Sir Joseph Paxton, the designer of the palace at Sydenham, and which represent in warious agraets the projected which represent in various aspects the projectifice. It would be built on the Trocadero, and principal dome would be twenty metres bigher than the most lofty one known—namely, that of St. Pelar's,

SWOE

Alone 'mo Of all my Where ha When ev I was not How stal THE day and sunny. little retreat hope and cor that had so !

"Juan wi giving up a months are ouble any we have this " Don Jus feath for 1 bless him for

As: a little while

and it is now a time!" A silence : Rafael, w "I would mel, and i "Go, my

shall have S will do you m your make an eng Syria add hther's side, and caressin But a sud

time she per in Ben Isra spent in the His hair a mehend si contrension



[SYRIA SURPRISED AT THE SPRING BY THE OLD BRIGAND.]

THE

## SWORD MAKER OF TOLEDO.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I find myself Alone mongst strangers! Not a trace is left Of all my former wishes, former joys! Where have they vanished to? There was a When even methought, with such a world as I was not discontented. Now, how flat! How stale!—no life, no flavour in it!

THE day succeeding Juan's departure was bright and unny. There was a fragrant we mit about the lillertreat in the creek, and Syria's heart took new tops and courage. She tried to fling off the shadows this had so lately darkoned her life, and partially suc-

cated.

"Jan will be back within a fortnight at the most!"
se exclaimed. "Father, Rafael, there's no use in giving up and thinking that all is lost! The four months are not near up, and I am sure we shan't trable any of the citizens for food or shelter, while we have this nice boat and this abundance of food!"
Den Juan has laid thinself liable to the penalty of seth for befriending us!" said Rafael. "Heaven

but Juan has laid thinself hable to the penalty of eath for befriending us!" said Rafael. "Heaven lies him for his nobleness, and preserve him from him! As Syria says, we shall be safe in the country shifte while longer. The edict was passed in March with its now the last of May. We shall escape barely it has!"

A silence fell upon the little party, which was broken

"I shale, who said:
"I would like to go to Valencia to-day and inquire
that the vessels. I shall not be gone long, Ben
linel, and if you won't miss me I'll set out imme-

"Go, my dear boy!" said Ben Israel, feebly. "I sail have Syria and Esther with me. The exercise will do you good, now that you have almost recovered fum your illness. Perhaps you may be able to take an engagement for our departure against Juan's titum."

Syria adding her approval to the proposition, Rafael st out for Valencia, and the maiden came to her fisher's side, arranging him a couch upon the blankets,

But a sudden pang rent her heart. For the first the sheperceived what a change had been wrought in Be I frame? appearance since those happy days then in the levels proper between the same than the levels proper to the same than the levels proper to the levels p

a on israers appearance since the specific part in the lovely secret bower.

Bis hair and beard had become entirely white; his beard suttaken, his beard suttaken, his beard mand glassy, his conseque deathly in its pallor. His breath came

faint and quick through his pinched nostrils, and his hands were like those of a skeleton.

"Are you sick, father?" asked Syria, remembering his presentiment of which he had so often spoken.

"Do you feel worse?"

"Do you feel worse?"
"No, love. I have no pain," he answered, tenderly.
"I think I am getting better, but I am very tired. I wish I had a drink of fresh water—""
"You shall have it," returned the maiden, catching up the little wooden pail that was included among their stores. "I will find you a nice spring somewhere in this wood, dear father. Esther, sit by him till I come hack"

where in this wood, dear father. Esther, sit by him till I come back."

Esther offered to go for her, but Syria wished to be alene to indulge in her painful thoughts without remark, so she sprang from the boat upon the bank, and plunged into the green recesses of the wood.

"I'm afraid he's going to die," she murmured to herself. "But, after all, it's more likely that he is when the distributed that the like the dear the constant of the const

herself. "But, after all, it's more likely that he is exhausted by our late troubles than dangerously ill. Rafael had the plague and has recovered, and is likely to get well. If he, in his sick state, could endure the exposure, father, who has not been sick, will certainly stand it. No, I need have no fears," she added, more hopefully. "He has only a cold."

Recovering her calmness, she proceeded to look for

The ground was in some places marshy, and she thought she would have little difficulty in finding what she sought, but she had penetrated to a considerable distance in the wood before she came upon

But there it was at last—a clear, bubbling spring, shadowed by lofty trees, its water cold and pure, tasting as sweet as the fabled nectar.

Syria stooped to dip in her pail, filled it to the brim, and then arose, turned her head, and confronted Pepe, the gray-haired brigand lieutenant.

She knew him at a glance, although she had seen him but once, and she stood as if transfixed, with the pail in her hand."

"Why, senorita," said the fellow, with a leer. "I

pail in her hand."
"Why, senorita," said the fellow, with a leer, "I thought you had left the country. Captain Monaido changed his mind about letting you go, and followed you part of the way, and then got of a court friend of his to search Valencia for you. Won't he be rejoiced to meet you again? Why, he thought you were away out to sear. out to sea.

Syria made no reply, her wide eyes fixed in terror upon the villain before her.

"The captain thinks your father is very rich, pursued Pepe, "and he means to demand his money as a ransom. Suppose you bribe me a little, eh? I

might be induced to let you go now for a considera-

"I have no money," cried Syria, finding her voice.
"Let me go, I beseech you. I have never done you any harm. By your love for your own mother and

any harm. By your love for your own mother and sisters—"
"Never had any," interrupted Pepe, with a leer.
"I want no such talk, either. Business is business. Give me a heavy ransom, and I'll keep the secret of your presence here. Refuse, and I'll keep the secret of your presence here. Refuse, and I'll keep the secret of your presence here. Refuse, and I'll keep to be adown alone to Valencia on a scout, and a lucky one it will prove for the captain, if you don't bribe me."

"I have nothing to give you," said the girl, in an anguished tone. "Nothing—nothing!"

Her tone carried conviction to the ruffian's mind.
"Then if you have got nothing," he said, "I will take you, along with me."

He stepped towards her with a dark look, and Syria, uttering a wild scream, darked into the wood in an opposite direction to that by which she had come.

She heard the villain's loud imprecation as he started in pursuit of her, but in the dense shade it

elude him.

was easy to euce him.

She hastened by a circuitous route back to the boat, not once relaxing her hold upon the pail, although the water had nearly all been spilled from it.

"I must be quiet and composed before father," she

I must be quiet and composed before lattier, she thought, as she paused where she could look at him, as he reclined upon the couch she had improvised in the boat. "How weary he looks. He must know nothing of my fright. I must not tell him of my encounter with that brigand."

counter with that brigand."

She schooled her countenance, banishing from it all excitement, pressed her hand over her wildly throbbing heart, and waited until her breathing became regular and quiet. Then she came from her concealment, with the scanty supply of water remaining in the pail, and sprang into the boat, saying:

"Was I gone long, father? I found a spring but it was a long way from here."

"You have walked too far, Syria," retuened her father, fondly. "How pale you are! And your eyes have a scared look! I shall have to send Esther hereafter, if you tire yourself out in this way."

Syria made a light reply, and with a trembling hand lifted the cool water to his lips.

"How can I cheer and amuse you, father?" she

"How can I cheer and amuse you, father?" she asked, when she had seated herself by his side.

Ben Israel shook his head, as he answered:
"I want no amusement, my darling. I have weighty thoughts upon my mind. Lay your head be-

side me and rest, while I think. Our good Esther

side me and rues, ""
will watch for Rafael's coming."
"Indeed I will!" asid Esther, eagerly. "I want
"Indeed I will!" asid Esther, of to sleep, while I to do something for you both.

watch

But Syria could not sleep. Her late fright, and the thought that Count Garcia would soon know that she thought that Count Garcia would soon know that she had returned to Spain, and would renew his persecutions, kept her awake. And, whenever she glanced up into her father's face, she saw that he too was wide awake, his gaze fixed upon the sky above them.

The sun was setting in a bed of fire when Rafael returned to the boat. He looked tired, but there was

a glow upon his countenance such as Syria had never before beheld there.

You have had good news, Rafael?" she said, wel-

coming him with a smile.
"I have heard from Palestine," he answered, in that showed how light his heart had become during his absence. "I have received a letter from Rabbi Isaacs, inclosing a letter of credit, and a note from Zipah, my sister. She calls me her brother in her note, Ben Israel," he added, as he felt the gaze of the money lender upon him. "You may read the note yourself."

yourselt."

"No, so, my doar boy," replied Ben Israel, with a look of pain. "I have no wish to see it. Did you go about the shipping, and make inquiries?"

"Yes, and isund a vessel going to Palestine to-morrow morning, and with room for but one more passenger. I suppose that will be taken long before morning. The captain saked how much I could pay, and I showed him my lotter of credit, in my jay at sectiving it, whereupon he offered to take me for that. He thought I intended going on alone, and effored to board me free during the voyage," concluded Rafael, with a deep sigh.

deep sigh.

Ben Israel looked at the young man for a long time in silence, and the latter finally said:

"Rabbi Israes had heard of the troubles here in Spain, and knew of the clief for the Jews to leave the kingdom within four menths; so, he says, he concluded this letter of credit might come acceptable to me, and he but advanced it from funds of mine in his kearing. These heaves to knew my bride and heater. ping. Zilpah begs me to bring my bride and hasten

ither. She longs to see Syria."

The maiden's sudden pallor did not escape the ey of Ben Israel. He drew her little trembling hand in

his, and said :

"Rafael, I am glad to hear that Rabbi Isaacs has sent you the letter of credit. It seems providential, too, that this opportunity should offer for going to

o, that this opportunity success.

lestine. You must accept it—"

"I? Accept it?" cried Rafaol, in astonishment.

"I? What can you "I desert you, and my betrothed? mean, Ben Israel?"

"Rafael," said Ben Israel, tenderly, taking his hand also in his own, "you remember our first interview in the brigands' cave. I heard your confession to

The young man uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Yes, Rafael, I know your love for Zilpahalsaacs, and that you have come hither to wed my Syria only ause she was betrothed to you years ago, and your se of honour impelled you to hold that betrothal red. But now I annul it! You are free, my boy to woo and win the girl you love, and may you happy with heal? sacred. be happy with her!"

understand!" stammered Rafall don't

"Have I don't understand!" stammered Ra'a.i.
"Have I done aught to weaken your faith in me, Ben
Iarael? Have I proved unworthy?"
"No, no, my boy. You are a true man of honour.
But Syria told you that she did not love you. You
saw how in her deepest distress she clung to that
young Spaniard? She fied to him for safety and comfort, and I have thought that I ought not to permit you two to marry, knowing, as I do, that her heart can never be yours. I have been wrong. I had readyed to hold you to the troth your father plighted for you, knowing the hearts that would be crushed by that keeping. Forgive me for the selfishness, my boy. I see things more clearly now. In Syria's name, ive you back your freedom."
Rafael looked from the father to the daughter in

speechless astonishment, and saw that Syria was as much surprised as himself by her father's observa-

tions

"Free?" he asked, "You send m

"No, not send you from us, Rafael, but give back to you your hope and love," responded Ben Israel, wiping the cold dews from his brow. "Go back to Zilpah, wed her with my free and full consent, bear

Zalpan, wed her with my free and full consent, pear to her my Syria's love and blessing, and be happy! Go on this vessel, that sails in the morning, Rafael."
"But what will you do without me?" asked the young man, hesitatingly, a glad lock appearing for a moment in his eyes. "Don Juan is gone, and Syria and Esther have no guard but you, and you are not

"We shall remain here till Juan comes back,"
answered Ben Israel. "With economy, our provisions

will last for a fortnight or so longer, and we can eke out any short-comings with roots and herbs that grow in this wood. We shall be perfectly safe in this secluded spot. And when he returns with money, we will take the first vessel that offers and

"Yes, go, Rafael," said Syria. "The way has been providentially opened for your departure. Do not linger here. Juan will see us off, and we may yet meet you and Zilpah in her native land. Go to her, and cheer her sad heart."

and cheer her sad heart."

Rafael hesitated, and finally yielded.

"I will go," he said; "but I shall feel that I am deserting you in your need. Let me hear from you as soon as possible after your departure from Spain. Since you give me back my freedom, I will say to you, Ben Israel, that I am not fitted by nature to mate with Syria. She needs a more brilliant husband than I would ever make. I wish that Juan Montes was a Jew; but, as he is not, Syris will wait and find of the rown people as worthy as he."

Ben Israel nodded, and replied:

"You are right, Rafael. And now break bre

"You are right, Rafael. And now break break with us once more, and then set out for the ressel and engage your passage. If you want to please me, age your passage. If you want to please me will fling off all care on our account, and go cheer

They are their frugal supper in allence, and ther Rafael arose, and said, in a voice that trembled with

emotion:

"I am going now, Ben Israel. Bless me ere I de
part. Syria, give me a sister a kiss to remember whe
Zilaph's head shall lie upon my breast."

The blessing and the kiss were given, and Be

"Farewell, my dear boy. Think of us see when the soft breezes blow over the olive-field eet land of our fathers."

sweet land of our fathers."

He wrung the young man's hand, and turned away to hide bis tears, while Rafael addressed a few parting words to Esther, hade Syria an affecting adieu, and then blinded by his tears, started through the wood

from olimical by the for the city.

And then night softly descended upon the scene, the stars appeared in all their wondrous glory, and the shadows of the trees fell thickly upon the boat lying

It was yet early when Ben Israel, lying under the protecting awning, nestled his daughter's head in his breast, folded the blanket around her, and watched her sink into innocent slumbe

"Lie down, Esther," he said, seeing that his faithful attendant sat at the further end of the boat, her head leaning on her hands. "How sad you look! What troubles you?"

I was feeling ill," responded Esther, in an unsteady tone, "because Rafael was gone, and because our Syria seems to have such a dark lot. Poor child! She loves Don Juan better than her life, and it seems She loves Don Juan better than her life, and it seems to me that she is fading away day by day, because of her fear of being soon separated from him for ever and for ever. It was just so your wife loved you, Ben Israel. Syria's mother was gentle and clinging, and yet she had spirit. Who would have thought, three menths ago, when our Syria made her pretty bewer months ago, when our Syria made ner promy musical with her sweet laughter and innocent mirth, that she would have borne all these trials as she has

Ben Israel's tears streamed upon the young head in his bosom, and he kissed it with a passionate tender-

ness, and finally faltered:
"Lie down, Esther, and try to sleep. I would gladly have spared my innocent child all knowledge of trials are spared my innocent cannot an anowadge of train ad hardships, even by the sacrifice of my own life; at it was not to be. Sleep now. I have something say to you on the morrow." E-ther obeyed, creeping in between some blankets, but it was not to be.

asleep, and finally Ben Israel, too, slept. dows of the trees gathered lovingly and and was soon And the shadows protectingly around the occupants of the little boat, as

rocked gently on the water.
With the first beams of morning the faithful Esther arose and set out the frugal cold breakfast, and soon after Syria and her father awoke, and they all shared

"Would you like to take a little walk, fath asked Syria, as the song of birds and the fragrance of wild flowers were borne to their senses. "You could lean on me, and the exercise might not injure you.

"I shall never walk again, Syria," said her father, his gaze resting lovingly upon her. "Don't look so shocked, dear. Come and sit down by me. Come, too. Esther. I have something to say to you."

They obeyed him, Syria twining her arms around

They obeyed aim, cyris twining her arms around him, but not trusting her voice to speak.

"My darling," continued Ben Israel, in a tone of the deepest tenderness. "I have something to say to you which will shock you deeply. I have told you that the time would come when the tie that unites you and me would be radely severed. That time has come!"

"Oh, father, father!" cried Syria, her tone wild

"Oh, latuer, with anguish.
"Perhaps I ought not to say severed," said Ben Israel, stroking her hair softly. "I should rather say that I am going to leave you a little while for a land sweeter than aught of earth, and after a brief land sweeter than aught of earth, and after a brief land sweeter than aught of earth, and after a brief land sweeter than aught of earth, and after a brief land sweeter than aught of earth, and after a brief land sweeter than aught of earth, and after a brief land sweeter than aught of earth, and after a brief land sweeter than aught of earth aught of the land sweeter than a brief land sweeter than aught of earth aug land sweeter than sugne or carm, and after a brief space you will come to me. Yes, darling, I am going to join your angel mother." Syria's frame trembled, but not a sound escaped he

lips.

Her dumb agony distressed her father.

"Weep, darling, weep," he said. "Tears will do you good. Such silens anguish is not for the young like you. It better befits the weary and brikenhearted. Cheer up. Is it not better to have your father become a glorified spirit, free from pains and warner warned the regressentions and warner to which father become a glorined spirit, free from pains and sorrow, beyond the persecutions and wrongs to which his race are subjected? Do you not want his to rejoin his angel wife? Rejoice, my darling, rejoice that I am about to throw off the fetters which have so long chained me. Rejoice in my approaching

so long chained me. Rejoice in my approaching happiness."

Syria liffed her head, and looked upon his beaming face, and then she buried it again in his bosom, textless and voiceless.

"If I could have been spared to you awhile longer," he continued, his voice losing its ecstasy, "I would gladly have lived. You can never know how I have struggled with the presentinent of my coming death how wildly I have prayed to be spared, for your sale, how wildly I have prayed to be spared, for your sale in those longly nights upon the set, I little my yes to the glowing stars and prayed their Makes to spare me but a little longer for your sale, that I might quard and guide you but a little longer. But now that death is inevitable, I turn my eyes to the glories of the bareafter."

in which I shall men share, to the inestant giones of the hereafter."

"But what will become of me?" meaned Syris I shall be left alone, not knowing whither to go. I am a Jewesa, and may not find a place for the soul of my foot on the wide earth. Oh, father, it will be had for me to wander alone and desolate through the earth. I am not setfish, father! I would not detain you here, but oh, I wish I could go too!"

A many of pain convulsed Ben Israel's face for

but oh, I wish I could go too!"

A spasm of pain convulsed Ben Israel's face for a moment, and then he said:

"I shall not leave you unprotected and alone, darling. I could not die in peace without having your future secured. The dying see clearly, Syris. Since I have been brought face to face with eternity, the clouds that have surrounded me are swept away. What are narrow ereds now? They should not stad in the way of the pulse of two standards. in the way of the union of two true and loving heats.

Last night I lay here, when you slept so sweetly in
my bosom, and watched the courses of the stars in the
blue heavens, and wondered how I could over here blue heavens, and wondered how I could ever have done as I have. True nobility knows no creed. It belongs to all creeds and all religions. And, Syria, I have never known a man so noble, so good, so gentle, and so brave as Juan Montes. Ho will make you a good husband, and you have my free and full consent to your marriage with each other."

Syria looked upin astonishment, and Esther utterd an exclamation of wonder.

"Yes, darling, I give you and him my most ferrest essing. The life he has saved so often shall now be blessing. The life he has saved so offen shan a given to him. I wished to tell you this before my mind weakens, lest you might call it the delirand

"Bat her faith—her religion?" cried Ester.

"Shall Syria abjure the faith of her fathers? Shall she give up her God?"

"Nay, Esther," said Ben Israel, gently, "there is but one God, and him will Syria and Juan unite in worshipping. And, as my little girl once said, she will be like the Scripture Rath, and Jaan's God shall her God. his receiple her people. This is right, see be her God, his people her people. This is right, as you will see. Esther, when you lie where I am lying." He paused, and a smile gathered on his pale lips, a

smile of serenc peace, but he soon went on:
"Syria, it was in this view I sent Rafael Ezra how "Syria, it was in this view I sent Ranse: Lita disagrain to wed Zilpah Isaacs. I shall not live till Jaan's return here. My life is fast slipping from me, and every moment I feel nearer the new birth—the birth that shall usher me into an eternal Paradise. And that that when I have left you, Syria, I want you to take this boat down to Valencia and sell it. Try to get a horse for it, and then, you and Esther, start for Toleto to meet Juan. There will be no use in his coming here. Bear him my last blessing, and my message."

Syria bowed her head in acquiescence, and Esther

sobbed aloud.
"Esther," said Ben Israel, "perhaps you would prefer to leave Spain. I forgot for a moment that it prefer to leave Spain. "Esther," said Ben Ismas, "persist you prefer to leave Spain. I forgot for a moment that it would be necessary for you to abjure your faith, it you remain. Syria will see that you go well-provided for, and that you have money enough to support you in comfort while you live, wherever you may choose to abide." There was a hard struggle in Either's breast, and then she sobbed;

derly, " to leave i There as to your a volve up claimed, better for sword he knife. V woods, w though n remove m my wife's "I will "It is v to sing in Syria III and sang From th anxiety, I It was when, holderly into in broken ow he lo Seria was A smile on sent g white hair for ever. And all he cold li lows that holding he of mut to could not l And Est ank in a t The fire ing, like a will kill yo roses, the t could only She cam the had so hand of de "Syria," member ye this very of mitry, that "I will ! agonized g Oh. She did father, com his garmen plentiful si brightness mood, and After he grave was the borly la good, and nd was might unea

And the

all she that dim r eyes, the s

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her. It has Juan Ruth, to

Syria, an

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as you a your mod Syria it was her do her fig

"I hav

"Syria is like my own child to me. I cannot leave ber. I must stay and care for her still. Even if she iss Juan Montes, she will want me. I will be a Buth, too. I have no one in the wide world but Syria, and I will be faithful to her."

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gain, and I will be faithful to her."
"God bless you," said Ben Israel.. "Your sacrifice
hall be accounted to you as good and worthy. And
how, Syria," he added, addressing his motionless
daughter, "I have but little more to say. All that I
leve is your surreserved—yours and Juan's. Use it
has you choose. I carned it all dor you, excepting
year motier's dowry, which is with the rest."

Syria made no reply, but her father knew how deep
was her dumb anguish by the very coldness and rigidity
of her figure.

wis her dumb anguish by the very coldness and rigidity of her figure.

"I have one more thing to tell you," he said, tendedy, "and it is better that I speak of it now than belave it to you two women to worp over when I am goes. I shall die before Juan's return, as I said. There are no men around whom you can summou apour sasistance. The task of burying me will dereive upon you two. Hosh, hush, Syria!" he exclaimed, as a wail broke from her pale lips. "It is better for you to know exactly what to do. There is a swal here in the boat—my old sword—and a large his. With those you can scoop a hole in the woods, wrap me in blanksts as I am, and then bury me. God will know where I am just as surely as though my hody reposed under saulplaned marble. And Syria, perhaps, after a brief while you can more my bones and place them in the tomb beside my wick."

my wife's

smore my bones and place term in the comb beside my wife."

"I will, I will," moaned Syria.

"It will, I will," moaned Syria.

"It is well. Now sit beside me, darling, hold my laid in yours, and sing me one of the songs we used being in our secret bower."

Syrialified her head, resolutely suppressed her grief, and sang in a trembling tone, antil her father had opped to sleep, and then she bowed her head again. From that morning, as if he had laid aside his last saisty. Ben Israel seemed to lose his hold upon earth, and dwell more in the glorious hereafter.

It was on the third day after Juan's departure then, helding Syria's hand in his, aid gazing tender in the plaid, tearless face, and exhorting her hacken words to be brave, and always remember low he loved her, that his life slipped from him, and spira was an orphan.

Siria was an orphan. We pass over her awful grief.

the passover her awnin greet.

A smile lingered on his pale lips, and the setting an sens golden beams that lingered lovingly on his while hair and cold face, as if loth to part from him

orere.
And all through the long night that followed in and all through the long night that followed in the cold light of the stars, in the midst of the sha-form that enveloped their little retreat, Syria sat, ledding her father's head in her bosom, with a look d must error frozen upon her lovely face. She cold not believe him dead. And fisher nobled, until, weak and exhausted, she sak in a troubled slumber that lasted until morning. The first object that met her gaze was Syria, sit-ting like a statue, with her dead father clasped to her bust.

"Oh, weep, weep!" she cried. "Syria, such grief will kill you! Your father is better off now—happier than he was here. Although he spread your life with mea, the thorns were reserved for himself. If you

ld only shed tears !' She came closer, and looked into the noble face that he had so often seen lighted up by a smile; but the had of decay was already visible about the purpling in and make the curber.

had of deany was already visible about the purpling his and under the sunken eyes.

Syria," she said, conquering her grief, "you remember your father's words? He must be buried tha very day. The air is so soft and warm, even mitry, that the burial becomes a necessity and a duty." "I will belp you," returned Syria, looking up with stemized gaze, "He is dead, and we will bury him. Then I will bring Juan to remove him to my mother's lamb. Oh, father, father!" She did not weep as the closed the even of her.

She did not weep as she closed the eyes of her fabr, combed out his venerable locks, straightened disgraments, and enfolded him carefully in their plastial store of blankots. Nor did a tear dim the rightness of her dusky eyes when, with the knife and sword, she followed Esther to a dim recess in the

the word, she followed Esther to a dim recess to she wed, and began to help dig his grave.

After hours of hard and uncassing labour, a deep gave was dug, line I carefully with sticks and stones, the body haid tenderly vieroin, covered with pieces of two and then the earth was heaped upon it, and the hound was covered with stones, so that no wild beast night unearth the remains.

And then, and not till then, did the unnatural calmess of the vonne girl give way. A sudden realization

and not till theo, and the uninterior cannot be said the young girl give way. A sudden realization of all she had bot came to her. She had buried in that dim recess the form she had so loved, the kindly eye, the smiling mouth, the tender heart that had so bloized her, and when the thought came that she should see them no more, a flood of tears burst from

her, and she flung herself in a tempest of grief upon

his grave.

Glad to see the tears that saved Syria's reason,
Esther withdrew into the shade and waited until she
should become exhausted. She waited a long time
until the sobs died away, and then she came forward with gentle consolations that had been left in anticipa-tion of this very moment by Ben Israel for his

The two women, the one so beautiful and childlike the other so stern and rugged, but both so overcome by their grief, sat the whole night through by the lonely grave, speaking little, but watching and

praying.

"Syria," said Esther, gently, in the morning, "it was Ben Israel's wish that we should hasten to intercept Don Juan, and give him his message. We ought to start immediately."

"I am ready," responded Syria. "We will go."

They entered the boat. Syria set the sail as she had seen Juan do, and with a long farewell glance at the wood in whose recess Ben Israel's body reposed, they started down the river on their way to Valencia.

(To be continued.)

## A PROSE IDYL

THE rain is sobbing without, and the east wind The rain is soloning without, and the east who muttering among the trees. It is a lonely, lorn day, with no sun nor warmth.

I disten to the dull plash and mean of the storm, shut up in my chamber, and as I listen, an old memory

awakens. It comes from the long-ago—from my youth—when the days were golden, and Time wore silver sandals. It has a breath of the old violets and forget-me-nots that loved the green knolls under the orchard-boughs, though it has stolen up from the aiche in my heart sacred to the beautiful haloyon days of my girlhood, through interveping times of suffering, close by graves and dark despair. And this old memory brings tears to my sees.

to my eyes.

I seem again to see all that it pictures—the cottage, the garden, the wide green fields, the long strip of yellow sand, the blue-pulsating ocean beyond, just as it all lay under an August sky, one day when I was sixteen—a day when I stood on the shore, with the salt waves lapping my feet, and beard Philip Maine declare his love, which needed but few words to interpret titels. to my eyes. pret itself.

I remember him as he stood before me—the wind, blowing off the water, lifting the brown curls up from his forehead; the blue, honest eyes seeking an answer to his passionate declaration in my face.

to his passionate declaration in my face.

There never to me came another afternoon so fraught with bliss.

How plainly I can see the golden gleam of the westering sun on valley, and ocean, and hill—not more golden than the hopes that were then born, as Philip and I trod the glistening sand!

He was a young sen-captain; and we could just discern the white sails of his vessel down in the little harbour, over the crags, circled by seamen's dwellings.

dwellings.

"She shall be called the Myra henceforth, for you, darling," he said. "One more trip, and the old homestead of the Maines will be clear of the mortage, and you and I will live long and happily. Will we

I hope so," I replied, a vague thrill of fear chilling my blood.

There were rough times between us and happi-

Just then the wind freshened, and the boom of the breakers, lashing the black, bare feet of the crags,

smote my ear. "There will be a storm to-morrow," said Philip;
"but if I can get my wessel out over the bar, I shall

be all right. I begged him to wait for fair weather; but he re-

The begged in the water to that we have already stayed two weeks longer than I at first intended. Your love and your prayers will always enfold me," he added, as the tears

ame into my eyes. And then he fell to talking of our future in his boyish,

egger way.

Ho bade me good-bye at my aunt's door.

I watched him go down the street, under the sickly glare of a pallid moon trembling through gray

I never saw him alive again!

All night I lay on my bed, close under the eaves, listening to the dash of the distant breakers; the soughing of the hoarse winds; the mournful swaying of the woodbine climbing over the roof—my eyes fixed on the ghastly square of monlight on the floor beneathmy window, checkered by shifting I arose early, and, taking a small telescope, went up

to the observatory.

I could discern the lessening sails of an outwardbound vessel.

bound vessel.

I knew it was my namesake!

I could not partake of the breakfast my kind old aunt had provided. I drank a cup of coffee, and then sat down by a window overlooking the sea and the stretch of sand and meadow between. There was no rain falling; but black clouds were drifting across the heavens, and a gale was blowing from the south.

All day the clouds gathered; all day the wind roared, and the billows beat against the coast.

Toward nightfall, the gloowy masses overhead.

Toward nightfall, the gloomy masses overhead opened, deluging the earth. During that fearful night, amid the dim of the battling elements, I wrestled with the fears torturing my heart. I gazed, with strained orbs, through the gloom of the tempest, towards the ocean, whose awful thundering continually vibrated on my ear.

viorated on my ear.

Toward morning, the rain ceased, the clouds became broken, and the haggard moon, flying through tagged masses overhead, now and then started a jagged masses overhead, now and then started a spectral ray upon the orags, or leaping waters, or the dark oscillating trees huddled in a dell below. One of these momentary gleams revealed a shattered hull carried high up on the rocks.

I scarcely remember how I rushed out into the mist swaying along the hollows, through paths hid by rushing streams under dripping boughs, to the scene of the shinwarely.

rusing streams under dripping boughs, to she scene of the shipwreck.

There were a few aged men detaching from the débris along the shore dead bodies; and wives, and mothers, and maidens, wringing their hands, and weeping over the inanimate forms of those who, only yesterday, were the pride and strength of the little

Days, glory-laden to some-calm, beautiful days, to Lays, getry-nates to some—cann, neathful tays, to bappy hearts; but, ah! so immeasurably long and melaucholy to me, dragged their weary length along. I could only keep up the monotonous journeying over the sand that I commenced directly after that fatal

August morning.

One sad September morning, and as all mornings were in that time of deep mourning, I sat down on the yellow sand. A soft south wind trod the waves lightly, and the sunshine, subdued by the haze custaining the heavens, mellow and warm, enwrapped the world

For the first time since my terrible bereavement, a sweet calm fell upon my spirit. The mighty burden of unrest rolled off, and my soul, which had grovelled in the depths of wee, went out, with something like communing, to the Holy Father who had stricken me; and I saw that a solfish grief was not preparing me for the higher life beyond the walls which had hitherto appeared so insurmountable; but which, that Sep-tember morning, sank so low that I dreamed how a little child even might catch a glory to brighten the dullest life.

I said that no such day as the one on which Philip I said that no such day as the one on which Philip Maine spoke of his love came afterward to me, but a more blessed (I say it in all honesty) came, in the dreary September, when out on the heaving ocean something rose and foll, a something which at last the billows laid at my feet—blessed shining billows! that brought my love, though dead to me.

Dear Philip! with the sunlight kissing the pale face—the face so natural yet! I drow him within my arms. I hugged him to my bosom, and, with my hands on the pulseless breast, talked as though the poor damp clay yet retained the living heart that once throbbed for me.

for me.
I told old Ocean that it widowed me, while it left

I told old Ocean that it widowed me, while it left cool kisses on my feet; yet, I would forgive, as it had returned part of what it bore away.

The sun went down with royal grace behind the distant hills, skirting the horizon, leaving a sapphire glow on the sky; and the moon draped in misty serge, swept up the azure concave with her regal starry train. They glimmered on my lover and me.

I would not leave him for wild netly birds set like

I would not leave him, for wild, ugly birds, sat, like the embodiments of evil thoughts, glowering at the corpse precious to me.

I dimly remember that my aunt, with some of the

I dimly remember that my aunt, with some of the villagers, came to search for me; and that they made a grave under the whispering boughs of a solemn yew for my lover; then the shimmering monlight faded out, and I remember nothing more till winter, bleak and frozen, had congealed our northern would.

I walk by the shore, and the waves seem always striving to lay something at my feet. I sit under the yew, and it whispers of him who for years has slumbered beneath its shadow.

N. R.

LEARN OF THE SWALLOW.—Take the first and most obvious comparison. It is said that builders of mud-walls (taught by experience, or perhaps of observation of the swallow's method) work only for a short time, and then desist till the mud has had time to dry and

harden, lest the freshly added superincumbent mass should pull down by its weight the part already com-pleted. It would be well if some of our railway archi-tects or contractors would take a lesson from the same wise little teacher. We should then, perhaps, hear less frequently of the sudden collapse of arches and the downfall of viaducts. But probably we are all liable to the temptation of over-haste, when we have begun to meddle with bricks and mortar. Who has segun to meddle with orions and mortar. Who has ever watched the building or altering of his own bouse without wishing to push on the workmen with unreasonable speed? It has been my good fortune to witness the restoration of my parish church; yet while it was a daily delight to visit the sacred edifice, and see it rising from its ruins into more than its original beauty, it was a daily trial to find so little rogress made, so scanty a course of stonework added, etween my frequent visits. The tower seemed as if it and at last a frost set in as the workmen never grev had almost reached the battlements, and a delay of months was inevitable: but all the consolation I received was, that it would be very good for the building, as it would give it time to settle and harden, and render the work more compact and secure. It was the lesson of the swallow's nest; but man was slow to learn and loath to practise the wisdom of the

### WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.,

Author of "The Jewit," "The Prelate," "Minnigrey," &c.

### CHAPTER CXLVL

CHAPTER UALL.
Access not heaven's delay. If loth to strike,
Its indgments, like the thunder-gathered storm,
Webster. Its judgments, Are but the gr

Without a word of explanation to his two com-panions, he hurried after the messenger, who con-ducted him to the coffee-room, where the strangers were scated at breakfast. One was a shrewd-looking personage, appearently about sixty. There was an air personage, appearedly acousticity. There was an arc of great determination in his person as well as manner of speaking. There was no mistaking his companion—he was ovidently a foreigner.

"Welcome—most welcome," exclaimed Goliah, extending his hand to the former personage. "You

uld not have arrived more opportunely, my dear

"No name, if you please," interrupted the gen-tleman; "it might be known. Nothing like cau-

"Perhaps you are right."

repeated the mysterious personage, in "Perhaps!" repeated the mysterious tone of surprise. "Of course I am!

Have you secured the

The other nodded in the affirmative, before he could finish his question, and pointed to his com-panion, whom he introduced as Monsieur Achille, from Paris.

The goldsmith gazed on the Frenchman par parenthèse, was a very common-place looking personage—with as much reverence as that with

which he would have regarded his guardian angel.
"We are about to proceed to the abbey," he
said, "on another affair. Of course you will accompany

"Of course."
"And wait for my orders—promise me that?"
"Well, Mr. Obie; although I do not usually receive orders in such cases from anyone, I don't care if I do promise, since it will oblige you; always provided,"
he added, "that no attempt is made to defeat the
object of my visit. Not even your liberality—and I
know by experience that you are very liberal—could pensate me for the disgrace of a failure. My pro-onal reputation is at stake!"

" repeated Goliah, energetically. " You " Failure

shall not fail through me!"

So saying, he left the room to rejoin Captain Vernor and the lawyer, who were still wondering at his absence, and waiting for him in the courtyard of the

"How he must hate her!" philosophically observed the stranger. "Come, monsieur," he added, "take your cafe; we must soon be starting." The Frenchman regarded the speaker with a look

of compassion, and attempted to swallow the thick, scentless, tasteless beverage which in England passes under the name of coffee; but the task was too much even for Parisian politeness to accomplish: he replaced the cup upon the table with a look of intense disgust,

murmuring, as he did so:
"Mon Dien! comme les Anglais sont bêtes!"

party at the inn at Fulton had not been the hours of the night, tchers through the lonely for Athalie, a prey to remorse and maxvailing regret, had not once quitted the coucli of her unhappy child, whose tears and despair wrung her hitherto callous

"She will never recover the blow," thought the

wretched weman, as she gazed upon her; "it has struck at the very seat of life—her affection! and mine struck at the very seat of life—her affection! and mine the hand," she added, bitterly; "mine the hand!" At times she feared for the reason of the sufferer

her words were so wild and incoherent: at one instant addressing her lover as if he were in life and standing beside her—the next, uttering the most appalling cries for assistance, declaring that they were murdering him.

sh so hardened, the governess could not but Althon only being she loved the madness of th

was the fitting punishment of her misdeeds.

She had destroyed the reason of Alice—blighted her whole existence—without even the plea of love to excuse her—from cold calculation—interest. The to excuse ner-from cold calculation—interest. The woman who yields to the impulse of a resistless passion may be pitied as well as blamed; but she who sells herself can only be despised.

Towards morning the sufferer sank into a heavy, lethergic sleep. Nature had exhausted its powers of

Athalie would have given the world for a few hours' repose—but dared not rest: a vague forboding hun like a shadow over her. Besides, she feared the dream which haunted her guilty pillow—knew not at what moment she might be called upon to meet the accuser—the avenger. She had seen him and he had escaped her. He was the first whom she hated who had done so-and she shuddered at the omen: the prestige of

success had deserted her.

I must be true to myself," she said, as she arranged her toilette to descend to the breakfast room—for she knew that the earl had invited several of his last night's guests; "there will be an inquest—an examination! The servants hate me. Let them," she added, with fearful calmness; "there are none who can say a word to east a doubt, a suspicion, upon me—unles it be Fifine; and she—yes, yes—I may trust her—I am sure I may—for I have treated her kinkly, and she is too simple to prove ungrateful!

Too simple to prove ungrateful! What a commentary pon humanity—or rather the speaker's estimate of it, ut the standard, after all, by which we judge our

follow-creatures is generally centred in surselves.

The Earl of Moretown, his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Liddle, and several of the neighbouring gentry, were seated at the breakfast-table when the governey. s made her appearance. She was a consummate ress, and perfectly understood the character she I to sustain. Her dress was simply elegant, and once her cheeks were without rouge. She wished had to sustain. Her dress was simply elegant, and for once her cheeks were without rouge. She wished to convey the idea that she was ill, suffering—and succeeded admirably.

"How is Julie?" inquired his lordship.

Athalie pretended to wipe away a tear. We say pretended—for real feeling and acting are incompatible with each other. had to sustain.

with each other.

with each other.
"Poor child—she sleeps," replied the artful woman;
"I have only just quitted her side! Her ravings have been most distressing! The shock, I fear, has unsettled

"I feared as much." observed the duke: her agony was most heart-breaking. Deeply as I sympathise her, I could not witness it again."

"Nor I," said Sir Thomas Liddle; "I have daughters of my own. Of course," he added turning to the re will be an inquest." 14 the

"Yes—that is, I presume so. My steward has writ-in to inform the coroner," replied his host, whose oughts had evidently been wandering from the ten to inform the subj ect.

The conversation next turned upon the melancholy cause. Not the slightest doubt appeared to be enter-tained by any of the party of the cruel deed having been the act of peachers. Without seeming to attend ns, the murderess listened eagerly to to their opinio their words, and secretly smiled at her late She felt that she was safe.

"You must offer a reward," observed his grace, addressing his brother-in-law; "government will doubtless assist you. The offer of a free pardon to all but the actual perpetrator of the murder may lead to the discovery of the villain, should there have been more than one. Such ruffians are seldom faithful to each other." each other.

A slight noise was heard in the adjoining apartment, and before the master of the mansion could inquire into the cause, the door of the breakfast-room was thrown open by the groom of the chambers, who announced,

in a loud voice:

"Viscount Moretown and Captain Vernon."

The astonished guests started to their feet. Every

eye was fixed upon the countenance of the earl and the pale but resolute features of the young man, who

vanced slowly towards the table.

Viscount Moretown;" at last repeated the co

science-stricken parent.

Athalie was unable to utter a word; but sat with her glance rivetted by a species of fascination upon the victim who had escaped her. "Ay, my lord," replied Digby, in accents of bitter

grief; "the son of her whom you wedded and be-trayed—wedded for the sake of the gold, less mure trayed—wedded 101 the bank of the gold, less pure than her true heart—the son whose mind you would have polluted by consigning him, while an infant, to the care of the female find beside you; but who, thank to the true and generous friends whom your cruelty revolted, escaped the infamy you designed him. You see," he added, "I know my mother's wrongs and my own!"

"Insolent!" exclaimed the earl, mastering "Insolent!" exclaimed the earl, mastering his emotion by a violent effort; "if you are indeed the child whom villainy deprived me of—and, from the sentiments you utter, I can half believe it—know that the honour you impugn is spotless—that the

"Law!" interrupted his son; "oh, yes! I know the means by which the law has been prostituted to your fiendlike ends! Honour, too! Heavens, has your your negative that you profane the word? But, speak to stone—the granite on the tomb of your deal ancestors is not more cold than the thing you call your heart! If the tears of the angel you have persecuted and destroyed—if a mother's prayers and agonies could not move it.—I know no other elequence to reach it!

The lightning," he added, "might crush, but fail to

"Restrain your just indignation, my lord," aid Athalie; "he knows not what he says. He speaks in He speaks in madness—errs in ignorance—repeats the lesson your enemies have taught, him! Could be but know how long and deeply you have mourned his los prayed for his discovery—he would have

ong and deeply you have mounted his loss—wee, orayed for his discovery—he would fall upon his kness in penitence and shame."

To this tirade of affected sentiment and falsehood, the son of Alice replied only by a scornful laugh. He

was not to be de ceived.

The Duke of Ayrtoun left the table, and, advancing towards the viscount, gazed upon him for a few moments in silence. The likeness to his mother left no doubt upon his mind that he was really what he exted hir salf to be

"Digby," he said; "if such is indeed your

"There can be no doubt on that point, your grace,"
observed Captain Vernon, for the first time breaking silence; "the gentleman before you is Viscoust Meretown. For nearly twenty years he has been under my guardianship. The proofs of his birth are indisputable."

'And you knew it," said the earl, pale with rage. "From the first hour I saw him," was the reply of the gallant sailor—who, conscious of the rectified of his motives, cared little for the consequences of his

"Then, sir," continued the peer, "you have acted like a villain—have degraded the name of gentlema, by aiding the designing knaves who plotted against my domestic happiness and peace, as well as the honour of my family—have lent yourself to an act of felony, for which the law may yet find means to reach

"Let me reply to him," urged Digby taking the hand of his guardian. "Who can vindicate your noble, generous conduct like the boy to whom you have been a father—whom you reared in the path of have been a father—whom you reared in the path of truth and manhood? Not a word—not a syllable, Dick," he added seeing that his friend was about to speak. "Mine is the right of gratitude—and you shall not denrity ma of it!"

not deprive me of it!"

Although so young, the deep, earnest tones of the speaker imposed an involuntary silence and respect on

all who heard him.

he continued, "whom 'tis my shame to address by the name of father—whatever your cruelty towards me, at least be just to him who bestowed upon my childhood the love you never felt—taught me lessons you never knew! You cannot deceive ma, added; "for I have the record of your cruelties that wanton's baseness written in the recording angel's hand—whose heart dropped tears of blood as it inscribed them. Here, where you thought your victim was secluded from every eye, save those of the minima you employed to watch over her-may, even here my mother found the means to write the history of her sufferings, trials, sorrows—and ere the light of reason was extinguished, conveyed it to her friends! I have accusation! Now judge whether you can hope to find in me a dupe or victim!" in me a dupe or victim!"
"At least," said his father, after a pause, "whilst I

"At least," said his father, after a pause, "whils I live, I am master here! Quit the abbey!"
"I beg your pardon, my lord," observed Mr. Palgrave. "I am sorry to inform you that your tille to Moretowa Abbey is merely nominal!"
"Nominal!" repeated his lordship.
"Scarcely that," answered the lawyer. "In fact, it cannot be called a title at all—since a will of the late Nicholas Arden has been discovered, which utterly disinherits his daughter; and your life-interest in tille property is so deeply mertgaged that—" property is so deeply mertgaged that—"
"It is false!" interrupted the peer, who could not

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believe the utter min which menaced him. "There is no will! or, if there is, I declare it a forgery! The old miser was mad—mad! To whom could he bequath his wealth but to his caughter?"

"To her child," said Goliah, pointing with a glance of triumph, to the grandson of his old master.

"I acknowledge no bonds! They have been destroyed—cancelled!"

"Notone of them," continued the goldsmith. "From the very first day I beheld your lordship, I took the libety of forming my own estimate of your lordship's character! It's a way I have! I concealed them—for I had a presentiment that they might one day be of service—if not to my dear young mistress, to her children! I have not been deceived!"

Never were pride and tyranny more completely

Nover were pride and tyranny more completely named. The guilty man sank into a seat, nerveless, ad overwhelmed by the ruin he had provoked.

sad overwhelmed by the ruin ne had provoked.
Athelle, on the contrary, did not appear a whit dismayed. She was assured, as she imagined, against the future. The large sums she had from time to time received from her dupe had been carefully invested in her own name. She was rich, and gold in any land, he well knew, would procure her respect and adula-

tion.

"For the honour of the name you must one day bear," whispered the Duke of Ayrtoun, in the ear of his rephew, "let this scene proceed no farther!"

"My mother!" answered the avenger, sternly; "I

osteener:
"You shall," replied his grace.
"And instantly! Before that fiend——God!" added
young man, "I cannot bear to look on her!" the young man, "Be calm!"

"Be calm!"
"Calm!" repeated Digby. "My lord! Gentlemen!"
he added, addressing the baronet and guests who had
remained silent but deeply interested spectators of the
sinful scene; "is nature so dead within your breasts
that you cannot feel for me? I have one parent left
to love—to watch over—live for—though hopeless, blove—to watch over—live for—though hopeless, shalever to hear her lips pronounce my name, or see her bless me with a smile of recognition! My mother—my poor mother! What may she not be enduring at the very moment while you preach patience? Couldies, indignities heaped on her by one who should

'Not so!" said the Earl of Moretown; "I am happy in being able to give the lie, in one respect, at least, to my calumniators, by phoving that the countess has been cared for as befits her rank! If I have hitherten area for as bents her rank! If I have intuer-be resisted the entreaties and applications of her friends to visit her, it was because I hesitated to ex-pose my misfortunes to the vulgar gaze! But honour demands the sacrifice, and I obey! Lady Moretown it report to say—"

emands the sacrinee, and I obey? Lady Moretown is, I regret to say—"

"Mad!" said her son, finishing the sentence for lin; "we know it, my lord—and the treatment which made her so!"

"More!" exclaimed Athalie; she is an idot—a

hopeless, drivelling idiot!"

The strange traveller and the Frenchman, who had accompanied the party to the Abbey, advanced a step othe room.
"Not yet!" wh!spered Goliah, sternly; "wait till

Not yet!" whispered Goliah, sternly; "wait till the in the presence of her victim."

All who were present at the interview we have described in the preceding chapter followed the Earl of Moretown, as he led the way to the wing of the sibry which contained the apartments of his unhappy

wite.

Hardened as he was, the guilty husband could not have endured to look upon her, had he not felt assured that reason was utterly extinct—recognition no longer possible; her glance else would have scathed like.

So deeply agitated was his son at the thought of the meeting, that he did not notice the presence of Athalic—else he would have forbidden the fiend to

Attalic—else he would have forbidden the fiend to profane the sanctuary of sorrow and virtue.

As they passed through the corridor which communicated with the north wing, Dick pressed the hand on his friend, and whispered the word "Courage!"

Do not fear for me! "soplied the viscount, returning the token of his sympathy; "though my heart drop blood, they shall not see a tear!"

In the first room of the suite of apartments reserved for the maniac they found Mrs. Brooks, her attendant. The poor creature, since the night when Goliah deprived her of the casket in the green-house had been sebject to fearful nervous attacks. She trembled at the sand of every approaching step—but, above all, at

composition for the province attacks. She trembled as use cound of every approaching step—but, above all, at the presence of the governess.

Its lordship was obliged to demand the key of the foor of communication twice before she understood him.

"I will take it!" exclaimed the viscount, snatching it from her trembling fingers; "no hand but mine that open the prison doors—navae", he added, with a shall open the prison doors—never," he added, with a look of defiance at the earl—"never to be closed on her again! Her son shall hanceforth be her guar-dants THE longest line of railway in the world is the Grand Trunk Railway, which extends from Portland to Quebec and the river Du Loup, east, to Sarnia, at the foot of Lake Huron, west, with several branch lines, including a total of 1,396 miles under one management. It is to be further extended to Chicago, in a direct line from Sarnia, by way of Lansing, the capital of Michigan, a distance of 323 miles—making total of 1,719 miles in all.

### SCIENCE.

STEAM ON THE ROAD IN FRANCE.—The Journal de Loir et Cher states that a joint-stock company has been formed at Blois for running stage coaches from that city to the principal towns in the department. The coaches are to be drawn by steam engines on the ordinary roads, according to the system of M. Lotz, an engineer residing at Nantes. The first coaches established will rin between Bleis, Romorantin, Selles sur Cher, St. Agnan, and Montrichard. The coaches are to travel at the rate of ten miles an hour, stoppages included, so as to perform the distance between Blois and the other towns within two hours and a-half.

A STRONG ROOM.—Some particulars of a strong room, for cash and securities, recently constructed for a London bank, may be of use to some of our readers:—The walls are 2ft. thick, of hard bricks laid in cement, The walls are 2ft. thick, of hard bricks laid in cement, and with strong hoop-iron in the courses. In the interior there is placed a fire-proof Chubb's safe, weighing thirteen tons. This is 10ft. long, 8ft. high and 8ft. deep, made of plates 1 in. thick, and secured by two iron and steel doors, having twenty-eight bolts. The remaining part of the brick room is lined with iron, half an inch thick. The whole is again further secured by an iron and steel door, liaving ten bolts, let into the centre of the brickwork; and there is a gate for ventilation in the daytime. A large alarum is fixed in the bedroem of a clerk on the second floor, which goes off whenever the outer door is opened; and a porter whe sleeps in the effice, and whose bed is in front of the door, can also, by pulling a trigger, set the alarum going. set the alarum going.

#### EARTHENWARE BY MACHINERY.

EARTHENWARE BY MACHINERY.
WHEN, during the list session of Parliament, her
Majesty's Government proposed to introduce the Factory Act into the Staffordshire potteries, it was contended by the manufacturers that the demand for boy
labour already exceeded the supply, and that the enforcement of the half-time system would be attended
with very great loss and inconvenience. The supporters of the measure-replied that the hardships endured by children in the district loudly demanded
legislative interference, and that before leng the lost
labour would be compensated by the introduction of
machinery.

machinery.

Already an important step has been taken in that direction, by the erection, at one of the principal manufactories, of "steam-jiggers," the invention of Mr. D. S. Porteous, engineer, of Paisley. The hand jigger is a revolving plate used in the production of cups, saucers, plates, and dishes, and is worked by a man and two boys—sometimes three, one of whom turns the jigger, while the other carries away the "green" ware, as fast as it is made, to the drying-stove. The steam-jigger obviates altogether the necessity of employing a turning boy, the plate being kept in motion by steam, and the workman, by means of a treadle, being able to regulate the speed with the greatest nicety.

nicety.

At the works alluded to—those of Messrs, Edwards and Son, of Burslem—eleven steam-jiggers have been set up in a spacious workshop, 92tt. long by 22ft. broad; and slibough the workmen, with that unreasoning prejudice against machinery which unfortunately is so often met with, at first raised difficulties in the way of their introduction, they have not only withdrawn their opposition, but declare that with them they can earn more money, with greater comfort and less annoyance (being less at the mercy of careless and unpunctual assistants), than under the old system.

and unpunctual assistants), than under the out system.

In the same room has also been erected three steam "joilles," by means of which cups are produced with extraordinary rapidity, without the slightest skilled labour being required. But in this same room is also to be seen a contrivance which will do far more than even the steam-jiggers to alleviate the miseries to which the boy-workers have hitherto been subjected. It was one of the crying evils pointed out by the Royal Commissioners on the employment of children, that thousands of boys of tender years, technically called "mould-runners," spent their lives in running with the "green" ware between the work-room and the drying stoves—rooms heated to 130 degrees—and that the alternations from extreme heat to cold, added to the fact that many of them ran with heavy loads from ten to fourteen miles a day, broke down their constitution.

The little fellows employed at Messrs. Edwards' works are no longer the victims of such a system, for down the centre of the steam-jigger room, and along its whole length, run two racks of shelves, affording sufficient space for each man to place half a day's work; and, although the heat employed to harden the clay is less by from 40 deg. to 50 deg. than that of the cld stoves, the dried ware may be collected twice a day. The mould-runer has no occasion to go fuside and between the racks, but places, the ware from the outside, where are fixed safding doors, which may be opened or shut with the greatest ease. Atthough the ware is thus dried in the room in which it is made, and within four or five feet of the jiggers, the workmen do not feel the slightest insonvenience, the temperature of the room being only 70 deg.; and the occupation of a mould-runer, instead of being a wretched drudgery, fearfully destructive of human life, has become one of the lightest and easiest in the whole course of the manufacture.

Defection of Burglars.—Allow me to suggest a

Defection of Burglars.—Allow me to suggest a contrivance for the better security of property, and by which a burglar might be detected at his work. A common gas lamp, provided with a red shade, similar to those used on the railways, should be suspended in the street in front of the bank or shop, where valuable articles are kept; the red shade should be held up above the lamp by a magnet, worked by a small electric battery, situate at any convenient place on the premises; the wire from the battery to the magnet should pass through the safe, doors, and drawers containing valuable articles; and as long as the connexion is complete between the battery and the magnet, the red shade would be held up in its place above the lamp, showing a white light; but as soon as the connexion was broken by opening any of the doors or cases, the magnet would immediately lose its power, and allow the shade to fall in front of the lamp, thus showing a red light, and giving notice to any one in the street that something was wrong inside; and when once the shade had fallen, it could not be replaced by the burglar. These magnets are very simple, being made of a piece of soft iron, bent in the form of a DETECTION OF BURGLARS.—Allow me to suggest a once the smace and tailed, it could not be replaced by the burglar. These magnets are very simple, being made of a piece of soft iron, bent in the form of a horse-shoe, with a colf of copper wire round the ends; and the cost of working the battery would be a trifle. —GEO. F ELLIOTT.

METALLIC CEILING.—While all other departments in the internal decoration of houses have kept pace with improvements in other branches of industry, it is with improvements in other branches of industry, it is a somewhat remarkable fact, and one that has long engaged the attention of architects, that the ceilings of our rooms, with their unseemly blisters and network of cracks, are still generally speaking, just what they were many years ago. Mr. Little has invented a system for the construction of ceilings, which consists in the application to the joisting of very thin stamped ductile metal, in ornamental embossed, panels of such sizes and shapes as may be required. These stamped panels are fitted for every kind of decoration in colour, and if inserted as plain surfaces, may be used as the ground for every description of cartoon painting, combining with lightness and durability artistic and ornamental effect at a comparatively small cost. Besides braing with lightness and durability artistic and orna-mental effect at a comparatively small cost. Besides its applicability to the ceilings of rooms, and all public buildings, churches, &c., the system may be made use of with the same effect in staircses, halls, and porticos, and even on the walls of rooms. It affords the means, when coupled with an iron framing, of making theatres fire-proof, thus avoiding those sad contingencies to which these crowded buildings are so

THE SCHEGEDER BROME. - The Schroder Brome is a perennial Grass of extraordinary productive power, lately introduced into France. A Frenchman speaks of having experimented upon it for six years, during lately introduced into France. A Frenchman speaks of having experimented upon it for six years, during which time it never fell off, either in its constitution or its yielding property. The early period at which it comes forward is an important qualification. The first cut will be ready in March, if the last crop of the preceding year has been taken in good time; it comes in even before rye. Four, and in some years five cuts may be obtained in the season, and either in the green or dry state it is superior to any other kind of fodder, especially for milch cows, but all graminivorous animals are fond of it. This grass forms the ear and the seed with great, rapidity; this is the case with every cutting, when the ear and seed are fully developed, though not quite ripe, and the ears of the first crop have been able to be taken off sufficiently forward to be used as seed when dry, and afterwards to mow the herbaceous part. Any soil almost seems to suit Schreder Brome, but it appears to do best on fresh land; without doubt the best land will produce the heaviest crops, but it would be difficult to tell on what kind of soil this Brome will not grow. This Brome lasts about six or eight years without any diminisation of produce or appearance of dying out. One of the lasts about six or eight years without any dimination of produce or appearance of dying out. One of the peculiar merits of this plant is that no weeds will thrive under its culture; it comes up quickly and grows very rapidly; it does not require to be sown

thick, but rather deep. It is as green food that this plant is especially useful, but when converted into hay it retains all the valuable properties of the plant when in its green state, but it is greatly decreased in weight. It is not longer in making than meadow hay. The straw is very heavy, and although a little tough, cows and pigs will eat it without being cut. The Schreder Brome seems to be very desirable food for cows, as it creatly increases the quantity of milk and makes the greatly increases the quantity of milk and makes the cream very thick, and the butter made from it has a finer flavour and keeps well, even if the weather be Very Warm.

HOW LONG WILL THE SUN LAST?

ANOTHER essential question as regards the future of our planetary system has reference to its future temperature and filumination. As the internal heat of the earth has but little influence on the temperature of the surface, the heat of the sun is the only thing

or the surface, the freat of the sun is the only thing which essentially affects the question. The quantity of heat failing from the sun during a given time, upon a given portion of the carble sur-ace, may be measured, and from this it can be calculated how much heat in a given time is sent out from the entire sun. Such measurements have been made by the French physicist Pouillet, and it has been found that the sun gives out a quantity of heat per hour equal to which a layer of the densest coal, ten feet thick, would give out by its combustion; and bence, in a year, a quantity equal to the combustion of

layer of seventeen miles.

If this heat were drawn uniformly from the entire mass of the sun, its temperature would only be diminished thereby one and one-third of a degree contigrade per year, assuming its capacity for heat to be equal to that of water. These recults can give us an idea of the magnitude of the emission, in relation to the surface and mass of the sun; but they cannot inform us whether the sun radiates heat as a glowing body, which since its formation has its heat accumulated within it, or whether a new generation of heat, by chemical processes, takes place at the sun's

At all events, the law of the conservation of force teaches us that no process analogous to those known at the surface of the earth can supply for eternity an inexhaustible amount of heat and light to the sun. the same law also teaches that the store of force at present existing, as heat, or as what may become heat, is sufficient for an immeasurable time. With regard to the store of chemical force in the sun, we can form no conjecture, and the store of heat there existing can an conjecture, and the store of heat there existing can only be determined by very uncertain estimations. If, however, we adopt the very probable view, that the remarkably small density of so large a body is caused by its high temperature, and may become greater in time, it may be calculated that if the diameter of the time, it may be calculated that if the diameter oun were diminished only the ten-thousandth part present length, by this act a sufficient quantity of heat would be generated to cover the total emission for 2,100 years. Such a small change, besides, it would be difficult to detect, even by the finest astronomical observations.

Indeed, from the commencement of the period dur-ing which we possess listoric accounts—that is, for a period of about 4,600 years, the temperature of the earth has not sensibly diminished. From these old ages we have certainly no thermometric observations; but we have information regarding the distribution of certain cultivated plants, the vine, the clive tree, which are very sensitive to changes of the mean annual temerature, and we find that these plants at the present coment have the same limits of distribution that they had in the times of Abraham and Homer, from which we may infer backwards the constancy of the climate.

THE WAY THE EARTH IS MEASURED.—The size of the earth is ascertained by the simple process of mesuring a degree of latitude upon its surface. Every ship-master ascertains his latitude every clear day by observing, by means of a quadrant, the height of the sum at noon, above the horizon, and the latitudes of glaces may be determined with greater precision by graces may no electriment with greater precision. To learn mare delicate instruments and observations. To learn the length of a degree, it is only necessary to observe the latitude of two points, one of which is due south from the other, and then to measure the distance be-tween them. The first recorded attempt to measure the size of the earth was that of Eratosthenes, of Alexandria, who lived 300 years before the Christian era, but his mode of getting at the latitude of one of his places was by the rough process of observing that was by the rough process of observing that the sun, at the sun state that summer solstice, sent his rays directly to the bottom of a well. The first measurement of a degree with modern accuracy was made by Picard, of France in 1699, and since that time several have been made with great care and labour in different parts of the earth, so that not only the size but the form also of our earth, so that not only the size but the form also of our planet has been determined with great precision. From a somplete discussion of all the observations, the earth at the equator is 41,817,194 English feet, and through the poles 41,707,808 feet; showing the diameter to be 1-300th part greater through the equator than through the poles.

ENGLAND.-At the Meteorological CLIMATE OF CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.—At the anteroronguest Society, Mr. Glaisber recently read a paper, in which he stated that the results of recorded observation showed that the character of the climate at the end of the last century was certainly very different from what it is now. Long continuance of frosts, and what it is now. Long continuance of irosts, and frequent and heavy falls of snow, are facts which can be recorded without instruments as well as with them. In the early period they were of more frequent occur-rence than in the indelle period of 30 years, and far more so than in the latest period. Thus the result, as formed by this comparison, without reference to instruments, and every investigation made, all tend to confirm the accuracy of the indication found by instruments, viz., that our climate in the last hundred years has altered; that the temperature of the year is 2° warmer now than it was then; that in the month of January it is still higher; that the winter menths of January it is still higher; that the winter months are all much warmer; and that every month in the year seems to be somewhat warmer than before. The author remarked that this result was indeed important, if true, and he could not see how it was otherwise than true. Its effects will be to influence agricultural produce. New fruits may be introduced with advantage, and the character of our people will be altered.

### FACETIÆ.

Way are billiard-players like cats? Because they

A WITNESS was asked how he knew the parties to man and wife: "Cause I heard the gentleman man and wife: "Cause I how the lady up," was the reply.

A MAN in Connectiont says he "can mow eight acres in a day." What could not a regiment of such men accomplish in the field?

Samno, giving an account of his sea woyage, "All de passengers was now heavin', and as if that wasn't enough, de captain gave orders for de ship to heave to, and she did heave, too."

### A BALLAD BY A BEEF-EATER.

Have you seen this jerked beef? 'tis a new sort of

From La Plata they ship it by tons, prime and good, And tender, when pounded and soaked well, and stewed:

Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata! A platter give me of jerked beef.

Your butcher may say that as leather 'tis tough, And your cook, at his bidding, declare in a huff can't even make soup of such horrible stuff: Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!

A platter give me of jerked beef.

Pay no heed to their grumblings, but give it fair chance.

Good dressing, of course, will its virtues enhance; At the worst, 'tis as good as the bouillon of France Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata! A platter give me of jerked beef.

Tis more fattening than horse-flesh, which there, as

At the table of gourmands now often appears,
And assists them no doubt to attain length of

(v)ears: Ob, the jerked beef of La Plata! A platter give me of jerked beef.

Indeed, there are dezena of dishes, I'm sure,
That are neither so nourishing, wholesome, as
Or so certain a sharp touch of imager to cure
As—oh! the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef. and pure,

Through the growing demand and the drought of last

year.

Beef and matton are getting tremendously dear,
And we soon must all turn vegetarians. I fear,

Or else eat the jerked beef of La Plata,

A platter give me of jerked beef!

A STORY is going the round of a mystification by Viviet. He appeared of a audden very busy at the corner of a boulevard drawing out a long cord from his pooket end a book. The good boargeois and épicier ais-a-ris with whose shop the operation was commenced went out to inquire what was the meaning of it, and was informed by Vivier that he was about to take the measurement and level of that spot, where take the measurement and level of that spot, where there was to be a grand new street, and the bourgeois would be handsomely compensated. A crowd had by this time a-sembled, and he begged the spicler to hold one end of the cord, as his (Vivler's) assistant had not arrived. This was readily accoded to, and Vivier went round the corner of the house, and by some arti-fice got the other neighbour to hold the cord. The

two men, proud of the honour of assisting an enginee and believing the operation would tend to their final profit, held on like grim death. Omnibuses and ve-hicles of all sorts were soon drawn up the cles of all sorts were soon drawn up, the driven hicles of all sorts were soon drawn up the driven and passengers watching the extraordinary proceeding till the bonlevard became quite blocked up. The segmented with the segment of the segment of the segment of the segment of the segment was measuring at the other end. The mystification did not please the segment, who marched them off—so at least says the segment, which appears in the papers. It sounds its count which appears in the papers. It sounds like to canard, but is given with much detail and circumstances. account when appears in the papers. It sounds like a fine canard, but, is given with much detail and cumstantial evidence of truth, and people are willing to give credit to Vivier for the most impossible bits of mystification very readily.

#### ALCO-HALL

A course of youngsters met, and passed the complients of the se "Bob," says one, "have you seen Hall? He's bee

looking for you all the morning."

"Hall? what Hall?" asked Bob.

"Why Alco-Hall." would not have caught me if I hadn't got hurt last night when John tripped me up."

"John who?" queried Dick.

"Why, Demi-John, you greenie."

"You will, of course, immediately join the mes.
Mr.—," said the adjutant to an ensign, on the dy
of his arrival at the regiment. "You are very kisd,
sir," stammered out the incipient hero, "but the lat
promise which I made my father was to avoid getting
into any mess whatever."

"How DAT, SAMDO.—You says you was at the battle of Bull Run! when I sees you at New Yorks de same night!" "Yes, Julius, you did for saria. Yer sae, our cotonel, says he, 'Boys, strike for ye and yer homes!" Well, some struck for der Wersee, our colonel, says he, 'Boys, strike for viccountry and yer homes!' Well, some struck for a country, but dis chile he struck for home. Dat splin de matter, yer see!'

AT a large dinner party in a certain city lately the frosty weather had done considerable duty in supply-ing conversation, when a plump, happy-looking married lady made a remark about cold feet. Surely," with cold feet?" Amid an awful pause, she noisel vered, " Yes, indeed, I am, very much troubledbut then they are not my own.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN. - Matchmaking .-

AMENDED MAXIM FOR THE IRON DISTRICTS. "Don't strike while the iron's hot!"—Punch.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM .- Fechter's acting in The adside Inn may be described as the devilstyle.—Punch

atyle.—Punch.

A PESTH-THENT EXAMPLE.—The Emperor a Austria, we are informed, has made a contribution of 50,000 florins, and a yearly subscription of 12,000 florins, for the purpose of restoring the Hungara Museum and Library at Pesth. It seems that the 200,000 books in the library relating to Hungary symbound. It is very natural that Francis-Joseph should wish to have the books bound as well as the second. Austribusy subcound, particularly books michly people. Anything unbound, particularly books, might spread the dangerous contagion of independence.

A FACT FOR THE DARWINIES.—A talented Englishman, who has travelled in the Celestial Engire, has recently returned to England, and has become a tutor, teaching the Celestial language. He has now turned Coach-in Chinese.—Fun.

THE DICKENS!—The Garrick Club has black-balled Mr. Dicken's Matual Friend. Mr. Wilkie Collina seconded the candidate, to whom we, for obvious reasons, give No Name. The Garrick is getting to select that it had better re-christen itself "The Dainty

-Chairman: In proposing the DINNER SPEECHES .health I should have more pleasure in proposite. (Chairman walking home arm in arm with a fried after disner).—Do you know it almost made me six to propose the health of that fellow Silversides be there was no help for it. If there is a man in the world I hate, it is him.—Fun.

THE BIRDIN' OF AN HONOUR.—The Em Maximilian of Mexico has for a long time past better trying to establish order in his disturbed countrying to establish order in his disturbed As he has not been quite successful in establishing description of order it has occurred to him to st another, and he has, therefore, determined on a new decoration—the Mexican Eagle. No doubt it will be eagle-ly sought after by his subjects. In fact, the fight for it is likely to be so figure that the poor bid

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impriect, we two, with you neh brown, only enough greater the se of the essence ad to ele qually fine i THE apple

It is perha

its in life easy of its mode of to digesta pie about equal to which is almowhile a swe out of the hourish and exceeded in pigs' feet or which are di Sweet ap

will be torn in pieces. One will seize on its wings as a mward for his o-pinions; another will not pause in hing its claw in acknowledgment of his talents; and a tird may, perhaps, appropriate the crooked bill half-cause he thinks it is due to him. Perhaps, after all it would be botter to call the decoration the new tenter. Fin.

engineer, heir final and ve-drivers The ser ough the ceived in suring at lease the

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Mar Caucht Napping.—The preface to the Empere's "Life of Casar" commences with these markable words:—"Historical truth ought to be no less sared than religion." We should like to know that the head of His Imperial Highness's church wold argue about the Emperor's regard for veracity, a judged by his respect for religion. The Pope would inclined to say he was no stronger partizan of truth and Plus practices.—Fun.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

THE WAY TO RAISE BLACKBERRIES.—The vines are sinted in rows three feet apart, and three feet apart in the rows. Over each row is stretched a stout wire the height of about four feet, with stakes at proper intevals to support it at this height. As the vines row they are tied to the wire and bent down along the wire all in the same direction—that is, all toward the north, or in such direction as may be most convenient. The berries are borne on the wood of the previous year's growth. In the Spring, of each year, the bearing wood of the year before is stout and removed, and the new shoots are tied to ste wire, the lateral shoots of the new wood being at the same time cut back within a foot of main stalk. This the whole labour of trimming and taining the vines is performed at one operation. THE WAT TO RAISE BLACKBERRIES.—The vines are

### COFFEE-DRINKING

COFFEE-DRINKING.

How strong should coffee be taken? is an inquiry such practical importance. How much should be aben at smal? is scarcely of less moment. Coffee, its any other beverage, may wholly ruin the health; is every use of it tends to this ruin, as certainly as size the use of wine. cider, beer, or any other unstant stimulating drink.

There is only one safe plan of using coffee, and hit is, never, under any circumstances, except of an attractionary character, exceed in quantity, frequency, retrught; take only one cup at the regular meal, add a given, unvarying strength. In this way it may be used every day for a lifetime, not only with predicting but with greater advantage than an equal assent of cold water, and for the simple reason that sthing cold should be drank at a regular meal, except by penose in vigorous health.

while cont should be carried as the guarant meet, except ypenose in vigorous health.

Ose pound of the bean should make sixty cups of lavery best coffee. If a man takes coffee for break-ist only, one pound should last him two months, or it pounds a year.

it points a year.

One pound of coffee should be made to last a family stun present, young and old, one week. Put about we oncess of ground coffee in a quart of water, or nike divide the pound into seven portions, one for such realists in the week, and make a quart of coffee at of it, which will be sixty-four tablespoons. Give it of it, which will be sixty-four tablespoons. Give it remainder of one cup being filled up with boiled silt. This will give a cup of coffee sufficiently strong it all healthful purposes, for the respective ages; and in urious reasons, pecuniary as well as physical, some such systematic plan as this should be adopted in sury family in the land? How to make the cup of see coffee? Is a third question.

It is perhaps as good and as easy a plan as any to

pot collee? is a third question. It is perhaps as good and as easy a plan as any to buy the coffee in the grain, pick out those that are impriset, wash it, parch as much as will last a day or so, will your eye upon it all the time until it is of a wish brown, with no approach of black about it. Grind may eaough for the day's usa; grind it fine, for the grater the surface exposed to the hot water, the more of the essure you will have; pour the boiling water as the coffee, close it up, boil it ten minutes, let it shad to clear ten minutes. Better still, pound it equally fine in a mortar with a wooden pestle.

### APPLES

The apple is perhaps more useful than all the other The apple is perhaps more useful than all the other miss in nature. Beyond them all, it is durable, prolific say of culture, and capable of such a variety, in is mode of preparation for the table, that a small rolline might be written about it. The time required beigests piece of roasted pork is five hours and a half; about equal to a piece of beiled tendon, (white leather,) which is almost leathery, or a lump of boiled beer-suct; while a sweet, mallow, raw armle indirector, answer while a sweet, mellow, raw apple is digested, passed as of the stomach, and enters the circulation to tourish and strengthen, in a hour and a half, being the stomach, and enters the circulation to tourish and strengthen, in a hour and a half, being Sweet apples are not valued as they ought to be,

because they do not "cook well;" but to be eaten raw, there is scarcely anything more "delicate," that is, so easily received into the system, requiring so little stomach power in appropriating it to the nourialment of the body. One good method of cooking apples, is to peel them and take out the core, without dividing the fruit; put them in a dish, pour over them a few table-spoonfuls of water; bake until delicately brown, and eat with cream and sugar, as a dessert, for dinner. This is incomparably preferable to the sodden dumpling or the greasy pie. A most notable housewife says:—"Pare the apples and quarter them, placing them in a tin plate with the core side up; if dried apples, a little water is added; they are then set in the oven, which is always hot at meal-time, and roasted; when done, they are slid on a common plate, and sprinkled with sugar; to be eaten warm, with bread and butter and cakes. It would require canned fruit of extra flavour to tempt me from the apple-dish, if thus prepared. Strawberries, or half-ripe peaches, are not to be talked of the same day."

For lunches at school or at home, for convenience and cleanliness, to put in the pocket while travelling, or on an excursion, or when expecting to be absent from home over a meal, the apple is without an equal; while as a dessert it might well supersode all the cakes, pies, jellies, dumptings, and "tarts" ever invented.

If a tithe of the money expended in easily dis-

the cakes, piens, jeines, dumpings, and "tarts" ever invented.

If a tithe of the monoy expended in easily dispensable articles of apparel, or mere personal gratifications in the shape of snuffs, cigars, tobacco, homemade wines and cordials, or of useless trinkets of jewellery, or unsubstantial, unremunerative amusements, was devoted to the purchase of a bountiful supply of apples in the fall, for family use, without stint, there would be found a most welcome increment in family health in the spring, and a diminution of doctors' bills, especially gratifying to all prudent and calculating "pater familias."

To every householder we say, wear an old cost another year, do with one slik dress less, skimp yourself in pork, ham, bacon, and even roast-beef, rather than fail to put half a dozen barrels of prime apples in your cellar this fall.

#### MORE BOOM.

Think not that a restless spirit Makes me thus for ever roam;
Think not that I scorn the beauty
Of a lasting, quiet home:
Ah, I know how sweet the angel,
How beneficent, divine,
That is keeping starry vigil
On the household's holy shrine!

No! 'tis not a restless spirit Makes me roam from place to place; Mine to rear and leave the hall!

Mine to rear and leave the hall!

Done my labour, Shakespeares follow; Done my labour, Shakespeares follow;
Newtons glorify the sod;
Milton stands with blank eyes chanting
Opposite the throne of God.
Let Napoleon's fire-heart thunder
Only through a cloudy horde—
Labour's Sun shall melt the cannon,
And the plough outlive the sword! RW

### GEMS.

THERE is an affinity between sweet sounds and sweet girls; beautiful music is as attractive to beautiful women as flowers to bees.

EVERY person in society should produce, physically or mentally, as much for society as he requires to receive from society for its full enjoyment.

THE laurel is generally an accursed plant of fire and blood. Count up all the crowns of Coser, and, for the honest, healthful service of man, they are not worth one summer cabbage.

The habit of reflecting gives an inner life, which all that we see animates and embellishes. In this disposition of the soul, everything becomes an object of thought. If the young botanist trembles with joy at the sight of a new plant, the moral botanist joys no less to see germinate around him truths with a much superior prize to that of an unknown flower.

Deeds,—Deeds are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit-trees do. They people the

BEETROOT SUGAE IN FRANCE.—The bestroot sugar manufactured in France in September last amounted to 2,755,400 kilogrammes, in October to 38,847,910,ix November to 44,832,875, in December to 35,476,845, and in January to 13,474,652, making for the five months, 135,387,682 kilogrammes. Of this the sugar manufactories in the department of the North produced 50,618,237 kilogrammes, in the Pas de Calais 23,467,933 kilogrammes, in the Pas de Calais 23,467,933 kilogrammes, in the Aisne 21,866,699, in the Somme 13,152,597, in the Oise 10,628,696, and in other departments 15,659,550 kilogrammes. There remained, moreover, in store of the preceding year's produce 18,828,243 kilogrammes. The consumption of beetroot sugar during the same five months amounted to 189,160,993 kilogrammes. The stock of beetroot sugar on the 31st of January last amounted to 57,470,079 kilogrammes, being 18,753,787 kilogrammes more than on the corresponding date of the year 1864. The number of sugar manufactories at present at work is 398, being 34 more than at this time last year. These returns are regarded as indicating that beetroot sugar manufacture in France is prosperous.

cating that bestroot sugar manufacture in France is prosperous.

The Vine in Algeria.—This cultivation has made great progress within these last few years. In the year 1862, the land planted with vines was estimated at 16,000 acres, of which 5,000 are situated in the provinces of Algiers, 5,500 in the province of Oran, and 1,500 in the province of Constantine. The vine-yards produced in that year 48,222 hectolitres of wine, and 18,472,912 bs. of grapes were sold for the table. The land was chiefly planted with the Chasseland Burgundy, Alicante, and Grenache vines. In 1863 additional plantations were made, both by the Arabes and colonists. The number of planters amounted to 27,281, of whom 22,300 were natives, and 5,000 Europeans. The vineyards covered 87,000 acres, of which 59,008 were planted with vines producing black, and the remainder with those preducing white grapes. Of these vineyards, 10,500 acres are situated in the province of Algeria, which produced 83,000 hectolitres of wine and 8,500,000lbs. weight of grapes for sale; 64,000 acres in the province of Constantine, producing 30,000 hectolitres of wine, and 4,100,000lbs of grapes; and 12,500 acres in the province of Oran, producing 20,000 hectolitres of wine, and 2,000,000lbs of grapes. The vines in the province of Constantine are newly planted and do not as yet produce much wine. The vines in the province of Constantine are n planted and do not as yet produce much wine

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Ur to February 28, 21,547 applications had been received, and 18,699 volunteers had been enrolled in the Royal Naval Reserve.

A VERY beautiful white hare was killed a few days ago by Mr. William Hemsworth's dogs, while coursing at Abbeyville. The animal, which was of a very large size, was in colour pure white, except a few bright brown spots on the back.

It has passed without remark that the Russian journals, written for European instruction in Freuch, assure the world that this has been the severest winter known in Russia for sixty years. Poor Siberian exiles, how we pity you!

THE Dean of Winchester entered his ninetieth year on Sunday week. He is so hale and hearty, that he was able to read the whole of the prayers at the early morning and at the evening service. His son, the Dean of Lincoln, died in the prime of life, about a

THE Floral Hall at Covent Garden is to have THE Floral Hall at Covent Garden is to have a Working Man's Exhibition in it in the course of a few weeks, and we believe it will be well patronised, as the fashionable world is now inclined to foster this useful attempt to let daylight in upon humble genius, and give industry a pat on the shoulder in whatever ranks it finds it.

WHILE the Prince of Wales was witnessing the WHILE the Prince of Wales was witnessing the Chertsey steeplechases, his Royal Highness had his pocket picked of valuable gold watch, presented to him by the Queen. The police joke is that the thief will henceforth take the title of Pickpocket of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

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### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LAURA.—The letter y in Giaddys sounds like i,—Gladdis.

Lours L.—There is a charitable institution in the Marylebone Road for receiving cripples.

MES.—We never make announcements of the nature to

Mz. Wilde.—We must beg to refer you to the notice at the end of this page.

the end or unis page.

Z. Y. Z.—The redness of which you complain is probably owing to a disordesed state of the liver, neglect of exercise, or living in inpure air.

H. L. P.—In Number 89 (see reply to "Graduate") we gave full particulars as to the mode of proceeding in order to obtain admission as a member of either of the Inns of Court.

admission as a member of either of the inns of Court.

ALICK BROWN.—See reply to "P. F. G., "in last number, and
to "S. F." and "J. L. D." in present one; the recipies given to
whom will probably answer your purpose.

GENERAL A., who is twenty years of sige, tall, and of fair
complexion, is desirous of corresponding with a young lady,
with a view to matrimony. Cartes exchanged if required.

J. C.—The words and music of the song "Hail to the Tyrol" can, we have no doubt, be procured at Lonsdale's, in Bond Street.

Bond Street.

H. S. G.—You are quite right: Lord Coke specifies that six hours should be given to the study of the laws, and not eight. The intire was doubtiess a laguas peams.

S. P.—The following is highly recommended for strengthening and restoring the hair: Beef marrow, 1\(\frac{1}{2}\) oz.; oil of almonds, \(\frac{1}{2}\) oz.; disaliphite of quilning, I drachm.

Mova.—An unmarried gentleman who should neglect to fier a married lady his arm to conduct her down to dinner, r escort her from a ball-room to the supper-table, would mmit a breach of etiquette.

Commit a breach of superior and a question is to be found either in the Post Office London Directory or the Trade Directory, nor is the number of the house entered in the street list.

R. N.—Any theatrical contum in the neighbourhood of Bow Street) will readily supply you with the dress which you require. We cannot tell you the

price.

FANNY.—The lines to the "Isle of Wight" are by no means devoid of a certain degree of merit; but the poem is very much too lengthy for our columns, and is declined with

A. H.—The cavaller tone of the communications has not all probability, been admired by the respondents named, d will doubtless account for their silence. Hisc tils

laciryms.

N. N. would like to open a correspondence, with a view to mattimony, with a lady, who must not be over forty years of age, and have not less than three hundred pounds per

Hisensia.—In our last number and also in the present one are several recipes for improving the complexion and for strengthening the hair and preventing its falling off; to which we beg to refer you.

ELLER PERGY.—If you have "quite made up your mind to become an actress," it would be useless probably to lay any arguments before you against taking such a course. See, however, reply to "Helen L.," in No. 35.

Hoxons, who has been engaged in business twenty years, and is forty years of age, thicks it time she had a home of her own, and would like to share it with a husband between forty and fifty years of age.

and inty years of age.

Cow DE L'Exclos.—Take of oil of almonds, 4 oz.; prelard, 3 oz.; juice of houseleek, 3 finid owness. Used
y as a skin cosmetic; said to be very softening and

ANNIE K., who is sweet sixteen, has dark hair and eyes, is rather tall, an excellent figure, and considered very beautiful, desires to correspond matrimonially with a goateman, about eighteen years of age, rather tall, with auburn hair, pale complexion, and highly respectable.

C. B. A.—We certainly cannot give you the desired information; the so-called medical book in question may be a genuine scientific work by a properly qualified practitioner, or the spurious catchpenny of a chariatan, for aught we

ANON.—M. Savarin's book, on the means by which thin persons may assume a little more of that garb of flesh which was such a weariness of the spirit to Mr. Banting, may be obtained through any of the London publishers of French

Bearries and Ioa wish to commence a correspondence with two gentlemen, who must be well educated and respectable, with a view to matrimony. "Beatrice" is seventeen years of age, has light hair and blue eyes, and you go well and the seventeen years of age, has dark hair and black eyes, and possesses a lively disposition. Cartes de visits to be exchanged.

exchanged.

Martia.—The following is a good practical receipt for home-made bread:—2½ lba of fine household flour; ¾ on of dried German yeast (this must be perfectly good, and may be obtained of any comchandler); rather more than ¼ pints of water moderately warm, but not hot enough to scalad the yeast; a small portion of sealt. All; the yeast with a small quantity of the water, taking care that it is well dissolved;

add the remainder of the flour; knead well until the whole of the flour is worked in; let it stand in a warm place near the fire for an hour, to rise; and then bake in a brisk own for about one hour and sten minutes, in time or otherwise.

Rys L.—The conditions under which we receive MSS. are fully stated at the end of this page. We can in so case be responsible for the return of MSS. so forwarded to us; nor can we as a rule undertake to reply to any correspondent payable.

privately.

LAURA, who is sixteen years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, with brown hair and eyes, and fresh complexion, would like to correspond matrimonially with a gentleman, who must be tail, and not over twenty-one years of age. "Laura" is not accomplished, but is very domesticated.

of accomplished, but is very domesticated.

Howard, who is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft 6 in. In eight, very gentlemanly, has brown eyes, dark hair, and is not of literature and music, would be glad to correspond title a young lady, well-educated, good-looking, and of miable temper, with a view to matrimony.

Herar T. Is desirous of obtaining an introduction to a young lady with a view to matrimony. Is eighteen years of age, tall and fine looking, well educated, fond of nome, and very well connected. (Would be happy to corre-pond matrimonically with "Bestrice," No. 37).

S. K. and F. D. would like to correspond, with a view to matrimony, with two highly respectable tradesmen, who must be good-looking, with dark moustaches, blue eyes, be 5 ft. 7 in. in height, and good tempered. Cartes de visite to be

exchanged.

M. N. S. J. C.—There certainly is protection for Britisubjects landing at any port or being in any part of the Statof America; and application to the British conant, or if me be, to the British minister at Washington, will ensure it protection being extended to all such persons.

While rich ones boast their sordid wealth, In lofty gilded dome, Let me possess, in peace and health, A happy, humble home.

In search of gold, let others brave
The ocean's angry foam,
I'll not tempt the treach rous wave,
Blessed with a happy home.

They who prefer a wand'ring life,
Through foreign climes may reamWith love's best gift, a faithful wife,
Let me enjoy a home.

And when pale death's resistless hand Shall lay me in the tomb, (ay I find in my native land A last, long, peaceful home.

A last, long, peaceful home.

ESTELLA—The following is the composition of the Pomade de Beauté: Oil of almonds, 2 oz.; spermaceil, 2 drachms; white wax, 14 drachms; playerins, I drachm; balam of Peru, § drachm; mixed by a gentie heat. This may be used as a skin cosmetic as well as for the hair.

M. D.—Dizziness whilst waltzing is generally experienced by all devotees of the Terpsichoroan art whilst they are merely learners, or if they seldom practise it. Should this not be your case, the disziness is very likely traceable to some organic disease—probably of the heart; and you should forego the amusement, and consult a medical man.

Many Anna, who is about sixteen years of are, with light

forego the amusement, and consuit a medical man. Mant Ana, who is about sixteen years of age, with light hair, blue eyes, rather tall, a very good figure, and considered good-looking, wishes to correspond with a gentleman about eighteen years of age, who must be rather tall, and highly respectable, with a view to a matrimonial engagement.

ment.

BRIFAST.—In spasmodic and hysterical affections of the
nervous system the following is frequently administered:

"Ammonisted tincture of valerian, six drachms; camphor
mixture, seven ounces; a fourth part to be taken three times
aday. Your better course, however, is to consult a medical

man.

J. L. D.—A very celebrated pomade to prevent baldne made thus: Beef marrow, 2.oz.; alcoholic extract of can rides, 8 grains; rose of I. I drachm; essence of lemondrops. This may be coloured and scented to taste—rule on the scalp at least once daily; and the head washed soap and water occasionally.

soap and water occasionally.

JANE Y.—A pomade very much esteened, called "Millefleur Pomade" is made thus: Plain pomade scented with a
mixture of essence of lemon and essence of
Aparts; oil of lavender, 2 parts; oil of cloves, and essence de
petit grain, each 1 part, or other like perfumes proportionscaler.

A FLORISL.—You have not put your question clearly, not having stated under what direumstances the landlord removed the growing rose trees. The principle of law, however, is that what is affixed to the soil belongs to the soil, and cannot legally be removed (except small trees and shrubs by a tenant who is a nursoryman), nor can these be in any case distrained upon. The Act of Parliament on the subject is 11 Geo. 2; cap. 19.

ALCE DALE.—The poetico-matrimonial description of the personal attractions of "Marian." "Florence," and—though last, not least—of "Alice Dale" herself, affords very good evidence of the fair writer alterary ability; but unfortunately it is not consistent with our plan to insert such matters in verse. If "Lily Dale" will descend to a brief prose description of self and friends, we will with all the pleasure in the world insert it.

world insert it.

PRILIP DARVERS, who is 6 ft. in height, with jet black hair and whiskers, ruddy complexion, very gentlemanly in bearing, and possessed of an income of £070 pet annua, with expectations, is desirous of corresponding matrimonially with a lady, who must be tall, dark, healthy, merry in disposition, well-educated, ladylike, musicai, and foud of equestrian exercise. Money no object, but a lady with means wrould not be objected to.

would not be objected to.

Emiliar and Maud Asna, two cousins, daughters of respectable tradesmen, would like to make the acquaintance of two gentlemen (who should be tall, dark, gentlemently, have conlivated minds, and be of the ages respectively of thirty and twenty-five), with a view to matrimony. "Emmeline" is twenty-two years of age, has light brown carly hak, beautiful blue eyes, good complexion, is good tempored, very damesticated, and well educated. "Maud Anna" is eighteen years

of age, tall, has bright dark eyes, a brilliant complexion, and a profusion of dark hair, is very epilople in disposition, well educated, and quite conversant with all domestic duties.

educated, and quite conversant with all domestic dules LEONER, who is tall, with dark eyes, and black carly his of an affectionate and loving disposition, well calculated to make a home happy, and a good vocalist; and "Merica" who is petite, inclined to emborpoint, with brown has hazed eyes. (both ladies possessing an income of 2300 ead per annum), are willing to correspond matrimonially win two gentlemen, who are also in possession of at least similar amount; but, for the rest, may be dark or fair, hill or short, as heaven pleases.

short, as heavon pleases.

A. G.—Nothing can be more unfounded that the chat the peculiar colour of "green" tas is caused a leaves being dried on copper. Copper, it is true, a detected in such tea, but so it may be in several reand animal substances, and in coffee is found in large titles: for from ten ounces of unrocated coffee is to extract sufficient metallic copper to coat two ine wire. If there were copper in good green tea, volatile mixed with the infusion would turn it blue?

mixed with the infusion would turn it blue?

Florence and Rosr May desire to correspond main
monially with two gouldemen, who are tall and handsom
with dark hair and eyes, good tempered, highly respectable
and possessed of tolerably god incomes. Florence's
ft. 2 in. in height, with dark prown hair, blue eyes to
ft. 2 in. in height, with dark prown hair, blue eyes
roughly domesticated, extremely attractive, and misses
years of age. "Booy May" is tall and handsome, with Righ
blue eyes and light hair, perfectly accomplished in horse,
keeping, and eighteen years of age. ("Fiorence" would like
to exchange cartes with "S. H. C.")

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED .-

COMMUNICATIONS REGRIVED:—

A YOUNG WIDOW LADY requires further particular and carte de visite from "6. E. S.," (No. 99.)

BLANCHE begs to say, in reply to "H. I. G.," also is atmost man's daughter, about the medium height, and will be hapy to correspond matrimonially and exchange carts.

WALPER and PERCY, whose ages are respectively ninesees and twenty-two, gentlemanly in appearance, and coindard good-looking, are desirous of communicating with "Alic" and "Ada," with a view to matrimony.

The Mario of Moxa would very much like to hear men particularly from "Frank H." (No. 96.) Is eighteen year of age, rather petite in figure, dark, and considered rather nice-looking.

of age, rather perise in ingure, dark, and considered raher nice-looking the happy to exchange cords with "Frederich Great," on receipt of his. Is soventeen years of age of middle height, very amiable, winning in manner, so learned the street, and the street of the street, and the street of the

whisters, is or a very good ramily, and in a very prosperous business.

Trucks, in reply to "Ollis," states that he would be most happy to open a correspondence, with a view to matrinos; Is nearly twenty-five years of ago, has dark hair, adjudigite, is in a good situation, and possesses a small income besides, derived from landed property.

W. H. B. would be pleased to open a correspondence substantage cartes (with a view to matrimous) with "Lilia" is just twenty years of ago, fair, has carty hair, blue grat, is just twenty years of ago, fair, has carty hair, blue grat, is just twenty years of ago, fair, has carty hair, blue grat, will be possessed of £1,000.

CLARISSA W. would like to enter into a correspondence and exchange cartes, with a view to matrimony, with "H. G." Is twenty-one years of ago, 5ft in height, considered a very pretty brunestie, perfectly good-tempered, thoroughly domessicated, very fond of music, and sings and play splendidity.

a very pretty bruneits, perfectly good-tempered, thorough domesticated, very fond of music, and sings and pays plendidly.

Isanona would like to correspond and exchange or with "E. T. Y.," an Irishman of good birth. Is nineteen year of age, about the medium height, fair completion, blue year and brown curly hair, is considered very ladylike, has not tune, but is of good family, well educated, and feels sure shrould make a very loving wife.

I. C., a Hebrew, wealth be giad to open a correspondent with "Mirlam," a co-religionist, with a view to a maximosic ougagement. Is in a fair way of business, and of high respectable family, has black hair, dark eyes, and shigh respectable family, has black hair, dark eyes, and fair years of age, and of the foil in the personal description of "E Hood" is quite her beau sideal of a husband, and will willierly exchange carries. Is just turned twenty, is an only daugher, accomplished, amiable in disposition, very affections as a ladylike, considered pretty, has good expectations, and ladylike, considered pretty, has good expectations, and ladylike, considered pretty, has good expectations, and lacylike goes a great way in making a home happy.

ALICK and BEATRICE, who are cousins, and highly respectable, would be most happy to correspond and exchange carries with "K." and "M." "Alice" is nineteen years of age, with fair complexion, blue eyes, brown way hair, 5t in height, and very ladylike. "Beatrice" has bine eyes flaxen hair, the eight energy are good expectable, would be most happy to correspond and exchange, with fair complexion, blue eyes, brown way hair, 5t in height, and very ladylike. "Beatrice" has bine eyes flaxen hair, the eight energy are and proceful.

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